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THE CABINET.



LONDON,

*Published by Hurst, Chance & Co*

NEW YORK,

*Republished by C. P. Fessenden.*

1833



THE  
CABINET:  
A COLLECTION OF  
ROMANTIC TALES;  
EMBRACING  
THE SPIRIT  
OF THE  
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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‘There was one dapper little gentleman, in light coloured clothes, with a gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller—he made more stir and show of business than any of the others,—dipping into various books, taking a morsel from one, a moral from another.’—*Washington Irving*.

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## PREFACE.

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THE Magazines of London and Edinburgh, abound in articles of absorbing interest and powerful talent. The masterly manner in which they are conducted, has created for them an immense circulation. Polite Literature has been fostered by their aid, and its influence on society has been attended by a gradual refinement of manners, and more comprehensive and liberal views of human society than were entertained in the 'olden time.' The genius of Scott, Campbell, Wilson, Lamb, and a distinguished phalanx of literary worthies, has produced this happy and important change. To their mighty intellects we are indebted for those invaluable gems, which shed such a brilliant lustre on the chaste emanations of the British Press—productions which at once enlighten and exalt mankind.

The London edition of the present volume had an extremely rapid sale. The selections, from their very nature, were calculated to produce this effect. It is, indeed, a work which must rivet the attention of the reader. It embodies the most vigorous effusions of fancy—a surprising combination of heart-stirring incidents—and a never-flagging energy.

This first American edition is submitted to the public with confident anticipations of a similar

success. That it will add much to the amusement of the lovers of romance is certain. The lights and shadows of our existence are admirably delineated in its contents, while the fountain of morality is preserved inviolate, and flows on in a beautiful stream of attractive and refreshing purity.

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# THE CABINET.

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## THE GYPSY CHIEF.

IN one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the Highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone-ridge on the border of Loch-Lomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrowded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the Loch, to an Island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water.—'It is there still!' he said to himself, and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. 'Watch the boat!' said the Highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That Island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the Laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship, he gained entrance to his stronghold in the Isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate Laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. 'That rope was meant for my neck,' said Gordon, 'and I leave it for a traitor's.' With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend, with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that Isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the Lake. But from that day, he had never been seen to cross the Loch except in the darkness; or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father, and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gypsy gang,\* the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His Keep or Tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three

\* The Lochgellie and Linlithgow Gypsies were very distinguished towards the middle of the last century, and had desperate fights at Raploch near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns. Lizzy Brown, and Ann M'Donald, were the leading Amazonians of these tribes, and their authority and skill in training boys to thievery were audaciously systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly from funds collected at the church-door, or small assessments on heritors, (never exceeding two pence in the pound); a set of vagrants still depend on voluntary aid, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house in families or groups, with a little of the costume, and a great deal of the cant and thievery of the ancient Gypsies.

chambers ; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of the Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dunfermline. The Gypsy Chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock committed to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed Chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre-loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned ; from this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the years 1715 and 1745, many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond-Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston-Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles among themselves threatened his own power with a downfall. It was only a few nights, after a desperate affray with the Linlithgow gypsies, that the event occurred which begins my narrative. He had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's stronghold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which would satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said, in the Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron ; and climbing up its rough face with the activity acquired by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather, but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up, but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the Keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light, and striving to raise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected

sound would have startled an adventurer less daring, but Gordon had prepared a stratagem, and had seen through the loop-hole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand towards a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips to the crevice, repeated 'Father!' in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when Gordon added, 'Father! father! save me!'—he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door, invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son, and Gordon well knew how many rumours had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment necessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice, the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of Gordon resembled his son—all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events that had befallen him, during his long banishment, and was spared the toil of inventing many, by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the Government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond-Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, 'Allan, my boy! we must trust Annet—she's too near kin to betray ye, and ye were to have been her spouse.' Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the secret of the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but without it would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern passage while his nominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest, and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her



deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supply for the old Laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a Highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret, were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure, but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old Laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet, from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another perilous encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any caress would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, by extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman, bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes when the Laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the curch or hood that covered her ears. 'Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?' said Annet, and the Laird led his supposed son towards the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her idiot laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden-panelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half-living skeleton, who

never left her cover of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor couched himself on his mattress, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the Highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft, and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron, and the hand of that drowned father uplifted in vain for help was always present to his imagination. Once during this night he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece as a hostage for his own safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty, which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire, when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled; and this self-hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so suddenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper broach which fastened her plaid, saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, 'A Gordon!—a Gordon!' till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the lord provost in quest of the Gypsy Chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and the importance of the

indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length, and the publicity of the Gypsy Chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eye-brows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience among them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his grey hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival: but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity; and finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon Gypsies, but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved, that the animal never shewed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The lord high commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared, that a majority almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the Session's Court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high-treason, as an adherent to the pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the Chief Lords of Session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech as it appears in the language of the record.

'The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judges, I take leave to

think, would pity me, if they saw an old man and a tender woman again pleading for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judges' pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on 'soul and conscience,' you cannot try me again; and since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip*\* of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon.'

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron or a Gordon, except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second case; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport, his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years, as the most formidable of the gypsy tribe.

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#### AN AUSTRIAN ASSASSIN.

It was reserved for the present age to produce advocates for assassination, ready to pronounce it one of the noblest and boldest resources of great minds only, swayed by the strongest passions; forgetting how generally the most vile passions are the strongest, and how easily this resource is within the reach of the least elevated mind. Let us see one example of the thousand which might be found to convince us with what uncertainty we judge of those motives by which sophists would pretend to determine the guilt of an assassin.

The wavering ambition, the enthusiasm, and the fanciful sensibility of the Emperor Joseph II. are not forgotten, and the favourites of his councils were often men whose recommendation was a tincture of similar peculiarities. There was one person, to whom, if German etiquette had been flexible, he would have

\* The grasp of a drowning man.



given public entrance to his cabinet; but rigid prejudices and custom compelled him to be content with private patronage. Whence this man came is very doubtful, though some remarkable instances of courage and fidelity which he had shewn during Joseph's quarrel with his Belgian subjects, were supposed to have been his first passports to favor. If he was a native of Flanders, the acuteness of his eye, his sharp lean features, and slender person, were no evidences of his birth-place, and his accent was observed to have something Italian in it. Joseph meditated bold and singular changes in German jurisprudence, and was supposed to carry on a private correspondence with those literary men, who, if they did not absolutely change the tide of public opinion, availed themselves of it to rise on the surface. Otto, though he only acted as the emperor's page ostensibly, held some secret share in this correspondence, and was believed to have a watch-word, by which he passed the sentinels of the palace in his secret visits. Nor did he always go alone. He was watched, and a spy appointed by the chancellor of the chamber of Wetzlar, traced him to a spot which instigated all his employer's curiosity. The chancellor was noted for his strict adherence to old principles, and his resistance to the new code of laws, by which Joseph hoped to substitute long imprisonment for death, as the punishment of capital crimes. He was not ill-pleased to detect in his sovereign some error which might render his legislation unpopular by disgracing the source. He wrapped himself in his darkest apparel, and creeping under the shadow of a high wall, followed a man he believed to be Otto, and another person, from the private gate of the palace to the meanest suburb of Vienna. They ascended the remains of a terrace, knocked at a door hidden by shrubs, and were admitted by an unseen porter without light or words. But the chancellor remarked, that these muffled persons had taken a loose stone from a niche beside the door, and spread some branches of the brambles over the vacant spot. He had courage and sagacity. He pushed his hand through this aperture, drew back a bolt, and saw the door open. Beyond his hopes, all within was perfectly dark and silent. Covering his person and half his face, he trod with suppressed breath, conscious that an echoing pavement was under his feet, till the light which he saw gleaming through a crevice before him, guided his steps to what seemed a staircase, so narrow that it scarcely admitted him. But he followed its windings, till he found himself in a balcony surrounded with the open tracery of ancient carved work, and suspended over a lighted room large enough to contain twenty people. A man in a close grey cloak stood on a kind of rostrum addressing six persons in a Latin oration, which strangely perplexed the curious chancellor. It seemed as if he was

persuading his disciples to choose what element they would wish to predominate in their natures, and to excite it by an outward application. There were glasses filled with earth and water, braziers with hot coals, and small bags of earth and bladders full of gas, which the professor gravely fastened on his pupils, protesting that they would be substitutes for meat and drink. Our chancellor knew all the whims of Rosicrucian cabalists; he had heard some of the pretensions of more modern illuminati, but had never conceived the possibility of supporting his plump person by such simple means. He listened with profound attention; and after some ceremonies which he could not understand, the orator left his rostrum, drew back a silk curtain, and discovered a sleeping woman veiled. When a few mysterious signals and mutterings had passed, the sleeper spoke, but in such strange, wild, and affecting strains of poetry, as to fix the audience in what appeared delighted attention. When her voice ceased, the cabalist dropped her gauze veil and the silk curtain over her; and resumed his place in the rostrum. 'You have seen,' he said, 'the success of my science. Without any consciousness on her part, I have unlocked and unveiled her spirit, which speaks as you have heard, in the language of poetry—that is, in the words inspired by such enchanting images as the soul enjoys when detached from the body. Your majesty cannot doubt the truth of the experiment on a maiden of rank too high for imposture, of a character too pure to be suspected of willing connivance. Therefore I selected her as a worthy subject for this night's important purpose, and shall convey her back while in this profound sleep to her father's house, from whence, as we all know, she could not have been thus brought without the influence of my natural magic, by which I can either close or open the mind, animate or stupify the body.'

The chancellor listened indeed as if he too had been deadened by this magic, for he had beheld his only daughter thus made the spectacle and tool of a madman or a cheat! While he stood aghast, four of the audience withdrew, and the operator with his two muffled pupils remained together. 'I have now,' he added, 'to shew you the farthest extent of my science. The magnetic powers lodged in a diamond are such as to increase the brilliance of the gem when it approaches any animal or vegetable frame in which its own peculiar gas prevails—The ring on your majesty's hand will exemplify this, if laid near the fume of this brazier.'

The emperor deposited his ring, as he was desired, on the edge of the charcoal furnace, which the cabalist pushed back into a receptacle probably prepared to confine the pestiferous air. But the chancellor also saw, that by an ingenious leger-de-main, the imperial ring was dropped into the ashes, and a counterfeit jewel

placed on the brazier's edge, when the crafty cabalist exposed it again to the emperor. He and his companion praised the increased lustre and size of his diamond ; and having heard a few more mysterious descants on the chemical relation of the precious stone to the carbonic vapour, departed with his preceptor.

Little as the chancellor cared for the dreams of a sect only suspected to exist, and much as he had always despised the secret vigils of its novices, he was determined to bear away with him some token of his master's credulity and the Illumine's craft, which might suffice to give him power over both, and revenge the outrage practised on his child. The hall of this mysterious academy was now vacant, and lighted only by the dying coals in the brazier. He fixed his feet in the fretted cornice of the balcony, and soon reaching the floor, possessed himself of the emperor's ring, climbed again into his hiding-place, and waited a few instants to discover if any one seemed likely to return. The possibility of being locked into this strange house of cabalism, and the uncertain fate of his daughter, made him eager to escape. He crept down the stairs which had led him to his discovery, and more intent on the future than the present, passed too hastily through the postern, without remembering the loose stone he had left on the threshold. He stumbled, and had not time to hide his face, before two men started from behind the trees near him. 'Ah, Sire !' said a well-known voice—' the Chancellor !'—Joseph deigned no answer, and walked slowly away, followed by his page, till they disappeared among the windings of the suburb.

In the morning, the chancellor was found assassinated among those windings. There was a deep, but not sorrowful, sensation excited by his death. He had been the enemy of changes in the austere code of German law ; his notions were arbitrary and unphilosophical ; his judgments, on many public occasions, had been offensive to the people. His adversaries ascribed his fate to the powerful impulse of retaliation in some sufferer bold enough to avenge his own cause, and execute summary justice ; or to the nobler spirit of general patriotism, seeking to rid the state of an obnoxious member. Both these suppositions were favoured by the new spirit which had begun its reign in morals and politics. The chamber of Wetzlar examined the affair with the slightness of men more ready to propitiate the philosophers of Germany than to provoke their late chancellor's fate themselves. One or two of his friends endeavoured to interest the aulic council in this event, as a matter connected with intrigues of state, but the sovereign's coldness repelled them. Joseph was in a dilemma, very painful and dangerous to a prince of romantic feelings and high honour. He believed his page had sacrificed the chancellor to a hasty zeal for his reputation, which must

have sunk under the details an angry father and prejudiced politician might have given of the midnight scene. But he dismissed Otto from his court, shewing by his silence that he suspected the crime he felt disposed to pardon, yet dared not defend. And many young philosophers, had they known the secret, would have been more apt to pity Otto for serving a timid and ungrateful master, than to blame him for an act which they would have thought sanctified by the motive.

The emperor died a few months after, expressing on his death-bed to his few attendants the little reason he had found to trust the friendship, the gratitude, or the honesty of men.—Whether any secret remembrance of Otto preyed on him, or whether he felt the suspicion of poison, which many of his court afterwards avowed, will never now be ascertained; but it revived the subject of assassination in the public mind, and the advocates of *justice without law* imagined they saw a fit retribution for the unpunished death of the chancellor.

One cold February morning, an Austrian traveller, walking hastily from his inn about six o'clock, saw two men standing in a church-yard with a sack at their feet. The dimness of the hour, and the unfrequency of such visitors in such a place, made the traveller fix his eyes on them with an earnestness which probably induced them to separate; and the tallest, taking up the sack, walked hastily down the nearest street. The Austrian followed him at the same pace, till the bearer of the sack threw it down, turned into a dark lane, and vanished. Our traveller had some doubts whether he might safely take the forsaken prize, considering his own situation as a stranger without witnesses; but the house before which he stood was a noted silversmith's, and he knocked for admission. The master was roused, the traveller's story told, and the sack opened. It contained an immense quantity of shreds or fragments of silver, such as workmen make in completing their business. 'Sir,' said the silversmith, 'these remnants are mine, as certain private marks inform me; and the discovery you have so honestly begun, must be completed. Only three men in my employ can be suspected of this robbery. One is entrusted with the solid metal; the second delivers their portions to my artisans, and receives them back after their hours of labour; the third has the collected fragments in his custody. You shall take your station in a window opposite my house, with two officers of justice, and inform them when the man you recognise appears.' Ignace, the traveller, agreed to this, and was conducted to his place with such feelings as must visit every humane and honest man who encounters such fearful hazard of another's safety. The workmen passed into their employer's house in succession, and Ignace, trembling and faltering, pointed out the youngest. He was the



silversmith's favourite nephew, and his tears, when taxed with his offence, moved his uncle to lenity. He required him to name his accomplice, and the boy very unwillingly confessed his acquaintance with an Austrian Jew, whose place of abode was unknown to him. A Jew is easily pronounced a seducer and trafficker in guilt. Both the silversmith and the traveller joined with no loss of time in searching every resort of the proscribed race, and many unfortunate Israelites were rigorously examined; but the boy's tempter was not to be found, and Ignace returned to his own city to celebrate his adventure.—But there were many in Vienna, who knew how exactly the published description of the Austrian Jew agreed with the physiognomy and figure of the Juggler, who had beguiled the deceased emperor of his ring, and mocked him by an exhibition of his female accomplice, the chancellor's unworthy daughter.

The person who paid most attention to this history, was one of the members of the judicial chamber of Wetzlar—one of the few who had been unwilling to acquit Otto when charged with the chancellor's assassination. He sent for Ignace, questioned him precisely, and determined to visit Vienna himself as a minister and discoverer of justice. It was not necessary or prudent to travel with his customary equipage. He went on horseback, with only one confidential servant, calling himself Lobenstein, and took lodgings in a mean part of the suburbs.

Lobenstein began, as well as he could, to perform the part of a speculating alchemist. He bought old essays, inquired for teachers of the new philosophy, and was recommended to a professor far advanced in the most hidden departments. The student pretended great zeal and faith in animal magnetism, and in that still more mysterious art by which some moderns profess to intrance and convey the soul. He heard all the jargon of sympathies and spiritual communication, always manifesting perfect faith, and urging his teacher to exhibit some specimens.—Several pieces of gold, and promises of more, induced the cabalist to promise him a full initiation into his Eleusinian mysteries. Lobenstein went at midnight to his house, which had a secret entrance, and many winding staircases of frequent use. The novice was ushered into a hall, where five or six other students were assembled; and their oracle, mounting his rostrum, gave them his favourite discourse on the mysteries of nature, frightfully mingled with the fervid romances of Swedenborg, and the audacious schemes of modern chemistry. To finish its effect, a silk curtain, and a veil of silver tissue were raised to discover what had once been a form of perfect beauty, and was not yet quite faded. The magnetizing ceremony was performed, and the actress delivered a long rhapsody of prophetic and poetic

phrases, with her eyes fixed and her limbs composed in admirable counterfeit of sleep. Lobenstein took care to be the last who left the room of lectures, leaning on his preceptor's arm. As they passed out of the private postern, a man muffled in a long cloak met and fixed his eyes upon them. 'Ah! the Chancellor!' said the cabalist, and instantly retreated behind the door; but the officers of justice were prepared to rush upon him. They burst into the house, searched all its recesses, and even uprooted its pavements, but the magician and his accomplice were gone. No probable place in the city escaped their inquiry; and, after a fruitless disturbance, the magistrates and their agents seemed exhausted.

But Lobenstein's stratagem had succeeded. By placing near the suspected door a police officer properly attired, and with a strong personal resemblance to the deceased chancellor, he had surprised the cabalist into an exclamation which betrayed his knowledge of that unfortunate man. The officer thus singularly distinguished by a likeness to the chancellor, had also a similar kind of shrewdness and penetration. He applied himself diligently to discover other avenues into this mysterious house, and came at length to inform Lobenstein that he had discovered one at a spot never suspected. 'You must go,' said he, 'on horseback, but not on the horse you usually ride, nor in the same dress, along the road which leads to the summer-palace. You will meet, near the large cluster of larches, a lady sitting on the bank and reading. It will not be possible for you to see her till the narrowness of the road has brought your horse's feet close to her's, because she will be very adroitly concealed by a curve and a few shrubs on the bank. She will be terribly alarmed, and either bruised by the horse's tread, or hurt in attempting to rise out of its way. You must go with her if she seems to expect it, and whatever you see or hear in the house she will carry you to, act as if you apprehended nothing, and, above all, as if you expected no one to join you there.' Lobenstein hardly knew whether to acquiesce in this expedient, or to doubt his informer's fidelity. However, his curiosity and courage prevailed, and he set forth on his knight-errantry to discover and arrest his friend's assassin. All happened as the police-officer predicted. A woman of very graceful appearance waylaid him, as if accidentally; and he, assuming airs of credulous and romantic gallantry, attended her to her home. But he was sufficiently well versed in the geography of Vienna, to know that he had returned by a circuitous road to the suburb in which the necromancer's unholy house was lodged. He was surprised at the elegant simplicity of the supper room, at the dignified manners of its mistress, and the propriety of all he saw. After detaining him half an hour by agreeable

expressions of gratitude and hospitality, she introduced him to Count M—, her husband, as a partaker in the obligations his courteous attentions had created. At this name, which he had often heard in fashionable and political circles, Lobenstein looked at the wearer with surprise. His inquisitive glance was no less earnestly returned, but the salutation which followed was perfectly unconstrained and polite. Supper was superbly served, and another hour or two passed in literary conversation. Madame would not permit her guest to depart, and her husband seconded her offer of an abode for the night with a grace which their disguised visitor would have been almost unable to refuse, even if his secret purpose had not required his stay. But when he closed the door of the bed-chamber assigned him, though its hangings were of dove-coloured satin, and its carpet of flowered velvet, some terrible thoughts of robbery and assassination seized him, and were not dispersed by the entrance, not of his friend, the friendly police-officer, but of the count himself.

The judge of the chamber of Wetzlar heartily wished his zeal for justice had been less rash, and started up in his bed with ghastly eyes, but a desperate intention. 'My good lord,' said the count, smiling, 'let us understand each other. I am quite aware of your honourable eagerness to unravel certain mysteries, which are known to none better than myself. You know my station in the Imperial Court—I have never been ignorant of your's, and I require no oath in addition to that which binds you as a member of a high judicial court, to fidelity in all things that concern the state. Expecting some adventure, I perceive you are still dressed in readiness: Follow me—and forgive me for concerting with your faithful police-officer, and a lady's maid, a little romantic incident to bring you to my house, without the formal invitation which your assumed name made impossible for me to hazard.'

The judge, strangely affected and surprised, could only follow his guide in silence. The count conducted him through a saloon furnished with rich sofas, paintings full of Guido and Titian's softest representations of beauty, and exquisite statues, almost breathing in their loveliness, to a library or room of simpler and sterner character, filled entirely with columns of books. The count led his companion round, and pointed to their titles, which announced every author of political or philosophical romance, from the days of Mahomet to those of Spinoza, Voltaire, and Hobbes. The next door opened into a most sumptuous banqueting room, lighted as if for a feast of princes: and a few steps beyond, the count unlocked the door of what seemed a small boudoir, in which were several open caskets filled with ladies' trinkets, and two or three sets of gold and silver dressing-plate, elegantly

packed as if ready for gifts. A long covered passage led the astonished judge into a hall, which he remembered to be the place of the midnight lectures given by the cabalist. And the count completed his amazement by the taking up the garment of the lecturer, which lay in a corner, and throwing it over himself. Lobenstein stood silent, unable to express his confusion of ideas, and the count laughed heartily. 'My loyal and learned friend, you have seen the whole secret of that tremendous cabalism which is now an engine of state-affairs. Did you expect to find this place really contrived for the invention of *aurum potabile* or *elixir vitæ*?—No, my dear lord:—those who enter it imagine they shall be initiated into some powerful and unknown society, but the only secret power is that which their curiosity or vanity supplies. For vapourish Englishmen, who must have bugbears, we have the wonders of the Gnostics, and the dreams of their own Lilly and Dr. Lee clothed in modern jargon. For Frenchmen, whose theatrical existence is governed by spectacles, who know no greater men than Vestris and Voltaire, we keep that library of useless books, into which we usher them with great mystery, as into the temple of the illuminati; and, by studying their ambition, discover their secrets. You expected, perhaps, to see iron wheels, phosphoric flames, and all the phantasmagoria of imposture: but we conjure up no demons except those that follow the surfeit of our suppers; and need no surer machinery than those trinkets which you saw prepared as bribes for the vain women who imagine themselves initiated among a secret sect of omnipotent philosophers.

'My lord, it was no reproach to the chamber of Wetzlar, that they misjudged the fate of their chancellor. How much eloquence was wasted to prove that he provoked his death, and that the assassin rather deserved fame than punishment! How little could those young philosophers, who believe all actions justified by their motive, judge either of the motive or the fact!—The chancellor was not murdered, nor did any one compass his death. He fell dead in apoplexy at the house of a friend, to whom he went to communicate the scene in the alchymist's academy; and that friend, secretly purposing to ruin the emperor's favourite, Otto, placed the body with a sash twisted round the neck in such a place as to fix suspicion on him. The Austrian Jew, who amused the emperor by his pretended alchymy, fell into the hands of our police, by offering himself to me as the agent of a society, devised only to detect such impostors by seeing their confederates. If ancient sages had, as it is pretended, the pyramids of Egypt to conceal their secret chambers, we politicians have the still broader pyramid of human folly to conceal ours.'



## THE BROTHERS OF DIJON.

THE President of the Parliament of Dijon and the Bishop of Beauvais disputed one evening on the strange and desperate actions frequently committed by men of characters long approved and generally exemplary. 'I have thought of this inconsistency,' said the President, 'till I have almost convinced myself that we have two souls; one which directs or attends only the mechanical and every day business of our bodies, and a superior one which never acts unless excited by some peculiar things addressed to our feelings or passions. You and I must remember, that we have often wrote, read aloud, drawn, ate, talked, and dressed ourselves without any consciousness or idea: and these operations appear to me directed by what I fancifully call the soul of our bodies, while the soul of our minds is otherwise employed. If the notion or name of two souls displeases you, we will call them habit and impulse; but I conceive the last to be the result of our thoughts and feelings, the other of mere mechanical instinct. And I conceive this impulse or soul of our thoughts to be as capable of suddenly inciting actions contrary to our general habits, as those habits are often practised without the assent and presence of our thoughts.'

The Bishop was offended by this metaphysical subtlety. 'Do you mean to tell me,' said he, 'that the natural impulses of men are wicked, whatever may be their general habits, and that such impulses are beyond control?'

'I mean,' continued the President, 'that the sudden actions of men proceed from the general bent of their thoughts, not of their common conduct; therefore I judge by such actions of a man's real temper, rather than by his every-day duties and behaviour. And knowing that we are too apt to give our secret thoughts full license, provided our actions are well regulated, I am not surprised when sudden temptation produces violent and scandalous acts in those whose ordinary conduct is decent, because premeditated or mere method.'

The Prelate shook his head. 'Perhaps,' he replied, 'I ascribe too much influence to reason, and you too little to temptation. We may both see and experience occasions when temptation creates thoughts never felt or indulged before, and when opportunity steps before judgment. I humbly trust to right habits as the best preservative from wrong impulses, and I leave you to determine your belief by facts: though it is my belief, no less than your's, that no man's habits will be consistently and constantly good, whose thoughts are wandering and unregulated.'

Soon after this conversation the Bishop left his brother, and

returned to his hotel, or temporary residence, in Dijon. On the threshold, under the light of a few straggling lamps, he saw a stranger of mean appearance, who put a small billet into his hand, and waited respectfully while he looked into it. It was badly spelt and written, but purported to be from a dying woman in great need of spiritual help, and specially desirous to communicate with him at the corner house of the rue St. Madelaine. The Bishop knew this street to be situated at no great distance, in an honest though poor suburb, and the requested visit could be attended by no danger. Even if it had, the prelate had enough of benevolent courage to hazard something in his professional duty, and he desired the stranger to conduct his coachman. Alighting at the entrance of the narrow lane which led to the rue St. Madelaine, and was too narrow to admit his equipage, the Bishop desired his servants to await him there; for though he had too much charitable delicacy to desire parade in his visits of bounty, he also felt that his official station as a public instructor required him to shun all mysterious or questionable acts. Therefore directing his guide to take a flambeau from his lacquey, he followed him to the appointed door, and more particularly noticing the house, observed that its back wall overlooked the garden of a mansion occupied by a family he knew: the family, in short, from which his brother had selected his future wife, Therese Deshoulieres, a woman of noted beauty and high pretension. Perhaps this circumstance diverted his ideas so far as to prevent him from remarking the disappearance of his guide when he had unlocked a door, which the Bishop entering, found himself in a room very dimly lighted, and without furniture, except a bench on which a woman was sitting. She was muffled in a veil which she drew still closer to her face, but he immediately recognized the air and figure of Therese Deshoulieres. She appeared no less dismayed and confounded, though she found courage to accost him—‘Ah, my lord!—do not believe that I meet you intentionally: the man who just now brought you, decoyed me here by this forgery’—and she put into his hand a billet which seemed the counterpart of that he had received. It was in the same hand-writing, and nearly the same words; but the confusion in the Bishop’s ideas made him return it in silence. ‘My servant accompanied me,’ continued the lady, ‘and is waiting in the house—surely, my lord, you have not devised this scene to afflict me!—The people I expected to see were sick and in distress, and I came because I feared nothing from honest poverty.’—‘Therese,’ said the Bishop sorrowfully, ‘if you had not *once* feared honest poverty, we need not have feared to meet each other now.’—The lady wept; and though he began to doubt whether the whole was not the finesse of some feminine purpose,

her tears were not without effect. But he did not misplace his confidence in the influence of right habits against sudden impulse; for his thoughts of Therese Deshoulieres had been so long governed and corrected, that this unexpected test did not disorder them. 'I have nothing,' he added, "to say to my brother's betrothed wife in fear and in secret;—nor any thing to desire from her, except that ring which she accepted once for a different purpose, and ought not to wear with her husband's.' And, as he spoke, he approached to draw the ring from her finger on which he saw it glistening. A dimness came over Therese's eyes; and when it vanished, the Bishop was gone, but had not taken the ring from the hand she held out to him. She sat down on the only bench in the room, and wept a long time bitterly and trembling. In a few moments more, she remembered that her servant had been ordered to wait till the clock struck seven before he enquired for her. Her repeater sounded that hour, but Mitand did not appear. She dared not open the door to go alone into the street, but the casement was unbarred, and it looked into her father's garden. She climbed out, and by the help of a few shrubs clinging to the wall, descended in safety, and made haste to the house, hoping her absence was undiscovered. But Mitand had already reached it, and alarmed her family by saying that he had expected to find his young mistress returned. Therese answered her father's angry questions by stating the simple truth—that she had been induced to visit the poor gardener's widow by a billet begging her immediate presence for a charitable purpose, and had found the little lodge empty of all furniture: but a young man who called himself her grandson, had requested Therese to wait a few moments while the widow came from her bed in an upper room. Mitand informed his master that he had waited at the door, till a man in a gardener's habit bade him return home, as his lady would go by a back way through her father's garden. M. Deshoulieres blamed his old servant's careless simplicity, and asked his daughter if no other person had appeared. Therese faltering, and with a failing heart, replied, that a man had entered and demanded her ring, but being informed that her servant was stationed within hearing, had departed without further outrage. This prevarication, so near the truth, yet so fatally untrue, was the impulse of the moment. Therese had never before uttered a falsehood on an important occasion, but her thoughts had been long familiar with the petty finesses of female coquetry; and the step from small equivocations to direct untruth only required a spur.

To colour her evasion, Therese had concealed her ring among the garden shrubs; and professing that she had willingly yielded it to the thief as a bribe for his quiet departure, she entreated her

father not to make such a trifle the subject of serious investigation. M. Deshoulieres, seeing no reason to doubt her sincerity, and fearing that an appeal to the police might compromise her reputation, agreed to suppress the matter. But he communicated it to his intended son-in-law, the President of the provincial Parliament, who looked very gravely at the forged billet, and asked a particular description of the ring. Then, as he gallantly said, to atone for her loss, he sent Therese a splendid casket of jewelry, which, with some gratified vanity, she added to the celebrated set she inherited from her mother. And a few days after, she accompanied him to the church of St. Madelaine, where the Bishop, who had visited Dijon for that purpose, performed the nuptial ceremony.

One of the most splendid fetes ever seen in that province distinguished the bridal evening. The President, high in public esteem and flourishing in fortune, was attended, according to the custom of his country on such occasions, by the principal persons of his own class, and by all his kindred and friends in the neighbourhood. The Bishop remained in the circle till a later hour than usual, and perhaps with a more than usual effort, because he was aware a few persons in that circle knew the attachment of his youth to Therese Deshoulieres. But even his brother did not know that, being a younger son, he had been induced, for the benefit of his family, to enter the church, and renounce a woman whose pretensions were far above his honest poverty. Therefore on this occasion he affected, with some little pride, an air of perfect serenity; and though he had felt his forehead burn and freeze by turns, he knew his voice had never faltered while he pronounced a benediction on the marriage. He was pledging his brother after supper, when cries of fire were heard in the house. The great profusion of gauze ornaments and slight erections for the ball made the flames rapid beyond all help. Even the croud of assistants prevented any successful aid; for the number of timid women covered with combustible finery, and men unfitted by wine for personal exertion, disturbed those who came to be useful. 'Is Therese safe?' was every body's cry, and every body believed she was, till the outline of a woman seen among the flames and smoke at her chamber-window made the spectators redouble their shrieks. The bridegroom would have plunged again into the burning ruins, if his brother had not held him desperately in his arms: but the valet Mitand, who had lived with M. Deshoulieres from his daughter's infancy, ran up the remains of the staircase and disappeared. In another instant the roof fell in, and Mitand was seen leaping from a burnt beam alone. He was wrapped in a large blanket which had saved his person, but his neck, hands, and head, were hideously scorched. When



surrounded, and questioned whether he had seen his mistress, he wrung his hands, and shook his head in despair. They understood from his dumb anguish that he had seen her perish, and he remained obstinately sitting and gazing on the ruins till dragged away. The despair of the President was beyond words, and his brother's utmost influence could hardly restrain him from acts of madness. When the unfortunate bride's father deplored the festival which had probably caused its own dismal end, the President declared, with a fearful oath, that he knew and would expose the author. From that moment his lamentations changed into a sullen kind of fierceness, and he seemed to have found a clue which his whole soul was bent on. It was soon unfolded by the arrest of a young man named Arnaud, whose conveyance to prison was followed by his citation before the parliament of Dijon as an incendiary and a robber. M. Deshoulières gave private evidence to support these charges; but a day or two preceding that appointed for a public examination, the President went to the intendant of the province, and solemnly resigned his chair in the judicial court. 'It is not fitting,' said he, 'that I should be a judge in my own cause, and I only entreat that I may not be summoned as a witness.'

'No,' added the President, as he returned with his brother, 'it is not fit that I should be called upon to identify that man, lest his real name should be deemed enough to convict him of any guilt. It is sufficient for me to know him: we will not prejudice his judges.'

The Parliament of Dijon assembled with its usual formality, and the Intendant-general of the province was commissioned to act as President on this occasion. The Bishop and his brother sat in a curtained gallery where their persons might not fix or affect the attention of the court: the bereaved father was supported in a chair as prosecutor, and the prisoner stood with his arms coolly folded, and his eyes turned towards his judges.

The first question addressed to him was the customary one for his name. 'You call me Arnaud,' said the prisoner, 'and I answer to the name.'

'Is it your real name?'

'Have I ever been known by any other?'

'Your true appellation is Felix Lamotte,' said the Procureur-general—'and I crave permission of the court to remind it that you stood here ten years ago on an occasion not much more honourable.'

The *ci-devant* President handed a paper to the Procureur, requesting that nothing irrelevant to the present charge might be revived against the prisoner.

'Messieurs,' said the public accuser, addressing himself to the

judges, 'I humbly venture to assert, that what I shall detail is not irrelevant, as it may exhibit the character of the accused, and give a clue to his present conduct. Felix Lamotte is the nephew of a financier well remembered in Dijon, and his prodigality gave such offence that his uncle threatened to disinherit him, and leave his great wealth to his most intimate friend, the President of this court. But he, after repeated intercessions and excuses for this young man, prevailed on the elder Lamotte to forgive him. When the nephew heard his uncle's will read, he found the President distinguished by only a legacy of ten thousand livres, and himself residuary legatee. You expect, messieurs, to hear that Felix Lamotte was grateful to his mediating friend, and careful of his unexpected wealth. He appeared to be grateful until he became poor again by his prodigality. Then, finding a flaw in his uncle's will, he came before this tribunal to dispossess his friend of the small legacy he enjoyed, believing that, as heir at law, he might grasp the whole. The President, who had not then reached his present station among our judges, appeared as a defendant at this bar with a will of later date, which he had generously concealed, because the testator therein gave him all, charged only with a weekly stipend to his prodigal nephew. These are facts which the President desired to conceal, because the ungrateful are never pardoned by their fellow-creatures, nor judged without rigour. We shall see presently how the accused shewed his repentance.'

'Stop, sir!' said Felix Lamotte, haughtily waving his hand to command silence, 'I never did repent. The President created my error by concealing the truth. If, instead of permitting me to rely on a will which had been superseded, he had shown me the last effectual deed of gift, I should have known the narrowness of my rights, and the value of whatever bounty he had extended. He wished to try my wisdom by temptation, and I have mended his by showing him that temptation is always dangerous.'

'What you admit is truth,' rejoined another Advocate—'though more modesty would have been graceful. But the bent of your thoughts must have been to meet the temptation.'

The prisoner answered coldly, 'It may be so; and as that accords with the President's metaphysics, let him thank me for the demonstration.'

'Where,' said the Intendant-general, 'have you spent the last ten years?'

'Ask the President,' retorted Felix Lamotte—'he knows the verdict he obtained made me a beggar, and a beggar who reasons metaphysically will soon be tempted to become an adventurer. I have been what this honourable court made me, and I love to reason like the President.'

Mitand, M. Deshoulières' old servant, was called into the court, and asked if he had ever seen Lamotte. He was hardly recovered from the injuries he had received in the fire, but he took his oath, and answered in the affirmative distinctly. Being desired to say where, he said, 'In a gardener's dress, at a house in the suburb of St. Madelaine, and on the night of the marriage.'

The Accuser's Advocate now related all the circumstances of Mademoiselle Deshoulières' visit to a house without inhabitants, where she had been robbed of a valuable diamond. A pawnbroker appeared to testify that he had received from Felix Lamotte the ring identified as Therese's, and several witnesses proved the billet to be his hand-writing.

'You should also remember,' added Lamotte, looking sternly at the pawnbroker, 'what account I gave you of that ring. I told you I had found it among the shrubs under the wall of an empty hut adjoining Deshoulières' garden. My necessity forced me to sell it for bread. Had you been honest, and able to resist a tempting bargain, you would have carried it back to the owner.'

'Notwithstanding this undaunted tone,' said the Procureur, 'the prisoner's motive and purpose are evident. Vengeance was the incitement—plunder was to have been the end. To unite both, he has fabricated letters, outraged an unprotected lady, and introduced devastation and death into the house of his benefactor, in hopes to seize some part of the rich paraphernalia prepared for his bride. He hated his benefactor, because undeserved favours are wounds; he injured him, because he could not endure to be forgiven and forgotten.'

'I have no defence to make,' resumed Lamotte, 'for the faults of my youth have risen against me. You would not believe me if I should swear that I did not rob Therese, that I wrote no billets to decoy her, that I came into the vestibule of her father's house only to be a spectator of her bridal fete. I lodged in the hut of the gardener's widow, and unhappily complied when she solicited me to write petitions for the aid of the Bishop of Beauvais and M. Deshoulières' daughter. This woman and her daughter removed suddenly, and I am the victim.'

'Man,' said M. Deshoulières, stretching out his arms with the rage of agony, 'this is most false. The treacherous billet was written and brought by thy own hand, and here is another charging me to watch and witness my daughter's visit?'

'Well!' returned the prisoner coldly, 'and what was my crime? If I thought the marriage ill-suited, and without love on the lady's part, was I to blame if I gave her an interview with her first lover? The Bishop of Beauvais can tell us whether such interviews are dangerous.'

'Let him be silenced!' interposed the Intendant-general; 'this

scandal is sacrilege both to the living and the dead. If we had any doubt of his guilt, his malignity has subdued it.'

The votes of the judges were collected without farther hearing, and their sentence was almost unanimous. Felix was pronounced guilty, and condemned to perpetual labour in the galleys: a decree which the President heard without regret, but his brother with secret horror, when he remembered that Therese might not have spoken truth to her father—Yet he respected her memory fondly; and fear to wound it, more than his own honour, had induced him to give no public evidence. But he had satisfied his conscience by revealing all that concerned himself to the Intendant-general, who saw too much baseness in Lamotte's character, to consider it any extenuation of his guilt. Lamotte was led to the galleys, a victim to his revengeful spirit; and the President was invited by his sovereign to resume that seat in the Parliament of Dijon which he had vacated so nobly.

Fifteen years passed after this tragical event, and its traces had begun to fade. The father of Therese was dead, and his faithful servant lived in the gardener's house on an ample annuity given to him for his zeal in attempting to save her life. The President, weary of considering himself a widower, chose another bride, and prevailed on his brother to emerge from his retirement and bless his marriage. Another fete was prepared almost equal to the last; but perhaps a kind of superstitious fear was felt by all who remembered the preceding. The Bishop retired to his chamber very early, and the bridal party were seated in whispering solemnity, when the door opened slowly, and a figure clothed in white walked into the centre. Its soundless steps, glazed eyes, and deadly paleness, suited a supernatural visitor; and when, approaching the bride, it drew the ring from her finger, her shriek was echoed by half the spectators. At that shriek the ghostly intruder started, dropped the ring, and would have fallen, if the President's arms had not opened to prevent it. He saw his brother's sleep had been so powerfully agitated as to cause this unconscious entry among his guests; and conducting him back to his chamber, waited till his faculties were collected. 'Brother,' said the Bishop, 'it seems as if Providence rebuked my secrecy, and my vain attempt to believe that opportunity and temptation cannot prevail over long habits of good, and be dangerous to the firmest.' Then, after a painful pause, he told the President his secret interview with Therese, his resolution to take back the ring, and the failure of his resolution. He explained how long and deeply this scene had dwelt on his imagination, how keenly it had heightened his interest in the trial of Lamotte; and finally, with how much force it had been revived by the second marriage-day of his brother. And now,' added the Bishop, 'I may tell you



that its hold on my dreaming fancy may have been lately strengthened by an event which I wished to suppress till after this day, lest it should damp the present by renewing your regret for the past. Only a few hours since, I was summoned once more to that fatal house in the suburb to see a dying sinner. I found old Mitand on his death-bed. He told me that he could no longer endure the horrible recollections which your wedding-day brought. He reminded me of his attempt to reach Therese's room when full of flames. At that moment no thought but her preservation had entered his mind; but he found her on the brink of the burning staircase, with her casket of jewels in her hand. Miserable Therese! she had thought too fondly of the baubles; and he, swayed by a sudden, an undistinguishing, and insane impulse, seized the casket, not the hand that held it, and she sank. In the same instant his better self returned—all his habits of fidelity to his master, of love to his young mistress—but they came too late. He had thrust his dreadful prize under his woollen wrapper—it remained there undiscovered, while shame, horror, and remorse, prevented him from confessing his guilt. He buried it under the threshold of the garden house, which his master gave him with a mistaken gratitude which heaped coals of fire on his head. There it has remained with the locks untouched fifteen years, and from thence he wishes you to remove it when you can resolve to speak peace to a penitent."

Mitand died before morning, and the President's first act was to place this awful evidence of human frailty on the records of the Parliament. Their decree against Felix Lamotte was not revoked, as its justice remained unquestionable in the chief points of his guilt; but the fatal influence of temptation over Mitand and the Bishop of Beauvais was a warning more tremendous than his punishment.

V.

#### THE WESTERN ASSIZE COURT IN 1689.

THERE was once in a village near St. David's, a pedagogue whose figure and furniture were worthy of comparison with Shakspeare's apothecary. If the Bardic notion has any truth, 'that the soul is an intelligence lapsed from the region of light and knowledge, and makes its progress in this world through a circle of transmigrations till it returns to its original state,' this good man's spirit was very near its perfection, being almost divested of corporeal matter. He lived in a poor hut, attached to a still poorer garden, which furnished his meagre table with almost all its accompaniments. The riches of his house consisted of numberless traditionary volumes of Welsh romance, especially

a genuine copy of the *Historia Brittonum* ascribed to Nennius, and edited in the tenth century by Mark the Hermit; probably the original of that celebrated MS. lately discovered in the Vatican, after having graced the library of Queen Christina. He knew by heart all the Welsh chronicle of St. Patrick, from his captivity among the Scots as a swineherd, till he had baptised seven kings, and seen the flock of birds which typified the number of his converts. He knew all the tales of Merlin's ship of glass; and, in short, whatever proves the abundance of fiction in Wales: but his glory was a school consisting of about fourteen ragged boys, whose acquirements in Latin could be matched only by their devastations in leek-porridge. Emulous of what later days have boasted, Padrig qualified his pupils to perform a Latin play annually, to improve their prosody and their manners, though he himself (with the exception of the grey-headed vicar, who fasted and prayed with eight boys on thirty pounds per annum) was their sole audience. The expense of erecting a stage, or providing scenery, was obviated by his choice of a play which required none but what his hut afforded. Wiser than modern academicians, he rejected all the easy moralites of Terence, and chose from his old friend Plautus, a drama which required no flippant valet, well-dressed courtesan, or gallant young man. He had some thoughts of translating into pure Latin the scene of Bottom, Starveling, and Quince, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as most likely to be suitably dressed by his actors; but he luckily remembered a scene in one of Aristophanes' comedies, which even his own wardrobe could furnish forth, and this he selected as an interlude. The day of rehearsal was of immense importance, and Padrig prepared for it accordingly. The chief personage in the play is an old miser, who on his return with the broth which he has been receiving from public charity, finds his daughter's lover with a troop of servants preparing for a wedding-dinner in his kitchen, and going to take the soup kettle in which all his money is concealed. Padrig's kitchen required no alteration to represent the miser's, and no addition, except the interment of a three-legged pot under the hearth-stone. He had one of very antique shape, which he filled with pieces of tin and a few old copper medals, to represent the hoarded coin; and having placed it under the stone which served as his fire-place, Padrig went to his bed of chaff, little dreaming by whom the operation had been observed, and what was to follow.

The classic recitations of the next evening began by an interlude translated into Welsh from the original Greek, which Padrig's scholars could not yet compass; and he acting at once as audience, prompter, chief Roscius, and stage-manager, came down to the door of his hut, which served on this occasion as a

very suitable proscenium. According to the business of the drama, he sat wrapped in an old blanket folded round him in the style of Euripides, when a beggar of good height and very theatrical demeanour came over the hedge of the copse, exclaiming, in the genuine Greek, 'Euripides! I am a distressed man, and need thy help to procure pity.' Padrig, enchanted and surprised by an actor so accomplished, but not doubting that the rector of St. David's had sent his eldest son, as he had promised, to assist his theatricals, replied, in the language of Aristophanes, 'Friend, thou hast need of no advocate more eloquent than thy scare-crow visage.' 'O, Prince of Poets,' replied the stranger, 'of what avail is misery unless suitably dressed? give me thy rags in which thy Oedipus makes his appearance with such grand effect.' All this being exactly in the business of the comedy, Padrig went into his hut, and brought forth a bundle of very genuine rags, which he gave with the air and speech assigned to Euripides. 'But, master of the tragic art!' exclaimed the beggar, 'I implore another boon. What would thy Oedipus himself have done without a basket?' 'Seest thou not that I am busy with a new tragedy!' said Euripides, 'take that basket, and begone.' 'Beneficent Euripides! of what import is a basket without picturesque contents? lend me the water-cresses which thy mother used to sell in our streets.' Euripides granted this boon also, and the petitioner finished his part of the farce by departing with his rags, basket, and herbs, leaving Padrig to lament that all the learned of Wales were not present to own how well he had performed the wittiest satire composed by Aristophanes against his greatest rival.

The white-headed Welsh striplings, who had gaped with great awe during the pompous Greek dialogue, were now called on to enact their parts in what they called the Howlolaria of Plautus. All went on well till the last scene, when the pot was discovered under the hearth, and a great alteration in its weight appeared to have been made. But until the rehearsal was over, and Padrig uncovered his pot, intending to remove its copper contents and substitute a little broth for his supper, he did not perceive the wonderful transformation. All the pieces of tin and old medals had been removed, leaving in their stead more than eighty pieces of pure gold and silver! But what appeared most valuable in his eyes, was a quantity of medals of rare antiquity, and in exquisite preservation. He brooded over this prodigious treasure till daylight; and his simplicity, aided by his legendary learning, almost inclined him to believe it the gift of some second Merlin. In the morn he hastened to his neighbour, the good parish priest, and showed him the prosperous pot of Plautus, specially pointing out a medal apparently of the days of Brenhim

Oll, king of all Britain, and a series of coins from thence to Cadwallader. The reverend and learned man was deeply astonished at the whole adventure, particularly at the conduct of the stranger who had performed a part in the Greek interlude; and the schoolmaster was no less surprised when the vicar assured him that he knew nothing of the matter: that his son whose aid had been promised had been too much indisposed to recite his part, and had sent his excuse by an itinerant musician. Honest Padrig thought of his ancient romances, but the vicar saw mischief and danger lurking in his supposed good fortune. The year 1688 had caused the removal of James II. and the agents of his cruelty or his folly were flying in all directions. The confusion, the intrigues, and the secret enmities of two parties suddenly changing places, were felt even in this remote district; and the friends of the Prince of Orange, scarcely yet proclaimed King of England, were starting from their former concealment to retaliate the hatred of their enemies. Therefore, the vicar of Padrig's parish feared that the giver of the gold was some eminent fugitive, who had contrived to leave his recompense for the disguise which he had obtained by acting the part of the Greek poet's mendicant. When the schoolmaster reflected on the singular fluency with which his unknown visiter had spoken a classic language, on the style of his features which were evidently altered by art, and on the rich tokens left behind, he was of the same opinion; but his friend's advice to keep the matter secret cost him some severe struggles. His gleeful heart ached with its fulness, and he could not forbear muttering hints of his good luck among his pupils, and sometimes taking his pot to the easement to inspect his treasures. The consequences were not slow in their coming.

There lived with Padrig under his roof, as a kind of inmate and assistant, a young man named Lisle, grandson of the unhappy lady whose misfortunes have a place in our history. She was the widow of a man who had enjoyed Cromwell's favour; and having fled, at the restoration, was assassinated in Switzerland by three Irish ruffians, who hoped to obtain patronage by their crime. Lady Lisle was accused of sheltering two of Monmouth's partisans after his defeat at Sedgemoor, and after a shameful trial was sentenced to death by Judge Jefferies, notwithstanding the opinion three times expressed by the jury in favour of her innocence. Her miserable descendant found a refuge in the bounty of the poor schoolmaster, who sheltered him from that year to the present, intending him for his successor, and calling him with harmless affectation of pomp his usher. Padrig could not conceal from Lisle, who had been absent on a journey when the adventure occurred, the contents of his iron pot, which still



remained deposited under his hearth-stone. Lisle beheld it eagerly, and an evil spirit entered his thoughts. The judges were expected in a few days to hold the county sessions, and he might obtain this wealth, and perhaps court patronage, by removing his benefactor. The means were easy. Padrig, in the simplicity of his heart, had often told that Jefferies, whose name has gained such dreadful immortality, had been, when an obscure boy of five years old, his favourite and most promising pupil. And being secretly proud that a chancellor and chief justice had sprung from his school, he had been often heard to say, that he could not believe Jefferies wholly without some good inclinations. Now it was strongly suspected that this distinguished culprit was endeavouring to make his escape from the Welsh coast, and lurking about in disguise till he could find an opportunity. Lisle had shrewdness enough to see the possibility that he might have visited his old friend and tutor, and perhaps received aid from him. He yielded to temptation, and, rising at midnight, took the pot from its place of interment, and speeded his way to the inn, where he knew one of the crown lawyers had stopped to spend the night. Serjeant Bellasis was a politician too wary to miss any occasion of manifesting zeal to the new government. He heard the informer's story, and was shown the hoarding-pot, from which Lisle had taken all except the coins, medals, and a seal-ring, of which he did not know the value. 'Fellow!' said the serjeant, 'this is not all. Bring the rest, or I shall know what to think of your information.' Lisle was taken by surprise, but he had to deal with a craftier and cooler politician than himself. Seeing that he hesitated, the crown lawyer added, 'You are yourself an accomplice in secreting a traitor. Show me the rest of the bribe, or my servants shall take you into custody.' The informer was taken in a trap he had not foreseen; and after a long demur, found himself forced to resign the pot, and all its contents to Serjeant Bellasis, who promised, upon this condition, to preserve him from hazard, and ensure a reward for his loyalty.

Not many hours after, Padrig was taken from his quiet abode, and lodged in the town jail on a charge of high treason. If any thing could have comforted him for the treachery of his adopted guest, it would have been the affectionate lamentation of his little flock of pupils, who followed him from the school he had ruled thirty years to his place of confinement, as if it had been a triumphal procession. Padrig's story had become a subject of very general question, and those who knew the bent of public affairs had but little hopes of his acquittal. Besides, the spirit of the new government was yet untried; and though Chief Justice Herbert and his colleagues were dispossessed of power, their successors might be equally blind and riotous in their new

authority. The day of Padrig's trial assembled a crowd as anxious as any that ever filled a court, even in these times of sacrifice and peril. Had he been one of the five hermits once sanctified in Wales, he could not have been more respectfully greeted by the spectators, nor could his appearance have been more venerably simple. His long surecoat of brown camblet, belted round his waist, his leathern sandals, and the thick grey hair which fell on each side of his face down to his shoulders, showing his broad forehead and large mild eye, gave him the aspect of a St. Kentigern, or of his favourite Hermit Mark, the chronicler of Wales. But the judges were strangers, and the leading counsel of the crown a man new to his office, and to this remote district. His countenance promised little, for the abundant flow of his hair was even beyond the ordinary fashion of the times, and indicated more coxcombry than wisdom. The accused and accuser were both in court, and the murmur which would have attended the latter was hushed by fear. Few, very few, of Padrig's friends ventured to think of testifying in his favour, lest the friend of a fallen man should involve them in danger. Padrig stood alone, left to Providence and innocence which he trusted, and his eye did not lose its firm fixture when the crown lawyer rose. There was a pause of deep fear and expectation till he addressed the court.

'My lord, you have heard the indictment of this man; I have permitted it to be read, though the instructions in my hand are to withdraw the prosecution. I permitted it, I say, because it is fitting that they who dragged him to this bar, and the people who have held him in reverence till now, should be shown to justice, and witness its dispensation. You have heard this grey-headed old man accused of abetting a refugee's escape, because a few pieces of old gold have been found in his possession, and because he was once a teacher of grammar to Jefferies. You are surprised at the name. Who ever thought of befriending Jefferies? He has had his flatterers and his advocates when he sat on the bench as a chief justice and a chancellor, and held his sovereign's commission with such men as Kirk, who instigated and besotted him. But he had no friends, and those who had no courage to remonstrate against his violence, will have enough now to show him the bitterness of his disgrace, when he is weak and desolate. No, my lord, in this land and in this year we need not be afraid to find places of refuge open to Jefferies: he has neither brother nor father, wife nor children; he has nothing here but enemies and hunters. If he *was* here, who is in this court that would not be ready to mock him now as much as they feared him once? They would bid him go and ask mercy from the woman whose brother perished before her eyes after she had sold herself to save him;

or from the mother of that unhappy soldier, whose speed was matched with a war horse's. These things were done, not by Jefferies, but by men more wicked than he; yet which of these things is greater in cruelty than the accusation lodged to-day against a helpless old man by his guest and his pensioner? He is accused of sheltering a disgraced and proscribed judge, because he loved him when a child. Would this be a fault, even if it was true? Perhaps he did not know the unfortunate man he befriended; and it is certain, by the public frankness of his communications, that he did not know the gold was attained. These medals and this ring are known to have belonged once to Jefferies; but his motive for leaving them in Padrig's house might have been a pure one. There must have been some good in his heart when he dared return to his first friend. It must have been punishment enough to return to that friend and that house poorer and more despised and wretched than he left it. Let us remember how high he stood, and from whence he fell. Those who sit in his place to-day will remember, that he fell because he judged too rashly, and did not think his king strong enough to afford mercy to his enemies. Let our first act be wiser than his. I might tear my brief, and close the prosecution, but I appeal to this court, and expect to hear the prisoner's acquittal. And that you may be assured how little his accuser deserves belief, I am empowered to tell you, that Jefferies, that criminal whom he pretends was conveyed away by Padrig's means, is at this very moment before his judges; and this paltry jar of coins, which tempted the accusation, was brought to me as a bribe to forward it. And if it had been so offered even to Jefferies, he would have thrown it back as I do.'

The pleader was answered by a half stifled shout of applause. When he began to speak, his voice was low and hoarse, but as he advanced it became vigorous, and his eyes started from their dark hollows with the earnestness of eloquence. The new judges were touched by this appeal, and by the opportunity to gain favour by a popular verdict. Padrig was unanimously acquitted, and the jar of gold, which his unexpected advocate had thrown on the table of the court, was restored to him undiminished. His miserable accuser stole out of the people's reach; but when he went to thank the public prosecutor for his lenity, he was nowhere to be found. The pleader had never been seen after he left the court; and a few hours having been spent in wonder, the real Serjeant Bellasis arrived, posthaste and in great trepidation, declaring that he had been detained by indisposition on the road. None of the judges knew him personally on this circuit, and they all agreed that none but Jefferies himself could have had audacity enough to personate him. Inquiries were made at the village

inn, and they were informed that the person who called himself Bellasise had arrived there on horseback alone only a few minutes before the treacherous informer came to seek him. How he went from the town, or which way he travelled, was not very diligently traced by those who had heard his daring defence of an innocent man. Ever bold and eccentric, mingling great courage with enormous obstinacy, Jefferies had returned to London, expecting and truly judging that he would be least sought in the midst of his enemies. But by lingering too long in the street to hear music, of which he was passionately fond, he was discovered, and conveyed to the tower. There he expiated some of his errors by a long imprisonment, and died with no consolation but the blessing of the poor schoolmaster of St. David's. He chose the bottle for his executioner; and never had recourse to it without drinking health to the Judges of the Western Assizes in 1689.

V.

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#### COUNT STRUENSEE.

'No,' said the prime minister of Christian VII. as he sat in the confidential cabinet of his colleague, Count Brandt; 'that is too much for any human capacity of belief. I can see our master's imbecility of head and hardness of heart, but I cannot believe him a composition of plumbago, or black lead.'

'You should rather say that you believe him a lump of silex, for black lead has too much affinity to the diamond to have afforded him either head or heart. But, Struensee! are you, versed in all the monstrous superstitions of Asia, Africa, and ancient Europe, prepared to say my system is incredible? What is there more unnatural in believing all the elements which surround us inhabited by intelligent beings, than in peopling them with the profligate and hideous deities of heathen and Hindoo mythology?'

'We now understand the sublime allegory of both without believing either; and I frankly add, that I have studied the wild yet elegant romance of Rosierucius, not so much to enrich my mind as to relieve it by ideas of moral beauty, which are not supplied by realities.'

'That is,' said the designing philosopher, 'you have formed a *beau ideal*. Tell me, while we are in the secret safety of this cabinet, with what part of human nature you could best dispense? With its infirmities, of course?'

'I wish,' replied the young statesman, rising with energy, 'that we had stronger reason, or no feelings. Brandt, all that yet has



happened in my public life, convinces me we should be always wise, and therefore always easy, if we had none. Of what use is our indignation at dishonesty? there are always a thousand reasons why it is not safe to express it. We are required to submit patiently and daily to injustice, and our vivid sense of it is only a torment. Is there any feeling of joy, of friendship, or of triumph, which we are not forced to curb and suspect? Let me find, if I can, a creature framed for reason only, and I shall expect to see perfection.'

Brandt smiled at this sally, and at the high flush of excited feeling which coloured the speaker's countenance. 'You have said enough, Struensee, to show me what materials I must choose for your gratification, and to convince your unbelief.' So saying, he unlocked an iron coffer and placed on the table two fragments of stone.

'This,' continued the cabalist, 'is a part of that immense stone which eastern nations call Saxhart, and believe the centre or axis of the earth. It was dislodged in one of those earthquakes which they suppose the Creator produces by commanding this stone to move one of these vast fibres. This smaller fragment came from that great tract northward of Mexico, named Anahuac, and rich in ores and precious stones of every kind. The first contains portions of the six primitive rocks: granite, porphyry, marble, serpentine, schist, and sienite; the second includes the principles of all the oriental gems,—the topaz, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire. Among the sullen and unpromising materials of the rocky fragment, I can find the occidental gems, the cornelian, sardonyx, agate, opal, mocha, jasper, and garnet. And into one or all of these I can convey life by certain combinations. There are beings who inhabit and govern these masses; choose whether you desire to know them better, for they partake the nature of the substance they rule.'

Struensee smiled incredulously, and replied, 'If I desired a superhuman wife, I would choose one like Mahomet's angels, composed of seven kinds of incense, rather than one derived from clay or rock, however modified into gems. But if you ask what gem I should desire to animate, I would choose the diamond, which lightning cannot penetrate, nor the utmost violence deprive of its qualities. I choose it because its hardness, its brightness, and incorruptible nature, realize my notion of a mind all truth and justice without that beautiful defect called feeling.'

'You are mistaken, however,' said his companion; 'and the diamond unites some properties very foreign to your notion; for though it affords no ashes when exposed to fire, it ends in the most poisonous vapour. And the charcoal and oxygen which compose it are too obstinate and volatile to complete your political

comparison. But we will see what chemic art can produce under a Rosicrucian's guidance.'

Brandt opened what has since been called a voltaic apparatus; and after sundry experiments, aided by enormous heat, fused a small lump of charcoal, to which he added a most minute portion of oxygen.\* The result was, or seemed to be, a diamond of rare lustre, and such breadth of surface, that it resembled the crystal which covered a small portrait. And when Struensee looked upon it, a miniature face of exquisite colouring and beauty appeared within it, varying as the light glanced on the gem which contained it, as if it had life and motion. The young statesman was confounded at this specimen of the cabalistic art, and especially as the visionary face was one he had imagined in his dreams of beauty. 'You are surprised,' said Brandt, 'at my discernment and my skill. You have not yet seen the sequel. Keep this gem; its power depends on the wearer's affinity to the principles it possesses. Strength, firmness, and integrity, are the moral qualities which resemble the diamond: it has no fallibility, no soft particle, no power of change. Remember and preserve it.'

The cabalist fixed his eyes sternly on Struensee, who understood the admonition. They were both engaged in plans, perhaps too romantic, for the reformation of Danish policy; and the weakness of the sovereign, while it permitted daring attempts, increased the hazard of those who had no support except their talents. Brandt knew how much truth and honour were mingled with the enthusiasm of Struensee's character, and also knew how far the charm of mystery acts on the firmest human nature. Artfully descending from the pomp of his philosophical harangue, he led his young colleague back to the secret of state policy which had caused their meeting, and sketched the extensive plot a few days was to unfold.

On the third day from this cabalistic conference, the young queen, Caroline Matilda, was expected to preside at a dramatic entertainment, composed, in compliment to her native country, in the English language. Count Brandt had given the half idiot king a sufficient taste for necromantic wonders, and in due compliance with his taste, the drama was founded on the agency of a sylph, attached to a learned and discontented man. This latter character fell to the lot of Count Struensee, who studied it with zeal and delight, because it really suited the romantic bent of his genius, and his gallant readiness to amuse an amiable and ill-matched stranger; the part of the sylph was sustained by a creature attired in the lightest drapery, but impenetrably veiled. The king seemed enchanted with her gestures and her voice,

\* It would be well if this Danish statesman had bequeathed his secret, for no heat has yet been found sufficient to fuse charcoal by the most celebrated chemists.

especially, perhaps, because no one could inform him from whence the actress came. His own inability to penetrate any thing obscure, and the delight which folly always finds in mysteries, increased the charm of the incognito. He was standing in a stupid, but very happy trance of wonder, when Count Brandt presented himself. 'Your questions and conjectures, sire,' said the accomplished cabalist, 'are all misapplied. Whoever has presumed to guess who or what the stranger really is, has no right to be believed. She is the creation of my art, and I have fulfilled my promise to your majesty.'

The king, in a still higher humour of joy, required him to call her back and reveal her name.

'She has no name, unless, sire, you are pleased to call her Adama, or the Diamond. But she shall appear again at your command, with a dramatis personæ of her own species.'

'But,' interposed the king, 'let her dispose of that ungraceful and unfriendly veil.'

'Her veil,' answered Brandt, 'is the woven amianthus, and partakes of the fossil kind from which some of her kindred beings spring.' Then showing two small caskets of ebony and ivory, containing, as he said, the oriental and occidental earths, he desired the king to make his choice. Christian chose the oriental, and Brandt, opening his ivory box, scattered a little earth upon the table, muttering the celebrated cabalistical word *Ἐστημεν λογιζομενυστικος*.

At this moment a delicious symphony, produced by the invention of an ingenious chemist on wires and bells governed by electric fluid, astonished some part of the audience; and the king seated between Brandt and Struensee, saw a group of exquisite figures suddenly emerge from beneath the canopy. One wore a veil of pale blue, another of the softest green; the third and fourth had garments which seemed dipped in the dye of the topaz and the ruby, but the fifth wore a mantle that appeared, from its singular lustre and transparency, to be composed of filaments of spun glass, so flexible yet so bright were the foldings of the tissue. As these lovely figures wreathed themselves in their dance, they resembled flowers arranged in a well-chosen garden; and the king, powerfully affected with surprise and a sense of that kind of beauty which promises pleasure, asked Brandt if these were substances or shadows.

'Your majesty sees,' he answered, 'the spirits of those gems which spring from mere alumine or clay, a substance the most stubborn in the world, yet its offsprings are brittle, brilliant, and pellucid. They have life and motion, but passions are unknown to them; in this, at least, they resemble their parent.'

‘For what purpose, then,’ interrupted Christian, ‘have they any existence?’

‘They are visible only to those whose actions require judgment and fortitude. Princes and legislators have a right to their presence, but they can behold them only while their minds are occupied, as your majesty’s now is, in philosophic investigation, or in beneficent projects, such as have been suggested to you for the enfranchisement of your poor subjects.’

The king paused earnestly with a serious gaze; and, turning to Struensee, said, ‘Who is she that stands in the centre? It is the shape and stature of my wife.’

‘Your majesty sees with the eyes of a young husband; the spirit of the diamond has no fixed complexion, and whoever is permitted to discern her always imagines that she resembles what he prizes best. Look again, and you will find in her face all the beauty that creates love.’

‘Ah!’ said Christian, with the sudden light of intellect which sometimes breaks on idiotism, ‘that is the only true beauty,—but I see the face of Caroline Matilda of England, not of my own Dina.’

The figure on which the king gazed, instantly dropped her shining veil, and wrapped herself in one, whose whiteness resembled that of the swan’s down, but it concealed her features entirely. ‘I have told you,’ said Brandt, ‘the nature of these gnomes. Still possessed of the properties of earth, they are incapable of social enjoyment, and cannot administer to ours. The fire that passed through your majesty’s fancy, the feelings of youthful affection that revived as you spoke of a former favourite, have disturbed the sober and cold frame of mind requisite to discern these preternatural beings. Ah, sire! their beauty cannot be wholly unfolded to you till you have completed that great effort which will prove and establish the independence of your spirit.’ As the cabalist spoke, a sudden darkness covered the saloon; and when it vanished, nothing remained of the beautiful vision, except a leaf of laurel on which a diamond hung like a dewdrop, at the king’s feet.

During the whole of this dialogue, Struensee had no eyes, except for the beautiful dancer who had worn the veil of remarkable whiteness without transparency. It had answered completely the purpose of a mask, but her person so resembled the Queen Matilda’s, that Struensee felt a kind of remorse mingled with the pleasure which her presence excited. That pleasure had not been invisible or unobserved. Count Moltke, the favourite confidant of the dowager queen, had been placed among the audience to watch his conduct, and executed his office with the bitter zeal of a displaced minister and an ambi-



tious woman's agent. Cowering among the trees that formed an avenue from the illuminated theatre to the queen's ball-room, he expected to see her pass without her veil, that he might identify her with the unknown actress, and fix the suspicions he had already roused in her duped husband. But he only saw the king leaning familiarly on the arm of Count Brandt, who led him into one of the lighted temples, which the queen's taste had erected in her gardens. He followed secretly and closely, till he saw them seated at a table on which Brandt spread a paper, and pointed to a place for the king's signature. 'Sire,' he heard him say, 'you designed this night only to gratify philosophic curiosity; you will render it an era in moral and political regeneration if you sign this decree. You have seen the secrets of nature revealed by my humble means; recompense her for the discovery by liberating and enlightening her sons. I have made you acquainted with a being sprung only from the basest element, from mere impenetrable clay, deign, sire, to acquaint yourself with your fellow-creatures, your countrymen, your subjects, by elevating them from bondage, and giving them a portion of freedom and instruction. If that intelligent and fair creature came at my command to-night, what may not spring from your influence over the noblest race of men?'

The king cast his eyes, in which the hazy light of intoxication was visible, on a shaded recess between the pillars. Moltke himself was surprised to see the figure of the sylph actress standing as if covered with a veil of transparent diamond. Christian rose to catch her, but some impenetrable substance seemed to resist his touch. 'A Rosicrucian knows (said the cabalist) that the spirits of the elements can be approached only by those who resemble them. Your majesty has not yet shown the firmness of the gem in which that lovely spirit is embodied. There is only one act wanting to prove it.'

Christian put his agitated hand to the official paper, and signed it almost illegibly; and Struensee, who entered almost at the same instant, exchanged a glance with his colleague, which congratulated him on his success. But the veiled figure disappeared as he presented himself; and while their eyes and their credulous master's dwelt upon the space she had left, they did not perceive the hand that removed the paper from the table. When they looked round towards each other, they had no suspicion that another had been substituted. Count Brandt placed the false paper carefully in his portfolio, and returned with his sovereign and Struensee to join the gala. Moltke stealing from his hiding-place, made haste to seek the queen dowager, and showed her an order for the arrest of Caroline Matilda, signed by the king's hand.



This shall be executed to night,' said the crafty statesman; 'and Brandt has in his portfolio an absolute warrant to detain Struensee in close custody. Stupid contrivers! while they performed their burlesque phantasmagoria to amuse your son, their precious act for the advancement of the peasantry was exchanged for one of more immediate benefit. And the best part of the machinery is, that each of these reforming ministers will think himself duped by the other. Thus we shall break both their alliance and their project.'

Before the daybreak, Caroline Matilda was conveyed to prison with her infant son; and Brandt had unwarily delivered his portfolio into the hands of his secretary, a spy purchased by his enemy. This perfidious colleague instantly conveyed it to Count Moltke, who assembled proper officers, and, accompanied by his agent, entered Struensee's bed chamber, and arrested him. At the sight of his friend's secretary, and of that paper which he had seen signed with such high hopes, the certainty of most deep fraud smote him. Count Moltke was not slow in enforcing the stroke. 'You are charged,' said he, 'on evident proofs, of undue favour from the queen, and I am an eye-witness of your sinister attempts to distract the king by exhibitions of art, magic and cabalism. Give me that jewel which an infatuated woman has lavished on you from her husband's regalia, and thank my kindness for removing from your person a testimonial so decisive of your guilt.'

Struensee was compelled to surrender the diamond, with a powerful feeling of disgust and indignation at the stratagem employed by Brandt to fix on him the strongest appearances of treason. And while they lodged him in that state prison which he knew he should never leave, except to perish on the scaffold, he execrated and renounced the philanthropy whose excess had tempted him to serve his countrymen, and trust his colleague at the hazard of life and honour.

The day appointed for his execution came, and the tolling of a bell indicated the hour. It was scarcely dawn. By a dull lantern light he was led into the yard of the prison, and put into a coach strongly guarded. His journey, he expected, would terminate at the public place of execution, and he was surprised to see the coach turn through the city gates into a lonely road. It stopped at the frontiers, and the commandant of his escort alighted, and entered with him into a miserable hut called a post-house. 'Struensee! you are free; under your name, and in your attire, another state prisoner was executed this morning at Copenhagen. Take back this diamond, and do not ask me by what means it is restored to you as the means of your future fortune. Keep the seal of this packet

unbroken seven years, and let its contents be known only to yourself.'

Struensee was thunderstruck, and hardly sensible of joy at this dismissal. His ambition, his benevolence, even his capacity for friendship, were all destroyed by the deadly plot of which he had been the victim. But he was still young, rich in a jewel of immense value, conscious of innocence, and apparently secure from his public enemies. He retired to a small farm which he possessed in Silesia, and lived under an assumed name, entirely estranged from the world. If he could have regained those warm and active feelings which disappointment had crushed, he might have been useful and happy. Nothing, however, could recal the trusting, hoping, and cheerful spirit of his youth. He had seen the woman he thought loveliest debased by artifice; his friend had betrayed him; and the people, for whom he would have hazarded his life and greatness, joined in the vilest libels\* on his memory. But as the dryness and desolation of his heart increased, he became timid and avaricious, and hoarded the diamond with anxious care. He was not less tenacious of the secret packet: and when seven years had worn away, he found its contents in the hand writing of Count Brandt, and in these few words:

'April 27th, 1772.

'I shall expiate my political rashness to-morrow on the scaffold, and the queen's connivance in our dangerous drama will cost her liberty, perhaps her life. But I have done enough. I promised to make you acquainted with that preternatural thing; a creature capable of reason, but destitute of all human or social feeling; in other words, capable of no affection, no hope, and no effort. I am told your demeanour in the prison was that of sullen and determined apathy, which, if I understand your character, will soon transform you to the thing you desired to see. I told you truly; the diamond has no power except over those who resemble its hard and impenetrable nature. If the spirit which has entered your mind has debased you to a level with coarse earth, the gems it composes will be all you are now capable of valuing. Keep this as my legacy, and one of the Secrets of Cabalism.'

V.

\* "*Maluns Struens se ipsum predidit*" was the motto usually annexed to Struensee's portrait by his enemies.

## THE BRONZE STATUE.

COUNT LIEUWEN, a favourite officer in the service of the deceased King of Prussia, had under his special patronage and tuition a young engineer of high talent, whose advancement to his notice had been solely due to his merits. His battalion, led by the Austrian General Clairfait, then on his march through the Low Countries towards France, was ordered to surprise a small village on the frontiers in the enemy's possession. In the middle of the night young Ewald entered his commander's tent, and informed him that a negociation had been begun by the chief magistrate of this district to admit the Prussian soldiers into an ambuscade, by which they might surround the French stationed in the village of Altheim, and put them to the sword. 'Sir,' he added, 'I am acquainted with a path through the thicket that skirts the church-yard; and by leading fifty chosen men through it, we may enclose the farm and outhouses in which these Frenchmen lodge, and force them to surrender, without the baseness of entering their host's gates in groups disguised as travellers, and massacreing them in their sleep. This vile provost has made the offer in hopes of a reward, for which he conditions privately, heedless of the bloodshed and ravage which our soldiery would spread among the poor villagers in the blindness of their fury.'—'You are right,' replied the Count—'and it would be well to gain this advantageous post without disgrace to our characters as Prussian soldiers, or outrage to the unoffending natives. Through whose means did this honourable offer come?—For I suspect the communicant is willing to share the reward?'—The young engineer cast down his eyes, and answered, after a short and graceful hesitation, 'He is my enemy, my lord—forgive me if I do not name him.'

Count Lieuwen's brow grew smooth. 'Well, Lichtenstein,' he said, with a tone of familiarity he seldom used, except when his heart was touched—'well;—there will be no surer way, I see, to secure both our military credit, and this poor village from plunder, than to give you the command of the affair. Choose your comrades, and conduct them. But how is it that you know the avenues of this obscure place so well?'

Ewald was silent a few moments, only because he was conscious of feelings likely to make his voice less firm. When he had stifled them, he replied, 'To you who know my humble birth, and have remedied it so kindly by your patronage, I need not be afraid to confess this village was my birth-place, and that farm which the provost intends to deliver up to-night for the purpose of massacre and riot, is—or was—'—He could not add his meaning,

but Count Lieuwen felt it. Brushing a tear hastily from his eyes, the old soldier bade him take his detachment, and obtain possession of the place in whatever manner he deemed most fit. Ewald departed instantly, and returned in the morning to announce his complete success, without loss to the inhabitants, or the escape of a single Frenchman. He brought besides a valuable despatch, which his advanced guard had intercepted, and the Count, delighted with the important result of the affair, and with the generous spirit it had exhibited, offered his young lieutenant a thousand crowns, the sum for which the treacherous provost had negotiated, gallantly saying, his sovereign would more willingly pay it as the recompense of a hazardous and well-performed duty, than as the premium of a traitor.—‘If,’ said the lieutenant, modestly, ‘your lordship thinks this poor village worth a thousand crowns to his majesty, I pray you to consider them due to my senior officer Dorffen :—Your personal kindness induced you to waive his right, and to give me the command of last night’s affair : yet it is just that he should have the price of what he deserved to win.’—‘He shall have it,’ answered Lieuwen, compressing his lips sternly ; ‘but I now know who would have bought what you have won honestly.’

The first care of this brave veteran on his return to Berlin, was to lay the circumstances of this fact before the king. The consequence was Ewald’s promotion ; and before the war ceased, he rose in rank even higher than Count Lieuwen ; and the last favour his old commander asked at court was, that his adopted son might be appointed his successor in the fortress of Plauen, which his age rendered him averse to govern longer. This high distinction was granted ; and the king, to suit the new governor’s title to his important office, added the rank of Baron to the Cross of the Black Eagle already worn by Ewald de Lichtenstein. These unexpected honours did not alter the temper of the young hero :—still preserving the bland urbanity of Marshal Turenne, whose elevation he had imitated so successfully ; he was proud to hear his comrades hint that he too was a miller’s son, and always strove to remind them how much he resembled his noble predecessor in benevolence and grace. But when he had offered his obeisance, he solicited permission to absent himself one month before he assumed his new duties. Count Lieuwen’s friendship, and the peaceable state of the country, made the royal assent easy, and Ewald de Lichtenstein left Berlin to dedicate this short interval to his private happiness.

But Ewald, with all the splendour of his professional success, had not altered the humility of that private happiness. He had no hope so dear as to return to the little village of Altheim, which ten years before he had preserved from destruction ; and to reclaim



the farmer's daughter, with whom the first affections of his boyhood had been exchanged. During the various and busy vicissitudes of a soldier's life, no correspondence had been possible, and he had time to snatch only a short interview when he entered the village with a hostile detachment. He took with him one attendant, a soldier of his own regiment, but unacquainted with his birth-place, though sufficiently attached to his person to ensure the secrecy he required; not from mean fear of exposing his humble origin, but from a generous wish to avoid displaying his new and self-acquired greatness. The journey was tedious to his fancy, though he travelled rapidly; for the pleasantest dreams of his youth were ready to be realized. His servant had orders to make no mention of his name or rank when he arrived at his place of destination, and the little village of Altheim came in sight in all the beauty of a summer evening, and a happy man's imagination. As he entered it, however, he perceived that several cottages were in ruins, and the farm where Josephine had lived was half-unroofed, and its garden full of grass. Ewald's heart misgave him, and his servant went on before to inquire who occupied it. Schwartz brought his master intelligence that the niece of the former occupier had married a farmer, whose speculations had ended in innkeeping with but little success. There was no other inn; and if there had been one, Ewald, notwithstanding his heart-burnings, would have chosen this. He renewed his cautions to his servant, and entered the miserable house, where the master sat surlily smoking his pipe, in a kitchen with broken windows, and a hearth almost cold. To his courteous request for accommodation, this man, whose suitable name was Wolfenbach, hardly returned an answer, except throwing him the remnant of a chair, and calling loudly at the door for his wife. A woman in wretched apparel, bending under a load of sticks, crept from a ruined outhouse, and came fearfully towards him. 'Bring a fagot, drone, and cook some fish,' said her ruffian husband—'where is the bread I bought this morning, and the pitcher of milk?'—'There was but little milk,' she answered, trembling, 'and I gave it to our child.'—'Brute-idiot!' he muttered with a hideous oath, and pushed her forwards by a blow which Ewald's heart felt. That moment would have discovered him, if the innkeeper had not left the house to attend his servant; and Ewald, as he looked again on Josephine's face, had courage enough to restrain a confession which would have aggravated her misery. Perhaps she had been left desolate—perhaps her husband had been made brutal by misfortune—at all events, he had no right to blame a marriage which circumstances had not permitted him to prevent. She might have had no alternative between it and disgrace, or Wolfenbach might have possessed



and seemed to deserve her choice better than himself. This last thought held him silent, as he sat with his face shaded near the fire. Josephine took but one glance at him, and another at the cradle where a half-starved infant lay, before she began to prepare a supper. Ewald attempted to say something, but his voice, hoarse with emotion, appeared unknown to her, and she turned away with a look of repressed pride and shame. Yet as she could not but observe the earnest gaze of the stranger, her cheek flushing with conscious recollection, recovered some part of its former beauty, and Ewald had taken the infant on his knee when Wolfenbach returned. His guest overcame the horror which almost impelled him to throw from him the offspring of a ruffian so debased, intending to convey into its cradle some aid for the unhappy mother, which might suffice to comfort her wants without betraying the giver. He hid a purse of gold within its wrapper, and gave it back to Josephine; while the father, murmuring at such pests, rebuked her slow cookery. But Ewald could not eat; and tasting the flask to propitiate the brutal landlord, withdrew to the bed meant for him, and was seen no more.

Late on the following morning, two men, as they passed near the remains of a spoiled hay-rack, perceived motion in it, and heard a feeble noise. They took courage to remove some part, and, led on by traces of blood, examined till they found a body yet warm with life, but wounded in a ghastly manner. They conveyed it to the village surgeon, and collected help to surround the house of Wolfenbach, whom they remembered to have seen on the road, mounted on a horse which had been observed the day before entering Altheim with the wounded man and another stranger. Skill and care restored this unfortunate stranger sufficiently to make his deposition. He named his master, and stated that the gloomy looks and eager questions of the inn-keeper had alarmed him on the night of Ewald's arrival, especially when he was desired to sleep in a ruined out-house. He had left it, and applying his ear to a crevice in the house-door, heard Wolfenbach menacing his wife with death if she prevented or betrayed his search into the traveller's portmanteau which had been left below; for probably, in the heedlessness of anguish, Ewald had not thought of attending to it. He also heard Josephine's timid expostulations, and the shriek of her child in its father's savage grasp, held perhaps as a hostage for her silence. He went to warn his master, and, by calling through the casement of the loft, where he lay awake, drew him from his bed. The stroke of an axe felled him to the ground, and he remembered nothing more. The fate of Ewald might be easily surmised. Detachments of the peasants traversed the country

round, to gain intelligence of him without success, and, without knowing his claims on them as their countryman, were all eager in their zeal to trace a man of rank and honour. Couriers met them from Berlin despatched to hasten his return; but after six months spent in the most earnest search, even his paternal friend Count Lieuwen despaired of seeing him more, and believed him the victim of a ferocious robber. Wolfenbaeh had been seized with the horses of Ewald and his servant, which he had taken to sell at the nearest fair, and could not attempt even a plausible account of them. His miserable wife was in a state of delirium which unfitted her to give coherent evidence; but the subject of her ravings, the purse of gold found in her infant's cradle, and a ring dropped near the traveller's bed, were powerful presumptive proofs against her husband. The rifled portmanteau was also discovered in a well, and the axe stained with blood. Wolfenbaeh maintained an obstinate and contumelious silence, during a long trial which ended in a sentence of death, received with acclamations by the populace. He was carried to the scaffold attended by no friend, and died without confession.

Count Lieuwen resumed the government of the fortress he had resigned, but not till he had urged repeated inquiries, and proffered large rewards for any trace of his lost favourite, without effect. And when after some years had passed, a public duty compelled him to visit the country in which Ewald had perished, he travelled hastily, and loathed the necessity which forced his equipage to rest at Altheim for a few hours. During this short stay, the master of the new inn found means to introduce himself, and beg his guest's attention to a rare curiosity which he possessed. Finding, from his valet's account, that this exhibition was a tax imposed on every traveller, the Count assented, and listened patiently to his host's history of a bronze statue found in a peat-bog at a short distance, and from thence brought to his house. He went into the room where it was deposited, prepared to see some antique relic or cunning counterfeit; but he saw with feelings that need not be told, the body of his beloved Ewald, in the travelling habit he had seen him wear, vitrified by the power of the morass, to the semblance of a bronze statue. He stood a few moments aghast with astonishment and horror, not unmingled with gladness at this testimony of the truth preserved by a special operation of nature:—for on the forehead and in the neck of the seeming statue, two deep seams rendered the fact of Ewald's violent death unquestionable. But he had presence of mind enough to suppress his agitation, and affecting to believe the innkeeper exhibited, as he supposed himself, a strange piece of ancient sculpture, gave him a much larger sum than had been expected even from a nobleman of his known munificence, and

carried off the prize. But he caused it to be conveyed to Berlin without noise, and made it no subject of conversation among his attendants.

Count Lieuwen's return to the metropolis was always followed by banquets given to his friends, and on this occasion he celebrated his arrival among them by inviting the chief nobility and all the military officers who had shared and survived his campaigns. After supper, before any had departed, he spoke of a most rare specimen of sculpture, which he had reserved for their last regale. 'You all know,' said he, 'my tender affection for Ewald de Lichtenstein, my regret for his untimely loss, and my wish to preserve his memory. I think you will agree with me in that wish to erect a monument, if we could decorate it with a representation of him, suitable to his merits and his fate. But though we all know his merits, where shall we find an artist able to give a symbol of his death, since we know neither the time nor circumstance?'

The Count cast his eyes round the table as he spoke, and met approving and earnest looks from all his companions, except one, whose head was averted. 'But,' he added, rising after a short pause. 'I think I have found a statue sufficient itself for his monument?'

A curtain suddenly drawn aside, discovered the bronze statue of Ewald lying on a bier composed of black turf. A silence of surprise and awe was followed by exclamations of wonder at the exquisite symmetry of the figure, and at the expression of the countenance, so nearly resembling its usual character, except in the half-closed eyes and lips parted as in the pangs of death. Some gathered round to observe the accurate folds of the drapery, and recognized every part of his usual travelling apparel. 'There is even the shape of the seal ring he wore upon his finger,' said one of the spectators, 'and here is the ribbon he received the day before his departure from the King—but where is the cross of the Black Eagle?'

'In his grave,' replied Count Lieuwen, fixing his eyes on a guest who had never spoken. That guest was Dorffen, the senior officer superseded by Ewald. He suddenly lifted up his head and answered—'*It is not?*'—The terrible sound of his voice, the decision of his words, made the assembly fall back from him, leaving him alone standing opposite the corpse. His features wrought a few instants in convulsions, and his lips moved in unconscious mutterings. 'Then' (said a voice from among the group) 'the murderer robbed him of the cross!'

'No, no—I robbed him of nothing—he robbed me of my place and honour, and of that cross which I might have earned at

Altheim—We met alone—we were man to man. It was night, but I won the cross fairly—and now let him take it back.'

The self-accused murderer made a desperate effort to throw it from his breast, and fell with his whole weight, and a laugh of madness, at the foot of the bier. The crowd raised him, but he spoke no more. His last words were truth, as subsequent inquiry proved. Accident, or a hope of vengeance, had led him to the neighbourhood of Ewald's village; they had met on the road, and fatal opportunity completed Dorffen's guilt. He was buried under the scaffold, and the Bronze Statue remained a monument of Ewald's fate and of retributive justice.

### THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM.

THERE is still in a wild district on the borders of the Kuhan,\* some relics of a group of huts once inhabited by a few wretched descendants of exiles sent to perish there by the Empress Catherine. Towards the latter end of her reign, a family settled amongst them whose origin appeared to be Transylvanian; and certain indications of southern manners increased the surprise of the little colony at their visit. The family consisted of two old men, a young woman, and a girl less than sixteen, whose language was wholly unknown to the Cossack cottagers, nor did her companions appear desirous to instruct her in their's. She acted as handmaid to the young wife of the oldest man, cleaned their fish-kettles, bruised their grain, and did every menial office with an air of sullen stupidity, and a squalid negligence of attire, which soon made her person undistinguished among the half-brutal women of the village. Blows and threats were not wanting on the part of one of her old masters, and well seconded by the mistress, but they neither produced neatness nor obedience. She was sulky, silent, and at last too hideously ragged to please even Gaspar Tacanrog and Casmir Beilipotski.

Travellers in quest of science and political observation passed sometimes through this dreary region, and entered into a short intercourse with the natives. One of this number stopped to repair his sledge and feed his dogs at Zittau, where the family of Halden occupied the most convenient dwelling. They had furnished themselves with good mattresses and stores; and a stranger accustomed to luxury, easily invented a pretence to beg a lodging

\* By an ukase of the 2d of June, 1792, Catherine established a set of vagabond Tartars on the banks of the Cuban. Their metropolis was called Eka-torinadara, or Catherine's Gift, and Prince Potemkin favoured them.



with them during the few hours of his stay. He was surprised to find their manners so inferior to their accommodation, and even to their knowledge, for they appeared to have visited every part of Europe, and had gleaned many rare kinds of intelligence. The traveller heard anecdotes of the agriculture, domestic life, and municipal policy of several towns far distant from the usual route of tourists, but could gather no distinct account of the source. He formed his own conjectures, and established them on the olive complexions, jet eyes, and robust forms of these people, whom he concluded to have belonged once to the tribe of gypsies so well known in Hungary, and apt to make incursions on the Saxon territories. Why they had abandoned their wandering tribe, and settled in this barren spot, unless because the habits of their Tartar neighbours had some affinity with their's, or because they formed some secret link of communication with other gypsies, he had no means of judging; but he added the fact to the private fund he had collected of political and historical curiosities. The rough cleverness and hospitality of his hosts induced Frankenstein to extend his stay to three days, which he spent with great benefit in hearing the tales of the garrulous old men, or observing the woman in her occupation as a herbalist and physician to the village. On the last night of his visit, he chose to sit by the stove with his feet on his bearskin rug, preferring, as he said, the merriment and comfort of their hearth to his solitary mattress. But either the long stories or the powerful eye-spirit overpowered him, and he fell asleep with his head reposing on the wooden screen. Qiska and the two old men were more wakeful, and continued their conversation in low whispers and another language. They rose, perhaps to go to rest themselves, at the instant that their guest awoke suddenly and looked eagerly round. 'Did none of you speak to me just now?' he said, in a startled yet animated look. They assured him that none had spoken. 'Well,' rejoined Frankenstein, 'my dream bodes you good. Methought that unwashed drudge who lies nestled in the corner, brought a honey-comb from the forest, and the bees as they settled themselves on her tatters, became like the golden bees embroidered on an emperor's purple.'

Qiska, her husband, and her uncle, admired the strangeness of the dream, and assured him she was not without beauty, if her hair could be combed, and her surly temper changed. They would not have been much displeased, if he had offered to release them from the burden of keeping a servant so idle and refractory; and Qiska having some experience, and the instinctive shrewdness of a woman, imagined Frankenstein devised this mode of intimating that she might be profitably sold. The next morning, contrary to her custom, she urged Lilla to leave her work, and



equipped her in one of her own laced bodices. Grotesque as it seemed with long silver tags and scarlet fringe, very ill-suited to the woollen petticoat and bare feet of the wearer, there was some prettiness in the turn of her head and neck seen through the knots of yellow beads and the striped handkerchief that encumbered them. But Frankenstein, after a single look of surprise and pity, mounted his sledge and departed, leaving the cup from which he had taken his farewell draught filled with rubles.

As avarice has no reason, it is always merciless; and Qiska repaid her chagrin at the traveller's insensibility, by harder blows and taunts to her slave. The old men had more humanity or more wit, and began to consider whether the traveller's dream might not have some meaning. Concluding that any benefit to Lilla might be one to themselves, they sent her every day to the forest with orders to hew wood and seek honeycombs. At first she went sullenly, and returned with few proofs of diligence, but hunger and blows obliged her to obey. In a few weeks she became an expert wood-cutter; and though she still brought back no better prize than a load of branches or a little honey, she was encouraged in her labours, and seemed to endure them more cheerfully. The old Hungarians contented themselves with the ease they enjoyed at her expense, by imposing on her the toil of providing winter-fuel, but Qiska began to make other remarks. She perceived that Lilla's hair was not always matted odiously, though it still hung long and loose over her face; nor was her face so black with the soot and stains of their chimney-cookery. But she appeared to have lost the bunches of yellow and blue beads which used to hang about her neck, and her appetite for finery and food increased, till Qiska accused her both of stealing necklaces and sweetmeats. These thefts were so severely punished, that the eldest of her masters interceded in her favour. This was enough to complete Qiska's fury, for she rightly judged that Lilla's improved beauty might gain the affections of her husband or his uncle, and cause her own dismissal. The bitterness of her revilings roused the evil she wished to prevent; and old Cassimir, feeling his suspicions grow as his anxiety for Lilla's welfare increased, resolved to watch what happened in the forest. He traced her through its windings, and when the sound of her small axe ceased, crept softly among the wild pear-trees and raspberry-bushes till he came to an open glade, where a most strange spectacle presented itself. A creature overgrown with hair, and wrapped fantastically in a moose-deer's skin, was sitting under a shed composed of knit branches, eating bread and milk from a basket held by Lilla. By the reflection of his face in the pool near where he sat, Cassimir perceived he was a very aged man, whose beard hung in large silver waves, and a few white

hairs marked the outline of his eye-brows and broad forehead. Presently he spoke, and his gestures showed he was instructing her to read. Cassimir's eyes glowed at this sight with curiosity and envy, but an awe his unlettered mind could not comprehend, withheld him from advancing. He had heard strange tales of the forest-king, and those half-human beings, found in rivers and mines, by German superstition. Perhaps this bearded giant might be the Erl-King, or that supernatural forester, seen on the Hartz mountains on St. Hubert's eve. When the shadows began to lengthen, Lilla took her basket, and slinging her fagot on her shoulder, kissed her companion's feet, and departed homewards. Cassimir dared not stay alone in the haunts of this grim monster, and hastened to overtake her ; but she had fled like a fawn through the green alleys, and was asleep in her corner of the hut, before he arrived. The day following, and the next, were spent in the same manner. Lilla always took her portion of coarse bread and whey, in a little pannier she had woven of rushes, and once concealed a few loose leaves of an old Saxon grammar at the bottom. Cassimir now remembered, that of the very few books his wife had bought at Transylvanian fairs, not one remained, except one or two old tales and sets of ballads, greatly prized by their poor neighbours. A Latin bible had once been seen on the traveller's table, but even its silver clasps and rich case of tortoise shell, had not tempted them to covet it. But he did not hazard a hint at his discovery of Lilla's secret occupation, though he watched it daily from the hollow of a tree, and listened with wonder and delight to the histories told by the old man of the forest. He heard him tell of a great Father, who led his children from bondage in a wilderness, and walked before them in a column of clouds and fire. He heard her ask where this mighty Parent resided, and how he might be beheld ;—and saw her teacher point to the sky, to the rising sun, to the trees which overshadowed them, and the water which flowed at their feet. 'These,' said he, 'are his dwelling-places, his creations, and his gifts to his children, on whom he imposes no law but justice to each other.' Then he explained the merciful simplicity of the Christian code, while Lilla, with her hands rested upon his knees, and her head upon them, looked like a lovely image of its meek and pure spirit. Cassimir turned away, and went home sorrowfully. He reflected on the doctrine he had heard ; and the mysterious appearance of its unknown teacher, and the darkness of the solitude he had made his tabernacle, added to its force. The injustice of his conduct to Lilla, her helplessness, and the misery of her future life, seemed to open themselves before him ; and he spent that night in vague, but not unpleasing ideas of repentance. He went again, and again, in secret, and always

returned with some mild improvement in his heart, mingled with increasing, but truer tenderness for Lilla. Her austere mistress suspected some sinister cause for the gradual change in her aspect from slovenly indifference, to cheerful good-humour ; but though her apparel and food were of the coarsest and scantiest kind, and her labour incessant, Lilla's complacent content, seemed a provocation, rather than a merit. She was pursued with blows and taunts, which she bore without sullenness or tears, till Qiska, in her daily searches, found a few jointed reeds put neatly together, and trampled on them in a rage. Her little handmaid wept, and Cassimir's interference increased the storm. Finding her fury untameable, he applied to her husband Gaspar, to show his authority. He used such singular words of remonstrance, that Gaspar's curiosity was awakened, and he contrived, by an additional flask of rye-spirit, to win from him the cause of his conscientious remorse. But the cause only excited him to discover more, and on the following day he accompanied Cassimir to the recess in the forest. There, under his tent of leaves, he saw the solitary man, shaping letters with charcoal on a smooth stone, while Lilla sat on the fagots she had bundled, striving to form another pipe.\* But Gaspar thought only of her beauty, which he had never seen before in attitudes so graceful ; and as he returned at twilight, a deadly thought arose from the opportunity. Cassimir was an incumbrance, perhaps an opponent ; and his death, if it happened in the woods, would furnish him with a pretext to collect the villagers, and seize or expel the wild man, on whom he meant to charge the murder. *His* wife might be easily dismissed, and Lilla would have no friend or master, except himself. The women were both sleeping peaceably, when their dog roused them by hideous howlings. Gaspar followed his track, and Cassimir's body was found, hid under a few leaves, and bruised by mortal blows. A rude hedge-stake lay beside him, and the villagers of Qittaw assembled, with all the weapons they could gather, to seek the assassin. Gaspar led them to the house of branches, where the solitary man was sleeping ; and his uncouth attire and grim figure, prepared them to believe the tale told them of his ferocity. But when their approach awakened him, his shout, his fine stature, though bent by age, and the iron grasp he gave the first assailant's throat, intimidated even Gaspar. His eyes glared as if with sudden madness ; and if the force of twenty men had not been exerted, he would have escaped, by climbing to the top of a tall oak. They brought him down at length, and delivered him, loaded with chains, to the captain of the little colony, a man deputed by the Russian government, and

\* Probably in imitation of the silver pipe, called *Cremil* among the Tartars, and made to resemble jointed reeds.

proud of exercising his brief authority. On one leg they had observed what appeared a red boot, such as is usually wore by Tartar Chiefs, but a nearer examination convinced them that he had suffered the torture sometimes inflicted by the banditti of the Ukraine, and the scarification from the upper part of the leg to the foot, had caused the resemblance to red leather. But he answered no questions, and the scars of wounds on his breast, were sufficient to shew his contempt of danger. His face had rather the convex profile of a Greek, than the roundness of a Russian countenance; and had, from the shaggy bushiness of his beard and skin, a powerful but fine resemblance to the fauns and satyrs of ancient sculpture. The governor lodged his prisoner in one of the subterraneous caves, burrowed, as if for moles, by the tenants of this wilderness, near the post-house. Here, in a vase probably of great antiquity, the governor usually kept his store of wine; but having no stronger dungeon, was compelled to place the Hercules of the forest within his cellar. The funeral of Cassimir was performed with the usual clamour of rude festivity, attended by all his friends, except Lilla, who availed herself of the general intoxication to release the supposed assassin. In the adjoining hut of reeds, called a post-house, a strong horse of the Tartar breed, resembling our English galloways, had been left by an Ukraine gypsy, then on a visit to this village in his usual office of blacksmith. He was engaged also as musician and conjuror at the funeral feast: and Lilla possessing herself of his tools while he was thus employed, entered the forester's prison, unriveted his fetters, and gave him the gypsy's horse. But where should he direct his course? He had been twenty years in solitude, and Lilla had no friends to aid him. Except Frankenstein, she had never seen any man said to be rich and powerful, and Qiska had assured her *he* might command in Cherson; but who was Frankenstein, and where was Cherson? She knew nothing of cities or countries, and their distance came not within her comprehension: nor had she any thing to bestow, except a piece of funeral sweet-meat\* dipped in the syrup of new wine, a leathern bottle which she filled from the governor's vase, and the bible bound in tortoise-shell, bearing the words "*Frankenstein—Cherson*," inscribed on it in silver. With only this guide, the old man set forth, strong in spirit and hope, like the Turkish maiden, who once sought a lover with no other clue than his name. The lameness caused by the cruel "red boot" given by his enemies, compelled him to take the horse's aid, during the first ten versts of his journey; but he knew the danger of the theft, especially

\* Made of almonds and walnuts, and strung on a twine like sausage: the syrup is boiled to a stiff jelly. Vases of terracotta are often in the ancient mounds near this place.



when he reached one of the gypsy camps, so often allowed by the Tartars, even in the midst of their villages. Happily the danger suggested an expedient. At the entrance of the village stood the gypsy's waggon,\* ready for an excursion, with an enormous drum, as usual, in the centre. While the villagers were engaged in their rude national dance, lolling from side to side, and hopping like mountain stags, the forester turned his horse loose into a corn-field, and hid himself in the drum. The caravan went on with its half naked passengers, entirely heedless of their giant instrument, which served as a canopy under which the fugitive lay safe; and as during the night he contrived to reach their magazine of curds, honey, and wild pears, he reconciled himself to the cockroaches, and other interlopers in the sheep-skins which lined the waggon.

But it was necessary to leave it before sun-rise, and he was glad to find himself on a plain, which favoured his infirmity in walking. A watermelon, and a pipe of cherry-wood, tipped with amber, were all he allowed himself to take from the gypsy-store; and with this pipe, of which he well knew the use, he hoped to recommend himself to charitable villagers. He looked at the horizon, and saw the Montblanc of the Caucasus at a distance; and a caravan drawn by camels with a load of salt, offered him a guide to Cherson. Their advance was slow, but the drivers were pleased with their new acquaintance; and he, wrapped in a sheepskin, with a staff made of two arrows, rode or limped amongst them till they entered Cherson. He passed the gates with as eager expectation as if he had hoped that every inhabitant must know the name of Frankenstein. Every one did seem to know it, and he heard it clamoured in all the streets, by a crowd whose force urged him to a square where a Russian regiment was assembled to witness the execution of its commander. 'He is sentenced,' said one of the spectators, 'because he absented himself on a false pretence of seeking his father among the wild hordes, where they say the old man hid himself when he escaped from our new Russian mistress. But her bashaw Potemkin knows of no duty that a soldier has, except to stab and rob; therefore the young man comes here to die.' The signal of preparation was given, and Frankenstein came into the centre of the square. As he knelt to receive his death, the old man of the forest burst through the ranks, and threw his arms round him. What a witness in favour of the condemned son! Even the prejudiced judge of a Russian court-martial melted, when he heard how this unhappy father had suffered the long cruelty of a Tartar horde, and abandoned himself to despair in the woods; till the sight of an innocent child, redeemed him from savage solitude. When he

\* A long narrow vehicle with four wooden wheels and no iron.



told of her courage in releasing him from prison, her bountiful provision for his journey, and fond trust in that beloved name, which she had given him as a guide, his son felt the recompense of his former self-denial, and the rich joy of an acquittal produced by such means. But neither the elder nor the younger Frankenstein forgot the miserable fate to which their benefactress was probably consigned ; and both rejoiced when a treaty between two Circassian princes, and the Cossack chiefs of the Crimean frontier, furnished some Russian officers with a pretence to visit a spot, from whence the young man might easily make an excursion to the Tartar village. He was too well acquainted with Suwarrow's Catechism\* to regard any fatigue or deprivations ; and, providing himself with a swift horse, a quantity of coins and silver trinkets, as bribes, and a wide cloak, he joined the cavalcade of the Cossack delegates.

Nothing, says an eye witness, could be more splendid than the spectacle presented by the banks of the Kuban. The officers of the Cossack troops rode in the van on superb horses, glittering in embroidered housings, towards the tent of the Circassian princes on the water's edge. Their Ataman appeared in front, bare-headed, in a vest of blue velvet, with sleeves and trowsers of scarlet cloth richly jewelled and brocaded. His tunic lined with blue silk fell back from his shoulders, shewing his breast covered with chains of gold, his rich sash, and costly pistols. His boots, like those of his officers, were of red leather, and his sabre's broad sheath of red velvet, shone with rubies and torquoises. This splendid figure approached the awning of the Circassian princes, whose savage and squalid attire seemed to rebuke the Cossack's theatrical magnificence. Their heads were shaven, their legs bare, and the worn-out sleeves of their jackets showed the shirt of mail which covered their bodies. The chief, whose surrender was to be the price of the treaty, lay stretched on a plank behind them, covered with wounds, but with an immovable serenity in his grim and tanned features. A young girl was employed in fanning the mosquitoes from his face, with a branch of green laurel. Her attitude, and the fine contrast between her youthfully soft form and the stern vigour of manhood, drew Frankenstein's attention. The Chiefs told him they had bought her a few days before from a gypsy salesman, but doubted the success of their purchase, as she refused food, and was fading daily. Frankenstein instantly offered the aid of Howard, the Englishman, whose skill as a physician was then so celebrated in this territory, and whose curiosity has induced him to witness the meeting of the Tartar Chiefs and the Circassians.

\* Gen. Suwarrow's Catechism, or Abstract of Military Duty, is, in the original Russian, a most striking and singular specimen of his character.

His persuasions, and Frankenstein's promise of a coffee-cup, set with diamonds, and a pipe of poreelain, induced Lilla's purchaser to transfer his prize; and when her veil was raised to allow Howard's benevolent examination, he saw hidden near her breast, the silver book which had never left it. She returned to Cherson happy beyond all measure of happiness, and was given by the father whose life she had saved, to the son whose name she had treasured so devoutly. They saw the fulness of public justice in the fate of Potemkin and Howard.\* The powerful favourite of the Empress, the enemy and persecutor of Frankenstein, was removed from his splendid coffin in Cherson, and thrown into a ditch, by her son Paul's commands; while the obelisk which marks Howard's grave, is still honoured by every traveller.

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#### QUEEN MARY'S CROSS.

HISTORIANS allow such latitude to their imaginations, that we are more certain of truth from those of ancient date than from the modern writer who selects his materials, as Voltaire merrily said to Diderot, to suit his system. But in speaking of Queen Mary, we find the most candid simplicity shown by Holinshed. 'For,' says he, 'when leaving her own country she was nourished as a banished person; and after fortune began to flatter her in that she was honoured with a worthy marriage, it was in truth rather a shadow of joy to this queen than any comfort at all. But beneficial nature had endowed her with a beautiful face, a well composed body, and excellent wit, a mild nature, and a good behaviour which she had artificially furthered by courtly education and affable demeanour. Whereby at first sight she won unto her the hearts of most, and confirmed the love of her faithful subjects.'

Henry Stewart, the cousin and husband of Queen Mary, has left, in his example, a lesson worth the study of later princes. For with an admirable person, an excelling grace in all courtly exercises, and a rare portion of the age's best learning, his failure in those moral duties, which men have agreed to call trivial in themselves, was the blight and wreck of his prosperity. But his greatest crime was that he lived in times when every nice offence bore its comment among three parties, each mortally adverse to the other, but equally eager to debase the Stewart family. He was the blossom of a decaying tree, and perished not so much by his own canker as because the stem he grew on gave him

\* Both were buried in Cherson.

no support. Whether his jealousy of an Italian menial was natural, or excited by one of those treacherous parties, is under the veil of time long past, but his tragical end was of more benefit to the friends of Mary than to her enemies. The charge of murdering her husband appeared so atrocious and improbable, that more credible ones were passed over and forgotten. Henry Stewart is said to have been strangled with a napkin after lingering in a long illness; and his body was found at some distance from the house he had inhabited after it had been blown up. In this transaction there was such needless and outrageous exposure of guilt, that Mary's advocates were very well able to rest their defence not so much on the improbability of her connivance at her husband's death as on the wanton absurdity of the deed itself. They alleged the craft and ambition of her illegitimate brother, the furious and busy zeal of the new party in the church, and the gracious heedlessness of a generous woman educated in an easy court, as the true causes of the libels stirred up against her. It was too easy to find evil motives for those who misjudged her conduct, and they wisely left the conduct itself undenied. But the talents and the graces of Mary were not enough to guide her through the labyrinth of such entangled politics. She threw herself into the hands of the Lord Bothwell, a nobleman whose character seems to have combined all the levities of her first husband with the fierceness and fraud of her reputed brother. Her most partial historian tells us of the festivities and mock homage with which this politician contrived to feed her fancy and her vanity while he held her in his toils. Proud, open, and generous by nature, Mary would have been able to resist threats and bribes from the party called her enemies, but she was not on her guard against the flatteries of pretended friends. During her residence at the Lord Bothwell's castle, her ears were incessantly beguiled by solacing declarations of attachment to her cause and person: and her eyes by the pageant spectacles arranged to waste her time and degrade her character. She did not see her shackles till they were rivetted, and Bothwell insisted on a recompense for his zeal not less than the authority of a husband. Mary found herself compelled to yield it, and to make this desperate man, from whom she had gained nothing but a short period of false comfort, the master of herself and her destiny. This was the triumph of the faction who had employed him; and thus by decoying her into a shameful alliance with one of her husband's suspected murderers, they at once prepared and justified her total ruin.

When Mary had degraded herself by this alliance, the nobility openly cast off their allegiance. But to procure from her the surrender of her crown, which was their secret aim, it was

needful to divide her from Bothwell, who would not have parted willingly with the prize he hoped to share. Therefore one of their number was deputed to make overtures of submission, provided she renounced her second husband; and Mary, rendered timid and feeble by error, fell into this third snare, and committed herself on their own terms into the hands of the confederate nobles. Edinburgh had declared for them; and thither, with a semblance of respect and gratitude, they conducted a princess who had been in less than two years twice a wife, if Bothwell could be called her husband after lawlessly divorcing the mother of his only son.

The queen's procession through Edinburgh to Holyrood was thronged as usual with gazers and followers; nor was the strong influence of her enemies sufficient to suppress or control the acclamations she always excited. On this occasion she rode on one of her favourite palfreys decked richly with silver fringe, and her veil of embroidered gauze hung over her face enough to tantalize without disappointing curiosity. A woman of ordinary talents would have attempted to interest the populace by retirement, mourning weeds, and a face full of sadness; but this princess, acting on principles of shrewder policy, took care to present herself among her enemies with an aspect even gayer and more alluring than usual. She had in her train the best accoutred nobles of her court, and her tirewoman had neglected nothing to adorn her person. Crowds of men, women, and children, poured from every wynd in the city, and hung in clusters on the housetops, to see what resembled more the pageant of a triumphant sovereign than a suspected and degraded widow's. The affability and the confiding carelessness of her demeanour, if it did not convince her enemies of her innocence, had at least the charm of an implied reliance on their mercy. A few of Knox's more austere adherents slunk away from the crowd, and those who condemned the parade remained to wonder at it, till they were forced to join the clamour of applause. She rested on her way to the Earl of Morton's house in Edinburgh; and while she leaned from his balcony to throw largess among her subjects, a troop of women came to kiss the hem of her mantle as it hung over, and to lay petitions at her feet. The Lord Athol, or as others say Kirkaldy of Grange, took up one, offered by the meanest of the group; and when the noise of the rebecks ceased, the queen bade him continue the music of her people by reading their addresses to her. He obeyed, and opening the first he had taken up, found it in the form of this letter:—

‘Fayer and good queene,

‘This cometh fra’ one who wishethe you all helth and joie inasmuch as youre joie much comforts all grievved and doubted



wives. For if your majestie can be thus glesome and praised by loyalle foulk, there is no distressed or misused woman who may not claim to be thocht guileless, and bear an open face in all places. Therefore I praie your good Majestie to make known how moche and how long womynkinde may suffer and how far they may synne withouten blame. This I rather aske than praie, for if our queene taketh from us the marke and stamp of what is fitting, it beseemeth her to give us a new order for our guidance, lest there be none that know what is holie or unholie.—Your most fayre and royalle self hath had a nobyll husband of whom his enemies saie onlie that he shewed the synnes of a free and bountiful nature; which if in hymme they needed such deadlie rebuke, need it also in a wyfe and a queene: Your Majestie hath taken awaie from patient and meek wyves the glorie of meekness and the recompense of a praised name; inasmuche as it now seemeth better to be brave in aspect and liberalle in courtesie, than to have an unsoiled name and quiet homestead. Therefore it befitteth your Majestie to provide means and lodgment for free-hearted wyves, lest not havinge riche apparelle and rare beautie they may fall into contempt: and that braverie be scoffed at in ugliness and a stuff kirtle which hath praise in beauty and broidery.

‘Let your royalle self compell those men who stand at your righte-hand to judge of their wyves and sisters as it hath pleased them to judge their mistresse: and if peradventure there be one of them who hath a nephew riven of his birthright and his Mother’s good name, let him not tread on both because it is his will to believe a lonelie and weak woman hath had (it may be) such misgivings as are but comlie accidents in your good majestie.

‘Nor let this be cast awaie because it cometh fra’ one who hath neither husband nor good name, for by those accidents I am made worthie to compare with your majestie. Moreover in an ill repute there is no shame, sith your good self beareth it so lightlie; and if the truth be in it, there it still evil, as hath been proven by the Manie that see none in your Majestie, and by your own high grace and favour to him who hath caused these mischances to his poor wyfe and your liege servante

‘ANN BOTHWELL.’

Kirkaldy of Grange, to do him justice, was confounded and amazed at the unexpected contents of this letter. He cast an indirect glance at the Earl of Morton, who stood, favoured by his low stature, unobserved behind the queen. His sinister eye gleamed at once with his natural delight in sarcasm, and with the hope of building his own triumph as a libertine on the queen’s



abasement. But Mary read the eyes of both her courtiers; and taking her son James, then little more than a year old, into her arms, she beckoned the bringer of this bold letter towards the balcony. Instead of skulking among the crowd, the person who had delivered it stood still firmly in her place, with her garments muffled round her, but her head uncovered, except by a widow's curch. Mary fixed her large blue eyes on the stranger; and putting a cross of jewels into her infant's hand, said, with that sweet smile which painters and historians have loved to imagine, 'Petitioner, the queen has nothing left to give, but her son promises by this cross to amend all things.' The unknown woman looked up, and at the same instant the little prince dropped the cross from his hands into her bosom; on which she bowed her head lowly, and answered, 'My benison on ye! The cross is a comforter, and the red rose and the thistle may knit together round it.'

Mary was no stranger to Earl Bothwell's divorce from Lady Ann, for whom the legendary ballad\* which bears her name has excited more interest than even the historical facts relating to her. She looked earnestly at this strange and meanly dressed woman; and was surprised to see beauty not inferior to her own. The gloomy Earl of Morton smiled at the blush of shame and remorse which reddened Mary's brow, and withdrew her from the gaze of the crowd; the last that ever beheld her in Edinburgh as their queen.

Something more than twenty years passed between this period and the time of Mary's fatal trial. Her long absence and imprisonment had mollified her common enemies; the regent Earl Morton had perished by assassination; Buchanan was no more,

## 1.

\* 'Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sair to see thee weep;  
If thou'll be silent, I'll be glad,  
Thy mourning makes my heart fu' sad.  
Balow, my babe! thy nither's joy!  
Thy father breeds me sair annoy.

## 2.

When he began to seek my love,  
And with his sacred words to move,  
His feigning fause and flatt'ring cheer  
To me that time did nocht appear.  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

## 3.

Balow, my sweet one! spare thy tears  
To weep when thou hast wit and years:  
Thy griefs are gathering to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they come,  
Born to proclaim a mother's shame,  
A father's fall, a traitor's name.'

and the flame excited by their zeal against her was sinking under the usual influence of time and changing interests. But of all the partizans that maintained her innocence, none were more strenuous than the uncle and brother of Lady Ann Bothwell, the divorced wife of the ruined and expatriated Earl. Of their sister's fate they chose to know nothing: it was believed she had withdrawn into one of the few convents still left in existence, and her infant son had been heard of no more. Forsaken and disinherited, this unhappy boy would have had few chances of notice from the family of his proscribed father, and his mother seized the opportunity afforded by her divorce, to usurp the lands which should have been his birthright. His mother gave him the queen's cross, and advised him to assume a name less hated.

Near one of these ruined convents, in the night of an unruly October day, three men assembled at the sound of a whistle blown by a young shepherd, whose flock were browsing on the dark brown heather which then clothed the valley of Dundrennan. 'The moon is up again in the west,' said the youth, as he fanned into a flame the red fagot under a nook of the cloister; 'the moon is up, and the queen has escaped!'

'Escaped!' answered the Lord Maxwell, sheathing his dirk in the earth on which he sat, 'then let the dry sod keep it bright, for their will be use for it. Mary escaped from Elizabeth's clutch! what now becomes of the baronies of Bothwell?'

'To whom,' said Herries of Caerlaverock, 'could she have given them better than to the brother of his father? There is small need, Maxwell, to be doubting who will have the forest when the doe is in our hands. Have ye made the bed ready, Fahm, and all gear fitting for a lady?'

'Fresh heather and new hay,' returned the lad, to whom the name of Fahm was given not unaptly. For the most grim and deformed imp created by Scottish superstition is called thus, and the companions of this young man had accustomed him to bear it in derision, because his distorted shape and wild countenance accorded fully with their notion of night goblins. Presently another and softer whistle was blown among the cloisters, and the two Scotch nobles ran out to receive their comrades. The foremost made a sign expressive of their full success; and lifting a woman from the horse that bore her, they placed her on the ground, and vanished among the shadows of the valley.

'You are welcome, our good lady and mistress,' said Caerlaverock, 'to this place, which gave you shelter on a worse journey. The wild fox and the roe have lived here where the altar-stone stood, but we will swear faith on our swords.'

The queen seemed faint with her long and toilsome journey, and sat down on the bed of heather prepared for her in the cloister.

By the red light of the torch which her adherents ventured to place near it, they saw her hair had grown grey and her face wan with suffering. The clear keen blue eye remained, but the lovely roundness of the cheek and chin, the smooth alabaster forehead, and the lips so enchanting in their promise, were all faded into ghastliness.

'Be of good cheer, madam,' rejoined Herries; 'this is not Dundrennan as it was when you reposed here on your way to England; this is a ruin such as poor Scotland is, but it has gallant hearts in it, and the queen's presence makes it holy again.'

The queen put her hood aside, and raised herself on an arm still full of beauty. 'Methinks,' she said, looking composedly round her, 'my court is small, and there might have been more to welcome me. But I am not so rich in friends as to cast away even the ungracious, else I might say the Lord Maxwell seemeth as if he had not wished my safe coming.'

'No, madam,' said Lord Maxwell, sternly, 'I have not wished it. For this is the second trial that hath befallen you, and it pleases brave men better to see courage than cunning. And I had rather that my queen had met her judges with a quiet and firm spirit, than dwelt with thieves and brawlers to buy their help.'

'That is,' replied Mary, 'my Lord Maxwell is ill pleased that I have taken aid from poor and unlettered men when great ones had none to spare me.'

'Service is not always friendship,' answered the Scotch knight; 'and safety is not among thieves. There were noble and true men in Scotland who would have helped their mistress if she had trusted them and helped herself. But she put her secrets into the hands of serving men, and took counsel among ruffians. They who have helped her back to Scotland, have need of her as a corner stone for their own fortunes, and then they will hew it into pieces.'

'And what fortunes has Lord Maxwell built,' returned Mary, 'that he needs no help from me?'

'My name is Adam Hepburn, and my father's name was Bothwell.'

The queen seemed palsied by this answer. Yet though her lips trembled and grew dark, her eyes had a sunny brightness in them. 'Thou art Bothwell's son,' she exclaimed; 'yet thou comest here to serve Mary Stewart?'

'Why should I not serve Mary Stewart?' said the young man, haughtily. It was not by her crime that my mother was divorced and cast aside. It was my father's frailty that made him a buyer of false witnesses and a teacher of perjury to set himself free.

My mother was stained and degraded by plotters, yet she was innocent ; therefore I will believe Mary Stewart may be guiltless. My mother's good name was sold for a price, and her most innocent deeds wrested and shaped into harlotry : why may I not think my queen wrongfully accused ? I avenge my mother by defending all that are persecuted.'

'Adam Hepburn !' said the queen, raising her voice to a shrill scream, 'tell me truly if it was thy means brought me hither ?'

'Mary Stewart,' answered Bothwell's son, 'to think thee an unhappy woman, and a queen worthy our country is not the same. Thy familiar courtesy has made men fools ; and the folly which a homely matron ought not to nourish, a queen should both fear and scorn. Men will not dally for smiles alone, when a woman's hand holds the key of an exchequer : and I will not be one of those who would give thee a crown to play with, though I am here to defend the last stake thou hast left thyself.'

As the young knight spoke, the grisly shepherd boy, who had witnessed the queen's arrival, suddenly threw the torch from its place. In an instant the ruined cloister was filled with armed men, to whom his treachery had given this signal. Herries sprang from the hearth where he had kept watch, and joined his dirk to the Lord Maxwell's, but their desperate courage was vain. Mary was conveyed back to Fotheringay castle, and her brief escape known only to the few who soon after witnessed her death upon a scaffold. Some wandering foragers, perhaps the band whose base aid Mary had fatally trusted, found and buried the body of her second husband's unfortunate son, covered with mortal wounds, and distinguished only by the cross of jewels which she had given to Lady Ann Bothwell in that day when the graces of her beauty almost atoned for her errors. And those errors were more than fully atoned by her long miseries and warning example.

Fahm, the treacherous agent of these ruffians, received the cross as his share of their booty, and secured also a paper found under the buff coat worn by one of the slain. The seal and part of the envelope were crushed and steeped in blood, but he deciphered this remnant of the contents, and thought himself richly repaid by what seemed a letter from Mary to her brother's son.

'I thank you for showing me in my day of trouble the strength and truth of your affection. Your father also had his days of trouble, which showed him who were his real friends. In those times he found shelter, comfort, and help from his sister. But it fits men to forget when they dare not be grateful.

'Your father's sister returns to this country to ask justice, not alms. What she demands would not impoverish her opponent ;



but that opponent is gracious and splendid : she is only a defenceless woman, grown old in years and affliction, widowed in the truest sense of that word ; and she returns after long absence to a place where those who loved her are dead, and those who knew her best are feeble and poor.

' She thanks her kindred for leaving her alone in the struggle. They have helped her to show what courage will do for integrity, and time for justice. For all this she thanks them ; and while she forgets their unkindness, she will also forget that she designed them to partake her prosperity.' The rest was illegible, and the torn envelope seemed a copy of Lady Ann Bothwell's letter to the queen.

Fahm determined to preserve this relic as a step to his future fortunes. By extracting a diamond from the cross, he found means to reach England, and to subsist in secret till the accession of Queen Mary's son, James I. called forth all her friends. By decent attire and sufficient courage, he procured access to Secretary Cecil, as he journeyed to pay his court to the new sovereign. Though Cecil had been the prime minister of Mary's enemy, it was well known that he had reason to expect favour from her son. Fahm humbly represented himself as a servant of the Stewart family, and showed the cross, the letter, and its bloody envelope, as tokens of its truth. The Secretary looked shrewdly at the paper, and replied, ' How knowest thou that this letter is Queen Mary's ? Might it not have been as fittingly written by the Lady Ann Bothwell to her brother who shut his door on her ? ' ' Ay, sir,' said the bold rogue ; ' but your excellency knows it would be for the queen's credit to show this abroad, and say nothing of Lady Ann's letter to her grace, which was a nipping one, and did her much harm. They be both good brands to light a fire with among the folk ; but a queen's wrongs are more than a gentlewoman's, and the queen's letter is wittier than Lady Ann's.' ' Thou liest,' answered the secretary of state ; ' I wrote them both myself.'

Fahm was seized the next day as a thief, and history informs us he was the only man hanged by James I. without a trial ; a retribution rash in an English king, but well worthy a place in the annals of justice.



## THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

DURING the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyards withdrew to their country-houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favoritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour, in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretensions to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves, by clandestine disobedience. On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment, with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest or press, in the corner of her room, and closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed, without intimating any suspicion. Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter, conscious that detection must be ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household, except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which insured trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there; and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard, even to a Russian female little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of uncorrupted nature is itself delicate, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress, with an air of humble respect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body

from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her inquiries, except that 'All was safe.' She put a ring containing a rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire ; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply ; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his left shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased ; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city, with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt,— 'The vengeance of a Strelitz.'—The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz regiment, by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription ; and the friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence, and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The Emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favorite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics, and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months had passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part ; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flaggon, he saw a man standing near his hearth, wrapped in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably shew. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice, when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question. 'Have you no name ?' 'None, Boyar, fitting you to know ! You have a daughter,—I desire a wife ; and you have only to name the price you claim for her.' The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants. 'Sound it if you will,' said the strange visitor, 'your servants will have no ears, and mine have more than an

equal number of hands. Mierenhoff!—recollect this badge—' as he spoke, he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented on his arm. At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz Confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, astonished and dismayed, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter. 'I understand your fears, Mierenhoff;—your daughter herself shall determine, if I am allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour.' Some more conversation passed which determined Mierenhoff's compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his guest, rose suddenly from his chair. 'I do not ask you,' he said, 'to conduct me to your daughter's apartment—I know where it is situated and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here patiently, till my return. You dare not follow me.' He spoke truth: and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of his steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate stair cases that led to Feodorowna's chamber.

The young Countess was alone, in sorrowful thought, when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father's life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own: adding—'You are no stranger to the vengeance of a Strelitz.' Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstance of Biron's death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar's presence, and announced his daughter's assent. It was agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his bride from her father's roof, nor visit it oftener than once in every month, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him. He farther conditioned, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these and to any other conditions Mierenhoff would have acceded to willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a time-piece which ornamented the Boyar's table. 'I depend on your honour; and if I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand, before you quit your seat after I am gone.' So saying, he disappeared, and the

father-in-law-elect of this mysterious man, remained stupid with consternation and amaze, till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child, to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly yet not cruel, and ambitious without sufficient craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz faction to know that his own danger would be equally great, whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government.

This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain, and by a mist that magnified while it confused his fears. The Countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pellise, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises. 'Depend on my word,' he added: 'you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias.'

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes, which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure, and skill in political intrigue, had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist, was worthy to bind an empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper table, and departed before day-light; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed entire ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very strictly. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute; and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from questions, and to respect the



mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied temperance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said, 'do you know Feodore, I had never seen or desired to see you if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards? He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Atholwold, to the island king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike.' At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the hope this speech justified. He spoke of *his* guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince.—The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cogniac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crowed, and the day was breaking: but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty. Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the Strelitz faction. She covered herself in a common woollen garment, and a peasant's hood; determining to seek the Emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father, as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without a hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen, and visited the hut of his Tartar servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house, and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three roubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand. 'This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!' said the young countess, 'and I may never repay you.'—'No, not all,' he answered; 'I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey.'—There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master.

The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the Emperor was absent from his palace. 'What is your business with him?' asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress, near one of the gates. Feodore answered, that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the captain of the guards appeared. 'That would avail nothing,' said she: 'I must see him, and deliver this paper into



his own hands.'—'Why not into mine?' returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper, and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck. 'Keep that blow in mind, my good friend,' said the thief, laughing—'I shall not forget my part of the debt.' And slyly twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the Emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father.

Presently the artizan returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered—"The Emperor is in the guard house, follow me!"—There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye, which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. 'Be of good cheer, Feodorowna!—your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home, and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded.'

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, beckoned her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered, and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognised, stood near a couch on which a young man sat with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well made; his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the groupe, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them.

Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, 'Does your highness know this woman?—He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from *that* only. Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of this unknown prisoner; her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the Emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that

finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance ; and the standers by, having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop, and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They with Feodorowna were then left alone in the room until a signal bell had sounded twice. A man whom she knew to be Field Marshal Wreyde, entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand, and emptied it to the last drop. While he held it to his lips, the Bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him : 'I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution.' Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after, she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous Governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing ; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

'The widow of Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum, less than the most sacred and distinguished convent of the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime, that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be their leader. Nor can a woman bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father, whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a

public execution, and gave him a title to the tears of a lawful widow.'

Thus perished Alexis, heir-apparent of the widest empire, and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe; the decree that consigned him to death, was passed in the senate house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces, and others of inferior degree, unanimously, but referred the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combining the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alrachid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge.\* But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner: and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar with his Czarina Catherine attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the Emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once, on his way from Moscow to Novorogod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rasbonicks, and leaping from his sledge with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his destitute subjects. The Emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the Governor of Novogorod, bade him go and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts either of honour or of justice.

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### THE GERMAN STUDENT.

GOTTFRIED Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Gottingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and

\*This unfortunate young prince abandoned himself to the lowest society, and to brutal intemperance, notwithstanding the careful education bestowed on him. By the intrigues of the chancellor, Count Golofkin, and his son, he married a princess of Wolfenbottle, sister to the Emperor of Germany, whose aid he sought in hostilities against his father. She died some time before him, and his body was placed in the royal vault near her's. The trial lasted from the 25th of June, till the 6th of July. Alexis expired in convulsions, as an eye-witness has recorded, about five o'clock the next day.

speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students. His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or a spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day: but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature; disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the Pays Latin, the quarter of students. There in a gloomy street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the



time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the Marais, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heart-broken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head, and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

'I have no friend on earth!' said she.

'But you have a home,' said Wolfgang.

'Yes; in the grave!'

The heart of the student melted at the words.



If a stranger dare make an offer,' said he, 'without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you.'

There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

He supported her faltering steps across the Point Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for awhile, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the Pays Latin, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne to the great, dingy hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber, an old fashioned saloon, heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxemborg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair that hung clustering about her. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her

charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

In the infatuation of the moment, Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him totally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the 'Goddess of reason.' Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day. 'Why should we separate?' said he; 'our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?'

The stranger listened with emotion; she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

'You have no home nor family,' continued he; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed: there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever.'

'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly.

'For ever!' repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her. 'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied out at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change of his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold; there was no pulsation; her face was pallid, ghastly. In a word, she was dead.

Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

'Great heaven!' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

'Do I?' exclaimed the police officer, 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled upon the floor!

The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!' shrieked he. 'I am lost for ever!'

They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a madhouse.

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### THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterward a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies.

The stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellant effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was grey; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale, but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

'Pardon me, learned sir,' said he, addressing the philosopher, 'but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears, and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament.'

'You are right welcome, sir,' returned Agrippa; 'but I fear

that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences.'

'Talkest thou of *long* years!' echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features: 'thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day, the still and solemn tombs: I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought "it is better to slumber among those tombs than to be like him." To-night he sank behind the hills, apparently to repose, but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny.'

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described, but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

'But I trouble you, I trouble you; to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead, on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down its stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears, but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me; the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once again look on the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright and that step more stately than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave, except the grave.'

The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa, (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to



the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so,) that he readily consented to grant the request of this extraordinary visiter.

'Whom wouldst thou see?' he inquired.

'My child, my own sweet Miriam,' answered the stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response, but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing.

'Died she in wedlock's holy bands?' inquired Cornelius.

'She was a virgin spotless as the snow.'

'How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?'

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, 'Many, many; more than I now have time to number.'

'Nay,' said Agrippa, 'but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death, once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in your mirror.'

'Wave on, then,' said the stranger and groaned bitterly: 'wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary.'

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger he exclaimed:

'Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years, still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?'

'Wave on, wave on!' was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he



doubted the sincerity of his visitor. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger exclaiming, 'Wave on, wave on!' and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose, and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolling in the middle, and in the foreground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the east, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

'Tis she! 'tis she!' shouted the stranger; and he was rushing toward the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,

'Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest toward the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely.'

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation. 'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me? By heaven, she moves! she smiles! O speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent; dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in vain to hold me! I must, will clasp her!

As he uttered the last words, he rushed frantically toward the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away; the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the stranger sunk senseless on the earth.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet with restored strength, and pressing the hand of his host, he said, 'Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes.' As he spake these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius, but the latter returned it saying, 'Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare

take it ; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art.'

'Behold !' said the stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room.

'I see,' said the philosopher, 'an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross.'

'But look again !' said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before ; the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait.

'That,' said Cornelius with an emotion of horror, 'is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine Sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself, until the period of that Sufferer's second coming.'

'Tis I ! 'tis I !' exclaimed the stranger ; and, rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the WANDERING JEW.

## THE FATAL REPAST.

WE had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by a nautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds and smooth seas had hitherto been our constant attendants, and every thing on board conspired to render the confinement and monotony of a long voyage less annoying than they usually are. The cabin passengers consisted of Major and Mrs. L——, a new married couple ; Miss P——, sister to the latter ; Mr. D——, a young Irishman, and myself. Our captain was a man of pleasing manners and liberal ideas, and formed an important acquisition to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them. Much of our time was spent in conversation, and in walking on deck ; and when the dews of evening obliged us to descend to the cabin, the captain would often entertain us with a relation of the various dangers which he and other persons had encountered at sea, or detail, with great gravity, some of the prevailing superstitions of sailors.

Although he possessed more general information than usually falls to the lot of seafaring persons, his mind was tinctured with some of their weaknesses and prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and wished to obtain specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing from it ; however, he always declined doing so, but never gave any satisfactory reason for his unwillingness to oblige them in this respect. At last, Mr. D—— killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them. The Captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on the waves. 'Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?' said Mr. D——. 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel. Here is a serious business; be assured we have not seen the end it.' He then walked away without offering to give any orders about lowering the boat ; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

Though we saw no land, every thing proved that we were in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more dazzling aspect, and long ranges of conical shaped clouds floated along the horizon. Land birds, with beautiful plumage, often hovered round the vessel, and we sometimes fancied we could discover a vegetable fragrance in the breezes that swelled our sails.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphin appeared astern. As the weather was very moderate, the captain proposed that we should fish for them ; and a great many hooks were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that every thing should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style, and the steward had done full justice to his directions. We made the wines, which were exquisite and abundant, circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety and good humour, while the influence of our mirth rendered the ladies additionally amusing and animated. The captain remarked, that as there were two clarionet players among the crew, we ought to have a dance upon the quarter-deck at sunset. This proposal was received with much delight, particularly by the

females of our party; and the captain had just told the servant in waiting to bid the musicians prepare themselves, when the mate entered the cabin, and said, that the man at the helm had dropped down, almost senseless, and that another of the crew was so ill that he could scarcely speak.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last, he started from his chair, and hurried up the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment, though none of us appeared to know why; but the minds of all were evidently occupied by what they had just heard, and Major L—— remarked, with a faltering voice, that seamen were very liable to be taken suddenly ill in hot climates.

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely said these words, when Miss L—— gave a shriek, and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the Major and Mr. D—— trembled so much, that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her state-room.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L—— returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation. 'This is a dreadful business,' said he. 'The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have ate—one of the crew died a few minutes since, and five others are dangerously ill.'

'Poisoned! my God! Do you say so? Must we all die?' exclaimed Mrs. L——, dropping on her knees. 'What is to be done?' cried the Major distractedly; 'are there no means of counteracting it?'—'None that I know of,' returned the Captain. 'All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?' He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon the floor, had not I assisted him. Mrs. L——, notwithstanding his apparent insensibility, clung to his arm, crying out, in a tone of despair, 'Is there no help—no pity—no one to save us?' and then fainted away on her husband's bosom, who, turning to me, said, with quivering lips, 'You are a happy man; you have nothing to embitter your last moments—Oh, Providence! was I permitted to escape so many dangers, merely that I might suffer this misery?'

Mrs. L—— soon regained her senses, and I endeavoured to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions were not so



easily affected by it as others. 'Is there then a little hope?' she exclaimed. 'Oh! God grant it may be so! How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean, far from friends and home, and then to be thrown into the deep!'—'There is one thing,' said the captain, faintly, 'I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy.'—'Speak on,' cried the Major, in breathless suspense. 'It may have a chance of saving you,' continued the former; 'you must immediately'—He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. 'Oh, this is the worst of all!' cried Mrs. L—— in agony; 'he was on the point of telling us how to counteract the effects of the poison—Was it heavenly mercy that deprived him of the power of speech? Can it be called mercy?'—'Hush, hush! you rave,' returned her husband. 'We have only to be resigned *now*—Let us at least die together.'

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did. Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D—— became delirious; the Major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy. Mrs. L—— watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

I was comparatively but little affected, and therefore employed myself in assisting others until they seemed to be past all relief, and then sat down, anticipating the horrid consequences which would result from the death of the whole ship's company.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, 'Taken all aback here.' A voice, which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, 'Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases.' I soon perceived, by the rushing of the water, that there was a great increase in the velocity of the ship's progress, and went upon deck to ascertain the cause.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer, nor see the compass, and would therefore fix the rudder in such a manner, as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible. On going forward to the bows, I found the crew lying motionless, in every direction. They were either insensible of the dangerous situation in which our vessel was, or totally indifferent to it; and all my representations on this head failed to draw forth an intelligible remark from any of them. Our ship carried a deal of canvass, the lower studding sails being up, for we had enjoyed a gentle

breeze directly astern, before the wind headed us in the way already mentioned.

About an hour after sunset, almost every person on board seemed to have become worse. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour. The night looked dreary and turbulent. The sky was covered with large fleeces of broken clouds, and the stars flashed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The sea began to run high, and the masts showed, by their incessant cracking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck, but the dashing of the surges, and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board were to me the same as dead; and I was tossed about, in the vast expanse of waters, without a companion or fellow-sufferer. I knew not what might be my fate, or where I should be carried. The vessel, as it careered along the raging deep, uncontrolled by human hands, seemed under the guidance of a relentless demon, to whose caprices its ill-fated crew had been mysteriously assigned by some superior power.

I was filled with dread, lest we should strike upon rocks or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last, I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck, and face death, or to wait for it below. I soon discovered a ship a little way ahead—I instinctively ran to the helm, and loosed the rope that tied the tiller, which at once bounded back, and knocked me over. A horrible creaking, and loud cries, now broke upon my ear, and I saw that we had got entangled with another vessel. But the velocity with which we swept along, rendered our extrication instantaneous; and, on looking back, I saw a ship, without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage, and a tumult of voices. But, after a little time, nothing was distinguishable by the eye or by the ear. My situation appeared doubly horrible, when I reflected that I had just been within call of human creatures, who might have saved and assisted all on board, had not an evil destiny hurried us along, and made us the means of injuring those who alone were capable of affording us relief.

About midnight, our fore-top mast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to labour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her successively.

I had just resolved to descend the gang-way for shelter; when

a white figure rushed past me with a wild shriek, and sprung overboard. I saw it struggling among the billows, and tossing about its arms distractedly, but had no means of affording it any assistance. I watched it for some time, and observed its convulsive motions gradually grow more feeble; but its form soon became undistinguishable amidst the foam of the bursting waves. The darkness prevented me from discovering who had thus committed himself to the deep, in a moment of madness, and I felt a strong repugnance at attempting to ascertain it, and rather wished that it might have been some spectre, or the offspring of my perturbed imagination, than a human being.

As the sea continued to break over the vessel, I went down to the cabin, after having closely shut the gang-way doors and companion. Total darkness prevailed below. I addressed the captain and all my fellow-passengers by name, but received no reply from any of them, though I sometimes fancied I heard moans and quick breathing, when the tumult of waters without happened to subside a little. But I thought that it was perhaps imagination, and that they were possibly all dead. I began to catch for breath, and felt as if I had been immured in a large coffin along with a number of corpses, and was doomed to linger out life beside them. The sea beat against the vessel with a noise like that of artillery, and the crashing of the bulwarks, driven in by its violence, gave startling proof of the danger that threatened us. Having several times been dashed against the cabin walls by the violent pitching of the ship, I groped for my bed, and lay down in it, and, notwithstanding the horrors that surrounded me, gradually dropped asleep.

When I awaked, I perceived, by the sun-beams that shone through the sky-light, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of winds and waves had altogether ceased. I got up hastily, and almost dreaded to look round, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

I immediately discovered the captain lying on one side of the cabin quite dead. Opposite him was Major L——, stretched along the floor, and grasping firmly the handle of the door of his wife's apartment. He had, I suppose, in a moment of agony, wished to take farewell of the partner of his heart, but had been unable to get beyond the spot where he now lay. He looked like a dying man, and Mrs. L——, who sat beside him, seemed to be exhausted with grief and terror. She tried to speak several times, and at last succeeded in informing me that her sister was better. I could not discover Mr. D—— any where, and therefore concluded that he was the person who had leaped overboard the preceding night.

On going upon deck, I found that every thing wore a new aspect. The sky was dazzling and cloudless, and not the faintest breath of wind could be felt. The sea had a beautiful bright green colour, and was calm as a small lake, except when an occasional swell rolled from that quarter in which the wind had been the preceding night ; and the water was so clear, that I saw to the bottom, and even distinguished little fishes sporting round the keel of our vessel.

Four of the seamen were dead, but the mate and remaining three had so far recovered, as to be able to walk across the deck. The ship was almost in a disabled state. Part of the wreck of the fore-top-mast lay upon her bows, and the rigging and sails of the mainmast had suffered much injury. The mate told me, that the soundings, and almost every thing else, proved we were on the Bahama banks, though he had not yet ascertained on what part of them we lay, and consequently could not say whether we had much chance of falling in with any vessel.

The day passed gloomily. We regarded every cloud that rose upon the horizon as the forerunner of a breeze, which we above all things feared to encounter. Much of our time was employed in preparing for the painful but necessary duty of interring the dead. The carpenter soon got ready a sufficient number of boards, to each of which we bound one of the corpses, and also weights enough to make it sink to the bottom.

About ten at night, we began to commit the bodies to the deep. A dead calm had prevailed the whole day, and not a cloud obscured the sky. The sea reflected the stars so distinctly, that it seemed as if we were consigning our departed companions to a heaven as resplendent as that above us. There was an awful solemnity alike in the scene and in our situation. I read the funeral service, and then we dropped the corpses overboard, one after another. The sea sparkled around each, as its sullen plunge announced that the waters were closing over it, and they all slowly and successively descended to the bottom, enveloped in a ghastly glimmering brightness, which enabled us to trace their progress through the motionless deep. When these last offices of respect were performed, we retired in silence to different parts of the ship.

About midnight, the mate ordered the men to put down our anchor, which, till then, they had not been able to accomplish. They likewise managed to furl most of the sails, and we went to bed, under the consoling idea, that though a breeze did spring up, our moorings would enable us to weather it without any risk.

I was roused early next morning by a confused noise upon deck. When I got there, I found the men gazing intently over the side of the ship, and inquired if our anchor held fast ?—‘ Ay,



ay,' returned one of them, 'rather faster than we want it.' On approaching the bulwarks, and looking down, I perceived, to my horror and astonishment, all the corpses lying at the bottom of the sea, as if they had just been dropt into it. We could even distinguish their features glimmering confusedly through the superincumbent mass of ocean. A large block happened to fall overboard, and the agitation which it occasioned in the sea produced an apparent augmentation of their number, and a horrible distortion of their limbs and countenances. A hundred corpses seemed to start up and to struggle wildly together, and then gradually to vanish among the eddying waters, as they subsided into a state of calmness.

We were now exempted from the ravages and actual presence of death, but its form haunted us without intermission. We hardly dared to look over the ship's side, lest our eyes should encounter the ghastly features of some one who had formerly been a companion, and at whose funeral rites we had recently assisted. The seamen began to murmur among themselves, saying that we should never be able to leave the spot where we then were, and that our vessel would rot away as fast as the dead bodies that lay beneath it.

In the evening a strong breeze sprung up, and filled us with hopes that some vessel would soon come in sight, and afford us relief. At sunset, when the mate was giving directions about the watch, one of the seamen cried out, 'Thanked be God, there they are.' And the other ran up to him, saying, 'Where, where?' He pointed to a flock of Mother Carey's chickens that had just appeared astern, and began to count how many there were of them. I inquired what was the matter, and the mate replied, 'Why, only that we've seen the worst, that's all, master. I've a notion we'll fall in with a sail before twenty-four hours are past.'—'Have you any particular reason for thinking so?' said I. 'To be sure I have,' returned he; 'aren't them there birds the spirits of those brave fellows we threw overboard last night? I knew we never should be able to quit this place till they made their appearance above water. However, I'm not quite sure how it may go with us yet,' continued he, looking anxiously astern; 'they stay rather long about our ship.' 'I have always understood,' said I, 'that these birds indicate bad weather, or some unfortunate event, and this appears to me to be true.'—'Ay, ay,' replied he, 'they say experience teaches fools, and I have found it so; there was a time when I did not believe that these creatures were any thing but common birds, but now I know another story—Oh I've witnessed such strange things?—Isn't it reasonable to suppose, that these little creatures, having once been such as we are, should feel a sort of friendliness towards a ship's crew,

and wish to give warning when bad weather or bad fortune is ahead, that every man may be prepared for the worst?'—'Do you conceive,' said I, 'that any people but seamen are ever changed into the birds we have been talking of?'—'No, for certain not,' answered the mate; 'and none but the sailors that are drowned, or thrown overboard after death. While in the form of Carey's chickens, they undergo a sort of purgatory, and are punished for their sins. They fly about the wide ocean, far out of sight of land, and never find a place whereon they can rest the soles of their feet, till it pleases the Lord Almighty to release them from their bondage and take them to himself.'

Next morning I was awakened by the joyful intelligence that a schooner was in sight, and that she had hoisted her flag in answer to our signals. She bore down upon us with a good wind, and in about an hour hove to, and spoke us. When we had informed them of our unhappy situation, the captain ordered the boat to be lowered, and came on board of our vessel, with three of his crew. He was a thick, short, dark complexioned man, and his language and accent discovered him to be a native of the southern States of America. The mate immediately proceeded to detail minutely all that happened to us, but our visitor paid very little attention to the narrative, and soon interrupted it, by asking of what our cargo consisted. Having been satisfied on this point, he said, 'Seeing as how things stand, I conclude you'll be keen for getting into some port.'—'Yes, that of course is our earnest wish,' replied the mate, 'and we hope to be able, by your assistance, to accomplish it.'—'Ay, we must all assist one another,' returned the captain—'Well, I was just calculating, that your plan would be to run into New Providence—I'm bound for St. Thomas's, and you can't expect that I should turn about, and go right back with you—neither that I should let you have any of my seamen, for I'll not be able to make a good trade unless I get *slick* into port. Now I have three *niger* slaves on board of me,—curse them, they don't know much about sea-matters, and are as lazy as hell, but keep flogging them *mister*,—keep flogging them I say,—by which means, you will make them serve your ends. Well, as I was saying, I will let you have them blacks to help you, if you'll buy them of me at a fair price, and pay it down in hard cash.'—'This proposal,' said the mate, 'sounds strange enough to a British seaman:—and how much do you ask for your slaves?'—'I can't let them go under three hundred dollars each,' replied the captain; 'I guess they would fetch more in St. Thomas's, for they're prime, I swear.'—'Why, there isn't that sum of money on board this vessel, that I know of,' answered the mate; 'and though I could pay it myself, I'm sure the owners never would agree to indemnify me. I

thought you would have afforded us every assistance without asking any thing in return,—a British sailor would have done so, at least.’—‘Well, I vow you are a strange man,’ said the captain. ‘Isn’t it fair that I should get something for my *niggers*, and for the chance I’ll run of spoiling my trade at St. Thomas’s, by making myself short of men? But we shan’t split about a small matter, and I’ll lessen the price by twenty dollars a-head.’—‘It is out of the question, sir,’ cried the mate, ‘I have no money.’—‘Oh there’s no harm done,’ returned the captain; ‘We can’t trade, that’s all. Get ready the boat, boys—I guess your men will soon get smart again, and then, if the weather holds moderate, you’ll reach port with the greatest of ease.’—‘You surely do not mean to leave us in this barbarous way?’ cried I; ‘the owners of this vessel would, I am confident, pay any sum rather than that we should perish through your inhumanity.’—‘Well, *mister*, I’ve got owners too,’ replied he, ‘and my business is to make a good voyage for them. Markets are pretty changeable just now, and it won’t do to spend time talking about humanity—money’s the word with me.’

Having said this, he leaped into the boat, and ordered his men to row towards his own vessel. When they got on board, they squared their top-sail, and bore away, and were soon out of the reach of our voices. We looked at one another for a little time with an expression of quiet despair, and then the seamen began to pour forth a torrent of invectives, and abuse, against the heartless and avaricious shipmaster who had inhumanly deserted us. Major L—— and his wife, being in the cabin below, heard all that passed. When the captain first came on board, they were filled with rapture, thinking that we would certainly be delivered from the perils and difficulties that environed us; but as the conversation proceeded, their hopes gradually diminished, and the conclusion of it made Mrs. L—— give way to a flood of tears, in which I found her indulging when I went below.

The mate now endeavoured to encourage the seamen to exertion. They cleared away the wreck of the fore-top-mast, which had hitherto encumbered the deck, and put up a sort of jury-mast in its stead, on which they rigged two sails. When these things were accomplished, we got up our moorings, and laid our course for New Providence. The mate had fortunately been upon the Bahama seas before, and was aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter in navigating them. The weather continued moderate, and after two days of agitating suspense, we made Exuma Island, and cast anchor near its shore.

The arrival of our vessel, and all the circumstances connected with this event, were soon made known upon the Island; and a gentleman who resided on his plantation, sent to request our com-

pany at his house. We gladly accepted his hospitable offers, and immediately went ashore.

Those only who have been at sea, can conceive the delight which the appearance of trees and verdurous fields—the odours of fruits and flowers—and the sensations of security and freedom that arise from treading on the earth, produce in the mind, at the termination of a long voyage. Every step we took, seemed to infuse additional vigour into our limbs. Our host met us at the door of his mansion, and immediately introduced us to his wife and family, and likewise to several persons who were visitors at the time. We were ushered into an airy hall; the window curtains of which had just been sprinkled with water and the juice of limes. The odour of the fruit, and the coolness produced by the evaporation of the fluid, exerted a most tranquilizing influence upon the mind, and made the distressing scenes I had recently witnessed pass from my remembrance like a dream. We were soon conducted into another apartment, where an elegant banquet, and a tasteful variety of the most exquisite wines, awaited us. Here we continued till evening, and then returned to the hall. From its windows, we beheld the setting sun, curtained by volumes of gloriously-coloured clouds, and shedding a dazzling radiance upon the sea, which stretched in stillness to the horizon. Our vessel lay at a little distance; and when a small wave happened to break upon her side, she seemed, for a moment, to be encircled with gems. The dews had just began to fall, and that composing stillness, which, in tropical climates, pervades all nature at such a time, was undisturbed by the slightest murmur of any kind. Two young ladies sat down to a harp and piano, and a gentleman accompanied them upon the flute. The harmony was perfected by the rich gushing voice of one of the females of our party; and the flushed cheeks, and trembling eyelids of the charming Bahamians, showed that the music affected their hearts, as much as it delighted their ears.

When the night was advanced, we retired to sleep—lulled by the pleasing consciousness of being secure from those misfortunes and dangers, to the invasions of which we had of late been so cruelly exposed.



## THE FLORIDA PIRATE.

A series of misfortunes had unexpectedly thrown me upon a foreign land, and entirely deprived me of the means of subsistence. I knew not where to apply for relief, or how to avoid the alarming evils that threatened me on every side. I was on one of the Bahama islands. I could not enjoy the temporary asylum I then possessed longer than two days, without involving myself in debts which I was unable to pay, and consequently bringing my person under the power of individuals, who, I was inclined to suspect, had nothing humane or generous in their characters. I wandered along the sea-shore, sometimes shuddering at the dreariness of my prospects, and sometimes trembling lest the horrors of want should urge me to obtain the necessaries of life by concealing from others that I was in absolute poverty.

When about a mile distant from the small town where I lodged, my attention was attracted by a schooner lying at anchor behind a projecting point of land. I knew that vessels did not usually moor in such a situation, and inquired of a fisherman, whom I met on the beach, if he could tell me what the schooner did there? 'I am not quite sure,' returned he, 'but I rather suspect she's a pirate. Those on board of her are mostly blacks, and they seem very anxious to keep out of sight. Had she been a fair trader, she would have come into the harbour at once.'

This information startled me a good deal. I became excessively agitated without knowing the reason; and felt an anxious desire to repress some idea, that had, as it were, arisen in my mind, without my being conscious of its existence.

I left my informant, and seated myself under a cliff. Half of the sun had disappeared below the horizon. I watched his descending orb, and wished I could retard the flight of time, when I reflected, that, after the lapse of two days, I should perhaps be destitute of an asylum, and perishing from want. 'Something must be done,' I exclaimed, starting up: 'If these are pirates, I will join them. My profession will enable me to render them valuable services. I shall be guilty of no crime in doing so;—the law of nature compels me to violate the laws of man.' I looked anxiously towards the schooner, which lay within half a mile of the shore, in hopes that I should see her boat approaching, and thus find means of speaking with the person who commanded her.

I waited upwards of an hour, but could not discover that those on board made any preparation for coming ashore. It was now dark, and the beach was silent and deserted. I found a small boat lying upon the sand; and, having pushed her off, I cau-

tiously embarked, and began to row towards the schooner—but, after a few strokes of the oars, my resolution almost failed. I shuddered at the idea of forming a league with the outcasts of society, and rendering myself amenable to the laws of every civilized nation. The gloom of the night, the calm of the ocean, and the brightness of the sky, seemed to urge me to reflect upon what I was doing. I did reflect—I looked towards the town—a sense of the wretchedness of my condition struck irresistibly upon my mind, and I pushed furiously forward.

When I had got within a short distance of the schooner, one of her crew called out, 'Avast, avast! who have we here?' On reaching the side of the vessel, I said I wished to see the captain. 'What do you want with him?' demanded the same voice. 'I must speak with him alone,' answered I. The questioner retired to the stern, and I heard the sound of people talking, as if in consultation, for a little time. I was then desired to come on board; and, the moment I stepped upon deck, a negro led me towards a man who stood near the helm.

He was very tall and athletic, and of a jet black, and wore only a shirt and white trowsers. His face had a bold and contemplative expression, and he wanted his right hand. 'I presume you are the commander of the vessel,' said I. He nodded impatiently. 'I understand you are going upon an expedition.'—'I don't care what you understand—to your business, master,' returned he, haughtily. 'I know you are pirates,' continued I, 'and it is my wish to attend you in the capacity of a medical attendant.' He surveyed me with a look of astonishment, that seemed to demand an avowal of the motives that had prompted me to make such a proposal. 'You surely will not decline my offer,' said I, 'for you must be aware that I am able to render you very essential services. I have been unfortunate every way, and ——' 'O, you be unfortunate! and seek relief from a black man—from a negro!' interrupted he, with a scornful laugh. 'Well, stay on board; you cannot leave this vessel again. Remember, we are not to be betrayed.' 'But I have something on shore that I wish to carry along with me.' 'I will send one of my men for it,' replied he, 'to-morrow morning at dawn.'

He walked coolly away to the bows of the vessel, and began to give some orders to the seamen, who formed a very numerous body. Most of them were loitering together on the forecastle, and smoking segars, and they all seemed to be blacks. French and English were spoken indiscriminately among them, and their conversation was incessant and vociferous, and intermingled with disgusting execrations. Several disputes took place, in the course of which the parties struck each other, and wrestled together; but their companions neither endeavoured to separate them,

nor paid any attention to the affrays. They appeared to have a set of jests, the spirit of which was only intelligible to themselves alone; for they frequently gave way to laughter, when their conversation, taken in a literal sense, expressed nothing that could excite mirth.

When it was near midnight, the captain, whose name was Manuel, conducted me to the cabin, and made many inquiries, which evidently had for their object to discover if I really was what I professed to be. His doubts being removed, he pointed to a berth, and told me, I might occupy it whenever I chose, and went upon deck again. I extinguished the light, and lay down in bed. The enthusiasm of desperation, and the pride of deciding with boldness and alacrity, had now subsided, and I could calmly reflect upon what I had done. My anticipations respecting the life I was now to lead, were gloomy and revolting. I scarcely dared to look forward to the termination of the enterprize in which I had embarked; but, when I had considered what would have been my fate had I remained on shore, I could not condemn my choice. Contempt, abject poverty, and the horrors of want, were the evils I fled from—tyranny, danger, and ignominious death, formed those towards which I was perhaps hastening.

Next morning, Captain Manuel desired me to write an order for my portmanteau, that he might send one of his men to bring me on board. I obeyed him, and also enclosed the sum I owed the person with whom I had resided. Shortly after the messenger had returned, the crew began to heave up the anchor; and we soon put to sea, with a light wind, and gradually receded from the shores of the island.

I breakfasted in the cabin with Manuel. His manner was chilly and supercilious; and he had more dignity about him than any negro I had before seen. The want of his right hand made his person very striking; and he seemed aware of this: for when he observed me gazing on the mutilated arm, he frowned, and enveloped it in the folds of the table-cloth.

We lost sight of land in a few hours, but I knew not where we were bound, and Manuel's reserved behaviour prevented me from making any inquiry. He walked upon deck all day with folded arms, and scarcely ever raised his eyes, except to look at the compass, or give directions to the helmsman.

The schooner, which was named the *Espcranza*, was about 120 tons burden, carried 6 guns, and had 43 men on board of her, and several boys. There appeared to be very little discipline among the crew; all of whom amused themselves in any way, and in any place they chose, except when the working of the vessel required their attention. The presence of the captain did not impose any restraint upon them; and one, who was

called the mate, snatched a chart unceremoniously from his hand, and told him he did not know what he was about, without receiving any reproof for his insolence. A number of negroes lay round the fire, roasting ears of Indian corn, which were eagerly snatched off the embers the moment they were ready. An expression of disgusting sensuality characterized this part of the crew; and they looked as if they were strangers to retrospection and anticipation, and felt existence only in so far as the passing moment was concerned. One man, of a mild aspect, sat at a distance from the others, and played upon a guitar. Many were half naked, and I could distinguish the marks of the whip on the shoulders of some of them. The limbs of others had been distorted by the weight and galling of fetters, as was evident from the indentations exhibited from their flesh.

On awaking the second morning of the voyage, I found that Manuel was still asleep. The difficulty of the navigation had obliged him to keep on deck all night, that he might direct the course of the vessel, and he was now reposing himself after the fatigue of his long watch. The crew were preparing breakfast, and conversing together.

Some dispute took place about the price of the provisions, and one of them called the other a rascally runaway. 'You lie,' cried the accused person, 'I guess you are something worse yourself, Philip.'—'You had as well be quiet, Antony. Has any body any thing to say against me?'—'Why, that you're a Yankey slave, that's all,' returned Philip. 'Damn you,' cried he, 'I am a free man—yes, free and independent.' Here they all laughed loudly, and he demanded with fury who would venture to contradict him, or to assert that he had a master. 'Why, we know well enough you ha'n't a master *now*, you pricked him under the ribs,' replied one of the crew. This excited another laugh, and Antony cried, 'Curse you for a *niger*—belike I'll do the same to you.'—'Don't be calling me a *niger*,' said Philip, 'I was born in the States.'—'I won't believe it,' said Antony, 'for you know no more than if you was fresh off the Coast—You can't roast corn.'

'Come, let us breakfast,' interrupted another, 'and leave these two black sheep to fight together, as soon as they can pick up courage.'—'I'm sure you've nothing to say, Mandingo,' cried Antony; 'you can't tell where you came from.'—'To be sure I can,' answered Mandingo, 'I was very ill used by my master, and made my escape.'—'Yes, from the gallows,' cried one of the crew, to the great amusement of the others.

'I guess there's ne'er a man on board this schooner, whose life can be better looked into than mine,' said a negro who had not before spoken—'I was born in a Christian country, and when



I was 20 years old, a great army captain made me his servant. I had the care of all his money and clothes, and could do what I pleased. I went to plays and *consorts*, and was so like a gentleman, that a white mistress fell in love with me, and we were married.—What a grand sight the marriage was! My master gave me a gold ring to put on my wife's finger.' 'And did you put it on her finger?' demanded Antony. 'Why do you ask that?' 'because I guess from the look of your shins, that you put it on your own leg.' The whole crew joined in a loud laugh, and looked at the limb of the first speaker, which was strongly galled by fetters. 'It must have been a pretty heavy ring,' said Antony, 'and yet, for all the gold that was in it, I dare say you was glad to get quit of it.' 'I've done,' returned the object of their ridicule; 'I'll say no more. I thought I was speaking to gentlemen.' 'Never mind him. We are all liable to flesh-marks,' observed Philip. 'There now, what say you of our captain's wanting a ——' 'Hush, hush,' interrupted Mandingo, 'that is a sore subject.'

In the course of three days, we came in sight of the north shore of Cuba; but to my great satisfaction had not met with a single vessel of any description. Manuel hourly became less reserved, and we often had long conversations together; and one evening he promised to relate the history of his life to me, the first favourable opportunity.

After cruising about for a week, we cast anchor at the mouth of the Xibara harbour, which lies near the eastern extremity of Cuba. Our object in doing so was to obtain a supply of firewood from the banks of a small river that disembogues into the harbour. Manuel requested me to accompany the party destined for this purpose, as he was to command it; and at a late hour one night we set out in a boat, along with seven of the crew.

The weather was clear, calm, and delightful; and we soon entered the river, and rowed slowly up its windings. The banks were for the most part thickly covered with trees, which over-arched us completely, and rendered it so dark that Manuel could scarcely see to steer the boat. We sometimes could discern far before us, a portion of the sky vividly reflected in the bosom of the stream—bright and dazzling, amidst the surrounding gloom, as the contrast of divine purity with mortal corruption. Not a sound could be heard, except the regular dashing of the oars, and the rustling of fields of Indian corn, shaken by the wind. The most delicious perfumes filled the air, and fruits of different kinds, that had apparently just dropt from the tree, floated past us, silently proclaiming the luxuriance of the region that bordered both sides of the river.

I sat in the stern of the boat beside Manuel, but neither of us

spoke a word. The emotions produced by the surrounding objects were so delightful, that the mind contentedly remained in a state of passiveness, receiving, without resistance, every idea that presented itself. Within the space of an hour, I had exchanged the confinement and pitching of a vessel, the monotony of a sea prospect, and the noise and brutality of a set of criminals, for the harmony of wood and water—the richness of vegetable perfumes, and the quiet enjoyment of an inspiring summer's night.

When we had got about two miles above the mouth of the river, the men disembarked, and began to cut wood at a little distance from us. 'I believe my people are out of hearing,' said Manuel, after a long pause, 'and while we wait for their return, I shall tell you something about my past life.'

'I need not give you a minute account of my early years, as they were not distinguished by any thing remarkable. My mother came from the coast of Africa, but I was born in South Carolina, where my master had a large estate, in the cultivation of which more than one hundred negroes were employed. My mother being a house-servant, was exempted from many of the hardships and privations to which the other slaves were exposed, but she owed the comparative comfort of her situation entirely to her capability of ministering to the voluptuousness of Mr. Sexton, who was much addicted to the pleasures of the table. He gave orders that I should be brought up within doors, as he intended me for a waiting man.'

'After I had attained the age of sixteen years, I was obliged to be in continual attendance upon my master, and to submit quietly to all his caprices. The treatment I received from him, and the knowledge I acquired of his character, made me feel what a degrading thing slavery was. Had I been forced to work in the fields, like the other negroes, I might not perhaps have repined at my condition, because I would have known nothing better, and at the same time believed that my condition was irremediable, and consistent with the laws of nature. But being continually in the presence of Mr. Sexton, and of other white people, and daily hearing their conversation, I soon discovered that they were superior to us in nothing but knowledge; that they were mean, wicked, cruel, and unjust; and that they sometimes feared we would assert our rights, and overpower them by numbers.'

'They seemed to consider negroes as creatures who were destitute of souls and understandings. Though I felt indignant when I heard these opinions uttered, I was aware that I derived some advantage from their being acted upon; for my master and his friends, not believing that I could comprehend a sentence of their conversation, felt no restraint when I was present, and thus

afforded me an opportunity of hearing their sentiments upon every subject, and becoming acquainted with their principles and characters.

‘Often, while waiting at table, and listening to their disgusting opinions, I have been called forward by one of them, and struck severely on the face, for some trivial mistake I had committed in serving him with food or wine. In South Carolina, the guests do not hesitate to chastise their entertainer’s servants, whenever they feel inclined ; and a party of white people there, often make the cursing and beating of the slaves in attendance their chief employment during the dinner. On such occasions, the burning tears of resentment would rush into my eyes. I would tremble with ill-dissembled rage, and implore the God of my fathers to let loose his rage upon my tormentors, although I should become its victim along with them.

‘There was an old free negro upon the plantation, who had travelled through the Northern States of America. He could read and write tolerably well, and knew a good deal about the countries he had visited. I happened to become a favourite of his, and he often gave me minute accounts of the condition of the Africans who lived in New York, and contrasted their independence with the abject state of our race every where else. I listened to these details with the deepest attention, which pleased him so much that he offered to teach me to read. I gladly availed myself of his instructions, and profited so much by them, that in the course of five or six months, I was able to peruse the newspapers which my master received from different parts of the Union ; many of them contained paragraphs upon the subject of slavery, and I was delighted to find that some men exclaimed against it, and denied that white people had the least right to tyrannize over negroes.

‘I used often to steal into my master’s room when he slept, and read the New York journals. One afternoon he caught me with one in my hand, and demanded angrily what I was doing. I told him I was reading. He struck me a violent blow on the head with his cane, and said he would order me forty lashes if I ever again looked at a book or a newspaper. He soon discovered that the old negro had been my teacher, and immediately sent him off the estate, not being able to inflict any other punishment, in consequence of his having purchased his freedom.

‘Next day, a neighbouring planter called upon Mr. Sexton, and the latter, in the course of the conversation, said, ‘What do you think I caught that young hell-dog doing the other night ? He was reading a newspaper.’ The other broke out into a loud laugh, and cried, ‘why did you not kill him ? Were any of my negroes able to read, I would soon flog the scholarship out of

them. Why, the little devil will begin to direct you how to manage your estate, bye and bye.'—'Oh! I'll bring him to his senses,' returned my master; 'Hark ye, fellow,' continued he, addressing himself to me, 'if you ever look at a printed paper again, I'll put out your eyes, with a red-hot poker. The whole of your duty is to clean the knives, and wait at table. Damn me, if I don't make it pretty bad for any fellow of mine who does either more or less than I want him to do.'

'I easily perceived that my master and his friend were aware that their strength lay in our ignorance, and feared lest the slightest acquisition of knowledge should enable us to discover that they had not a shadow of right to enslave and tyrannize over our race. What excuse is there for the oppressor, when he is conscious of being guilty of oppression!

'As my ideas expanded, my situation gradually became more intolerable. I had no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts. My fellow-slaves were so ignorant and degraded, that I could hardly look at them without pity and disgust. I used to watch them when they assembled to receive their weekly allowance of provisions. Worn out by fatigue, clad in rags, and branded with lashes, they would wait for their respective portions with eager greediness, and then hurry away in a state of tumultuous delight, which was scarcely repressed by the clanking of the overseer's whip behind them. They had sunk so low that they seemed willing to accept life upon any terms.

'In the midst of my misery, I became attached to a young girl named Sabrina. She was a slave upon the adjoining estate, and therefore we seldom had an opportunity of seeing each other except by stealth. I used to leave my master's house at midnight, when every one was in bed, and go across the plantation to the huts in which Sabrina and her mother lived. But Mr. Sexton once awoke during my absence on one of these nocturnal visits, and the whole affair was soon discovered. He flogged me severely, and ordered me to remain at home in future; and the proprietor of the adjoining estate, to whom he made a complaint, caused Sabrina's hut to be burned to the ground, that it might no longer afford us a place of meeting. I became half maddened with rage and misery. However, my feelings were unnoticed by Mr. Sexton, who, like other American planters, did not believe that negroes were susceptible of love or sorrow.

'Mr. Sexton had a daughter, who resided in the house with him, and took charge of his domestic affairs. The proprietor of the adjoining estate, whose name was Lusher, loved her, and wished to marry her, but Mr. Sexton would not consent to their union, and prohibited all correspondence between them. How-



ever, notwithstanding this, they sometimes met in secret, and often wrote to each other. Miss Sexton privately employed me to carry her letters to Mr. Lusher, promising that she would satisfy her father respecting my absence, should he discover it, and likewise secure me from any risk of suffering punishment on her account. I willingly became a channel of communication between the two lovers, for I hoped by doing so to be able to forward my own views.

'One day I ventured to hint to Miss Sexton that I expected some little reward for my services, and begged her to entreat her father to purchase Sabrina, and bring her upon his estate, that we might get married. She engaged to propose the thing to him, and really did so; but he refused to agree to it, and, at the same time, told her, that he suspected she had some private reasons for interceding so strongly in my behalf. and was resolved to discover what they were.

'Shortly after this, Miss Sexton desired me to carry a letter to the next estate, and bid me be extremely cautious lest her father should see me going there, but said that if he did, she would find means to shield me from all blame. I took a bye-path which led across our plantation, and reached Mr. Lusher's house without interruption; however he was not at home, and the servants pointed to a small building a little way off, and told me I would find him there.

'On entering it, the first object that struck my eyes was poor Sabrina, whom I had not seen for many weeks. She lay upon some planks, which were covered with the dry husks of Indian corn, and seemed to be dying. The place had no window in it, and an old-negro woman sat beside her, holding a candle, while Mr. Lusher and a medical man stood at the foot of the bed. The doctor muttered, 'she's been a fine slave—confounded pity to loose her—can't help it though; 'and then began to whistle and play with his cane. 'What an unfortunate devil I am!' exclaimed Mr. Lusher, angrily, 'Hang her for falling sick—what right has a *niger* to fall sick?—Odds, I believe she was not sound when I bought her—I'll trounce somebody for that—So you think there's no chance of her hoeing any more corn?'—'No, no,' returned the doctor, laughing; 'I wouldn't like to have as little chance of eating my dinner to-day, as she has of living two hours.'

'I stood in agony not daring to express my feelings. I advanced towards Sabrina, and took hold of her arm. She raised her eyes, but it was only that I might see their lustre extinguished, for in a moment or two she fell dead upon her pillow. 'Ah, she's given you the slip,' said the doctor. Mr. Lusher cried,

'Damn her soul to hell—there's four hundred dollars lost,' and hurried away, banging the door furiously behind him.

'However, he soon returned; and seeing me gaze on Sabrina, asked what I did there. I said I had a letter for him, and delivered it. 'Oh,' cries he, 'you're the fellow that wanted that girl for a wife. I wish Mr. Sexton had bought her, and then the loss would have fallen on his shoulders. Well, you may take her now, and bury her, or marry her—whichever you like—Begone, I don't want you.'

'I hurried home equally afflicted at the death of Sabrina, and enraged by the inhuman insults I had received from her master. When I had come within a little distance of the house, I observed Mr. Sexton and his daughter walking towards me. 'How do you do, Manuel?' cried he, in that style of derision which he always assumed when infuriated with passion—'I hope your walk has been a pleasant one. Be so good as suggest what improvements ought to be made on this estate. Do the crops look well!—Slave! Baboon! imp of the devil! where have you been?'

'I made no reply, but looked to Miss Sexton. She coloured, and cried, 'What does the wretch mean by looking at me? You surely do not say that I sent you any where.'—'Answer me,' vociferated her father, raising his cane. 'Miss Sexton will inform you,' returned I.—'This is beyond my patience!' exclaimed she. 'I'll tell you how it is, father—he has been paying a visit to Sabrina, notwithstanding your orders to the contrary, and wishes to make you believe that I sent him somewhere—Manuel, say instantly if you saw Sabrina this morning.'—'Yes,' answered I, 'I did, but'——'None of your buts, you equivocating villain!' interrupted my master. Stung with indignation at Miss Sexton's ingratitude, I cried, 'Your daughter sent me with a letter to Mr. Lusher.'—'What! you give us the lie, then?' replied Mr. Sexton, striking me over the head. I returned the blow with my fist, and he fell flat upon the ground.

'Miss Sexton shrieked loudly, and the overseer, followed by several slaves, hastened towards me with a drawn cutlass in his hand. I made no resistance, and was immediately seized and bound. My master received very little injury from the blow, but his lips quivered with rage; and having given orders that I should be put in confinement, he walked towards the house, crying out, 'Struck by a slave! struck by a slave!—It is impossible! Am I dreaming?—Does God Almighty really permit this?—A slave! a black! a negro!—Strike me—a noble Carolinian! Is there a law to punish this? Law—nonsense—Tortures, death, eternal curses!'

'I was immediately thrown into a dark apartment in a large

store-house, and remained there all night without being visited by any one. In the morning the overseer took me out, and made one of the negroes flog me severely, in presence of Mr. Sexton and his daughter. My sufferings were dreadful. In short, I was indicted for striking my master, and tried, and found guilty. You know the punishment which the law awards in such cases—it was inflicted upon me. They cut off my right hand!—they cut off my right hand! Here Manuel stretched out the mutilated arm, and sobbed convulsively. ‘But, thank God, I’ve another,’ continued he vehemently; ‘and may it never be better employed than in resenting the tyranny of slave-masters. Oh! that every negro in the Southern States would risk the loss of his right hand by doing what I have done! then would we prove that our race was not made to be trampled upon,—but let me proceed.

‘I was confined in jail for three months, and then sent back to my master. I anticipated a life of wretchedness, and was not mistaken. Scarcely a day passed, in the course of which Mr. Sexton did not find an excuse for punishing me. As the want of my hand rendered me unable to do the duties of a house-servant, I was employed in tending the cattle, and thus had many opportunities of conversing with my fellow-slaves who worked out of doors. I confided my thoughts to three of them, who seemed willing to attempt the execution of any project, however daring. In short, we determined to burn our master’s house, and spent much time in planning how we could best effect this without the risk of being discovered.

‘At last we fixed upon a time for our revenge. It was a holiday among the negroes, who were all amusing themselves in various ways on different parts of the estate. My master was dining with a planter in the neighbourhood; and as part of his road lay through a retired forest, we resolved to intercept him on his way home, lest his presence there should prove any hindrance to the success of our scheme.

‘We had, at different times, placed combustibles in those parts of his house and offices that were least exposed to observation. About eight in the evening we set fire to them, and then hastened to the wood, and stationed ourselves among the trees which bordered the road. We had scarcely waited half an hour when we saw smoke beginning to ascend from the house, which was nearly a mile distant, and heard a tumultuous noise of voices. I gazed and listened with silent satisfaction, till my master made his appearance. He was in a gig, and a negro rode on horse-back behind him. Two of my companions seized the reins of the horses, and, assisted by a third, I dragged Mr. Sexton out of his carriage. He was almost speechless with indignation and terror, and doubtless supposed that I intended murdering him.

He soon began to entreat for mercy in the most abject manner, solemnly promising that he would grant me my freedom if I allowed him to go home unmolested. 'You may well desire to be at home,' said I—'Look to the south?'—'Ha,' cried he, 'what do you mean?—Desperate wretch, have you taken your revenge already?—My house is on fire!—But if I cannot punish you, others will suffer for this!'

'We now bound him to a tree, with his face towards the conflagration, which had evidently increased very much. A bright glare of light extended far over the sky, and tinged the tops of the trees like the setting sun; volumes of smoke rose from two different spots; we heard the negroes shouting confusedly; and the crackling, crashing, and thundering of timbers falling to the ground, announced that the work of destruction made furious progress.

'Having secured the negro man in the same way as Mr. Sexton, and tied the horses lest they should go to the house, and be the means of inducing the people there to set out in quest of my master, we left them, and plunged into the recesses of the forest. We travelled all night towards the sea-shore, but did not venture to pass through an inhabited place. The want of my hand rendered my appearance too remarkable to allow me to hope that I would escape notice. I need not describe the hardships we encountered during our journey. In two days we reached the coast, where we stole a boat, and put out to sea, intending, if possible, to elude any search that might be made for us. We soon fell in with a pirate, who immediately took us on board, and I gradually acquired some knowledge of seamanship. We cruized about for a considerable time, and got a great many prizes, but our vessel at last became so generally known, that the Captain could not continue to sail her without running much risk of being captured. He therefore went into a port in one of the West India Islands, and managed to get her sold. He paid his crew very generously, and by means of his bounty, and a series of fortunate accidents, I was enabled to purchase this schooner, and to commence pirate myself. My mode of life is far from being an agreeable one, and I have as yet made but little of it. However, I have a more exalted object in view than mere gain. You must not judge of my character by that of the persons with whom you see me surrounded. I am well aware that my crew is composed of the lowest and most debased part of society, and often feel ashamed of the concessions I am obliged to make them. They consider themselves on an equality with me, and will not submit to any kind of discipline, beyond what mutual security and self-preservation render necessary. But I value and endure them only in



so far as they are the means of forwarding my views. I would consider it an insult to be classed with such desperadoes.'

Here Manuel ceased speaking. I did not venture to make any comments upon his story, and we sat in silence till the men came to the side of the river, with a large quantity of firewood. We immediately took it on board the boat, and rowed down the stream, and reached the schooner a short time before dawn. At sunrise, we weighed anchor, and put to sea again.

Next day, while walking the deck, I heard one negro say to another, 'Mark, what was that you was telling me about Cæsar having been hanged at Baltimore?'—'Why, only that he was hanged,' replied Mark. 'When I was last ashore, I heard so from one who had read it in a newspaper.'—'What did they make him swing for?' inquired the first, whose name was Mendez. 'Did he look sulky at his master, break a wine-glass, or bring him a knife when he wanted a fork?'—'No, no, he did nothing so bad as that,' replied Mark, laughing. 'He was a cruizer, like our Captain, and meeting with a vessel, he went on board, and helped himself to some biscuit and rum, and a little hard cash. Her crew wished to put him on short allowance, but he took what he wanted in spite of them all. He was afterwards caught by a Yankee ship-of-war, and carried to Baltimore. The folks there found him guilty of piracy, as they called it, and hanged him and some of his crew besides.'

'Why, I think,' said Mendez, he had a right to taste the rum, if he had helped to make as much of it as you and I have done. We negers have a pretty time of it. They won't let us live by land or by water. I wonder if we could please our masters by flying in the air? Why, now, wasn't Cæsar hanged for what we've been doing?'—'To be sure he was,' returned Mark; 'we must keep a sharp look-out. I guess our best plan will be to hinder any one from ever becoming witness against us.'—'How can we manage that?' demanded Mendez.—'Why, by *pink*ing a hole in the bottom of our prizes, and making those on board of them drink our healths in salt-water,' said Mark. 'Dead men tell no tales, you know.'—'Well, I conclude it our only way,' replied Mendez, 'though I should feel a little strange about sending a crew of white men to hell in a moment.'—'Why, they must all go there at last, you fool,' returned Mark; 'think of the floggings you've got.'—'Ha, your words sound in my ear like the crack of a whip,' cried Mendez. 'But I wonder the Yankees don't know better than to hang us for being pirates. They can't suppose that we'll be soft *now* as to let away the people who fall into our hands, and so give them a chance of informing against us. I'll bet you we'll kill five whites for every negro that is

hanged.'—'Ay, and more too, if we choose,' said Mark. 'Oh, we've a merry time of it, for most people think that we blacks do not deserve to live, unless we are slaves and beasts of burden. Faith, I'm getting tired of a sea-life. If I could but scrape together 400 dollars, I would give up cruising, and go to St. Domingo.'—'Why you could have made that sum when you was last in Charleston,' returned Mendez.—'How so?' inquired his companion.—'Wasn't you advertized as an outlaw?' said Mendez.—'wasn't there a price set upon your life? you should have cut off your head and carried it to the magistrates, and demanded the sum that they offered for it.'—'Damn it now, Mendez, don't begin to run me,' cried Mark laughing, 'I would have been a pretty figure without a head upon my shoulders.'—'Ah,' returned the other, 'if you ever had one upon them, you would not have let slip such a good opportunity of making money.'

We had now been cruising about for nearly three weeks, without ever seeing a vessel. The mental and bodily inaction which had characterised the course of my life during that period, were very depressing, and I began to wish for the appearance of a ship, almost as ardently as the crew, though from totally different motives. Manuel neither seemed to feel much weariness nor impatience. He spent most of his time upon deck, and when the navigation of the schooner did not require his attention, he lay along the companion, basking in the sun, and smoking a segar. He sometimes entered into a familiar conversation with the seamen, though, on doing so, his object evidently was to keep them in good humour, rather than to amuse or gratify himself.

One morning, Manuel, after having looked through his glass at intervals, during two hours, announced that he saw a vessel off our lee-bow, and gave orders that the deck should be cleared, and the guns got ready for action. In a moment every thing was bustle and confusion. On the word of command being given, the negroes threw off a large part of their clothes, and dispersed over different parts of the schooner, shouting to each other, and hurrying through their respective duties with a violence and eagerness which shewed how congenial the prospect of bloodshed, oppression, and plunder, was to their feelings. They soon began to converse gaily and unconcernedly. One talked of the resistance we should probably meet with from the vessel we were in chase of; another jestingly said, 'he wished to write his will,' and mentioned what articles he intended bequeathing to his companions, should he perish in the conflict; a third complained of the defective state of his wardrobe, and enumerated the additions he hoped to make to it, when the anticipated prize fell into our hands. Manuel walked anxiously about the deck,

sometimes looking through his glass, and sometimes giving directions to the helmsman.

I alone remained unoccupied and unattended to amidst the general activity. The quiescent and monotonous life I had led since I came on board the schooner, had lulled me into a forgetfulness of my real situation, all the horrors of which now burst upon my mind with appalling force. I had outlawed myself from society. I was surrounded with wretches, with whom I could have no community of feeling. I was soon to become, as it were, an accomplice in the work of rapine and bloodshed. We might, perhaps, be overpowered by those whom we proposed to attack, and I should be seized and classed with pirates. There was no one to testify my innocence, to prove that I had no connexion with the guilty, or to save me from an ignominious death.

We soon discovered that the object of our pursuit was a brig of about 200 tons burden. She seemed to suspect what we were for she made all sail, and began to go large, altho' she had kept very close hauled before perceiving us; but our schooner, being very fast, and to the windward of her, gained upon her every moment. About mid-day, we came within shot of the brig, and Manuel ordered a gun to be fired, as a signal for her to heave to. She paid no attention to it, and her crew seemed to be preparing for defence. He then pointed a cannon himself, and sent a ball through the lower part of her mainsail; but this not being what he wanted, he aimed again, and disabled her rudder.

She was now completely in our power, and we came within 30 yards of her. The boat being lowered down, Manuel, and 15 of his crew, under arms, embarked alongside of the brig, and ascended her gangway without meeting any resistance. The Captain immediately advanced towards them, and said, 'What right have you to stop me on the high seas?'—'Right! right!' returned Manuel; 'none that I know of—only I'm stronger than you—but shew me your manifest.'—'That I cannot do,' cried the Captain, 'unless you promise'——'I'll promise nothing,' interrupted Manuel: 'yes, yes, one thing; none of you shall be maltreated, unless you offer to oppose my orders.'—'Fine conditions, indeed!' exclaimed the Captain; 'Be pleased to tell me what you want here?'—'Bring me your manifest,' replied Manuel, and I'll inform you. I mean to take whatever part of your cargo I choose, and likewise all the specie on board. Come down to the cabin, I must not be detained.'

They now both went below, and the negroes having received a signal from Manuel, ranged themselves on each side of the companion. They had scarcely done this, when a voice requested them to make way, and a gentleman with a young lady leaning

on his arm, and followed by a mulatto woman, came upon deck. They looked around them with an expression of terror and astonishment. The young lady, on seeing the blacks, turned pale, and clung tremblingly to her protector's arm, and said something to him, but in such a low tone of voice, that nothing but the word father was distinguishable. The gentleman, once or twice, seemed to be on the point of addressing the negroes, but he suddenly stopped, as if aware that interference was useless.

A dead silence prevailed upon deck for some time, but the countenances of the different parties who occupied it, expressed more than words could have done. The females discovered marks of deadening fear; the crew of the brig evidently struggled to resist the impulses of indignation, and the negroes seemed full of hope and impatience. The young lady wore a beautiful Indian shawl, and one of the blacks, smiling to his companions, stepped forward and pulled it off her shoulders. Her father, furious at this insult, seized a block that lay near him, and struck the daring wretch upon the face with so much violence, that he staggered back, and nearly fell into the hold. However, he quickly recovered himself, and rushing forwards, plunged his cutlass into the side of his antagonist, who dropped, apparently lifeless, upon the deck. The seamen belonging to the brig could no longer restrain themselves; a loud cry burst from them, and they hastily seized the murderer, and threw him overboard; but being an expert swimmer, he soon gained the surface of the water, and made furiously towards the vessel's side, with flashing eyes and loud curses.

The noise of the affray brought the Captain and Manuel from the cabin, and the first object that struck the eyes of the latter was the wounded man weltering in blood, and supported in the arms of his daughter. 'Who did this?' cried Manuel, with a voice half suffocated with emotion. The assassin was standing upon the chains, and endeavouring to climb over the bulwarks, when some one pointed him out. Manuel drew a pistol from his bosom, and fired at the negro's head; the ball took effect. Its victim lost hold of the rigging, sprung convulsively upwards, and fell headlong among the waves. A murmur of applause proceeded from the crew; but the blacks shrunk away with baneful frowns from Manuel, who, turning to the Captain, said haughtily, 'This is my discipline;' and then took a paper out of his pocket, and began to read.

The young lady's father, whose name was Mr. R——, was now conveyed to the cabin, accompanied by his daughter and her attendant, the mulatto woman. Manuel then ordered his men to lift the hatches, and descended through one of them into the hold. After a little while he returned, and pointed out what



articles he wished to have brought upon deck. The negroes set to work, and presently every part of the vessel was covered with bales, casks, and packages, while Manuel walked coolly among them, and selected such as he conceived to be the most useful and valuable. His men would evidently have begun to plunder privately, had they not been restrained by fear; but the instance of their leader's severity which they had just witnessed, seemed to dwell upon their minds, for while occupied in getting out the cargo, they muttered threats, and viewed him with scowling and wrathful looks.

Manuel having collected together all the articles he wanted ordered them to be handed into the boat, which he sent off with part of his men to the schooner. He retained in his hand a bag of specie, and several other things. The boat being unloaded, they returned to take him on board his own vessel, and as he was descending the gangway of the brig, he bowed to her Captain, and said, 'I wish you a good voyage, sir.'

On reaching the schooner, Manuel ordered the crew to hoist up the boat, and to bear away; however, the wind was light and baffling, and we made but little progress. I fixed my eyes upon the brig as we gradually receded from her, and reflected upon the unhappy situation of Mr. R—— and his daughter, in both of whom I felt powerfully interested. I had several times been on the point of entreating Manuel to allow me to assist the wounded man; but he had always turned away, as if aware of what I intended, and unwilling to render himself chargeable with inhumanity, by refusing to grant my request. I now ventured to address him on the subject. 'We cannot part with you,' said he, 'if we did, it might ruin us all. He who becomes a pirate, must die a pirate. There is no middle course. I fervently hope Mr. R—— may recover. I have at least executed justice upon his murderer. Perhaps you may think me a murderer myself, but I did no more than necessary. My crew are not to be restrained, except by very terrible means. And yet,' continued he, starting, 'in my anxiety to save others, I have perhaps brought destruction upon myself. I am guilty of murder; there are plenty of witnesses to prove it. Oh! that both my hands had been cut off, then I could not have committed this rash act, which at once puts me on a level with my crew. Good night, good night. Go to sleep.'

About two hours after sun-set, I retired to my birth; but the events of the day had made such a strong impression that I could not sleep, and I rose at midnight and went upon deck. It was clear moonlight, and perfectly calm. On looking for the brig, I perceived, to my astonishment, that she lay within a mile of us, and had heeled over so much, that she seemed almost on her

beam-ends. I immediately informed Manuel of this, and he looked at her through his night-glass, and said she was aground upon a sand-bank. 'What is to be done,' cried I; 'you surely will not allow those on board to perish?'—'To-morrow's dawn shall determine that,' returned he.

At day-break we found that the brig was still in the situation already described, and Manuel, accompanied by me and several of the crew, went towards her in the boat. The Captain seemed at a loss how to receive us, being doubtful whether our intentions were hostile or friendly; but when we had satisfied him on this point, he informed us, that his vessel having become quite unmanageable, in consequence of the loss of her rudder, had drifted away towards a sand-bank, and run hard aground the preceding night. We soon ascertained that her bottom was much damaged, and that she could not be got off. 'This brig will go to pieces the first time there is a heavy sea,' said Manuel to the Captain; 'and those who remain in her must perish. I will take you all on board my schooner, and put you ashore about 40 miles above Matanzas, seeking no compensation but part of the cargo, which you of course have no means of preserving.' After some deliberation, this proposal was acceded to by all parties, and Manuel's crew again began to unload the brig.

While they were thus engaged, I went down to the cabin, and found Mr. R—— and his daughter there. The former had a look of ghastliness, which gave me an unfavourable idea of the nature of his wound; and the latter sat beside his bed, and seemed at once hopeless and resigned. On seeing me, they both started, but said nothing. I told them, that altho' I came along with the pirates, I had no connexion with such persons, and that my object in intruding upon them was to offer my professional services to Mr. R——. The young lady sprung from her chair, and expressed her gratitude in the warmest manner, while her father's flushed countenance and beaming eyes evinced that hopes of life began to revive in his heart.

When Manuel had carried away as much of the cargo as his vessel could conveniently contain, he informed us that the boat was ready to take us all on board the schooner; we accordingly embarked, placing Mr. R. upon a mattress, and rowed away from the brig, towards which the Captain and his crew directed many anxious and regretful looks. On getting on board the schooner, our first business was to contrive accommodations for so many new passengers. I resigned my birth to Mr. R——, and Manuel allowed the young lady and her attendant to occupy his stateroom. The Captain and his crew reposed upon deck, but the negroes treated them, that they would have resented it by force,

had not the fear of being overcome by superior numbers restrained their fury. However, the two parties poured out torrents of abuse against each other, and the clamour of their tongues, the groans of Mr. R——, the agonies of his daughter, and the confinement of a crowded vessel, all combined to render the day and succeeding night insupportably tedious and distressing to me.

In about 40 hours, we made the Pan of Matanzas, and Manuel told the Captain and the white crew to hold themselves in readiness, as he soon intended to put them ashore. At sunset we were scarcely two leagues from the coast of Cuba. The negroes lowered a small boat, and stowed a quantity of water and provisions in her; and Manuel came down to the cabin, and informed Mr. R—— and his daughter that it was time for them to embark. 'Where?—What do you mean?' cried the young lady.—'Why, madam,' returned Manuel, 'didn't I say that all the people belonging to the brig were to be put ashore here?'—'Oh, thanked be Heaven,' exclaimed she; 'then we are near a harbour, and a town?—My dear father!'—'No, no,' interrupted Manuel, 'the coast opposite is uninhabited.'—'What do you tell me?' cried she, bursting into tears; 'you surely cannot be so barbarous—my father is dying;—have a little pity. It is indeed dreadful to be here, to be among such people;—but what will become of my parent, if you send us away? I have no more money to give you, but perhaps—' Here she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so violently, that her whole frame trembled.

Manuel began to pace about the cabin; I saw that he was affected, and therefore did not venture to speak. 'Well, lady,' said he, after a pause, 'you may remain here. I will protect you and your father—yes, even though I should bring myself into difficulty by doing so.' He then went upon deck, and ordered the Captain and his crew, who had already seated themselves in the boat to row away. The clashing of their oars, which at first broke upon the stillness of the night, gradually became fainter, and soon subsided into almost undistinguishable murmurs.

In the course of the evening, Manuel asked me if I thought Mr. R—— would recover from his wound. I told him that I feared he would soon be relieved from the inconvenience of having such a passenger on board. 'So I suspect,' returned he; but what is to become of his daughter and the Mulatto woman? I wish I had sent them off in the boat to-night.' 'It would have been unmerciful,' said I; 'perhaps the seamen themselves may perish.' 'Don't fear, don't fear,' cried he; 'I treated them very generously. Most pirates would have left the whole party to drown in the brig, and been glad of such an opportunity of getting them out of the way. I gave them a good boat and plenty of provisions; they will easily reach Matanzas. My crew are en-

raged at my conduct in this affair. I must be on my guard ; and listen to me, be you also on yours !'

A short time before midnight, Mr. R—— complained of the oppressive closeness of the cabin, and begged to be lifted upon deck. We immediately complied with his wishes, and spread a mattress for him near the stern of the vessel. Elizabeth, his daughter, seated herself beside his couch, and the Mulatto woman waited behind. I threw myself upon a *ceroon* at a little distance, and felt so fatigued, that I gradually began to slumber, although within hearing of the sick man's feeble groans and hurried inspirations.

I was suddenly awakened by the sound of light footsteps. I opened my eyes and saw Elizabeth. 'My father is'—— She could say no more. I rose and followed her. Mr. R—— lay upon his back with half-closed eyes, and seemed scarcely sensible of our approach ; but in a little time he turned his face towards me, and tried to smile. He then took hold of his daughter's hand, and attempted to greet her in the same way, but it was impossible ; his lips trembled, and some tears rushed down his cheeks. None of us uttered a word, or even ventured to sigh.

It was the finest moonlight, and the whole heavens were covered with one continuous expanse of dappled white clouds. The celestial net-work, extending from horizon to horizon, floated in motionless repose, and the stars could be seen twinkling faintly through its apertures. The calm was such that our sails scarcely even flapped upon the masts, and our vessel lay as still as if she had been imbedded in a field of crystal. The balmy murmurings of the little surges upon the distant beach, swelled upon the ear, and died away again with a caprice that seemed in unison with the irregular motions of a tall cocoa-nut tree, which stood alone upon a projecting rock, and was waved in a melancholy manner by a land breeze too feeble and unsteady to reach or affect us.

Elizabeth knelt silently beside her father, with clasped hands, and had a frozen look of condensed despair, which is almost too terrible for an inhabitant of this world. Her face and lips were colourless, and she seemed like a spirit waiting for a departing soul. None of us knew the exact moment at which Mr. R—— died. I soon after took his daughter by the hand, and conducted her to the cabin. She neither spoke a word nor made the least resistance, and I began to fear that grief had bewildered her perceptions. Her attendant followed us, and I left them together.

I did not attempt to sleep any that night. I was occupied in thinking of Elizabeth, who had soon awakened to a full sense of her misery, and whose sobs haunted my ears wherever I went. In the morning she sunk into a gentle slumber, which, after continuing two hours, left her in a state of comparative rationality



and composure. I earnestly requested to see her, and we had an interview. I offered myself as a protector, and promised to do every thing in my power to extricate her from her present unhappy situation, and said I would escort her to a place of safety whenever I had the good fortune to effect this. I then told who I was, and related the circumstances that had induced me to seek an asylum among the pirates. In return, she thanked me for my unremitting attentions to her father, and declared that she fully believed me to be what I professed.

The calm continued during the whole of that day, and Manuel exhibited many signs of impatience at its long duration; and the more so, as the current was gradually carrying us towards Matanzas, a place which he wished anxiously to avoid. Next morning a gentle breeze sprang up, and we had scarcely begun to profit by it, when we discovered a small brig of war, with American colours, bearing towards us, under full sail. Manuel ordered his men to crowd all canvass, and tried various nautical manœuvres, in the hope of escaping her; but she gained upon us every moment.

The negroes, when they perceived that we could not get out of her reach, were thrown into a state of consternation, and totally neglected their duty. They assembled together in groupes, and conversed with outrageous looks and violent gesticulations, occasionally throwing baleful glances at Manuel. He saw that a storm was gathering, and immediately went below, and secured the door of the apartment which contained the arms. He then appeared upon deck, with a brace of pistols in his girdle, a dagger by his side, and a naked scymitar in his hand, and took his station beside the companion door.

The boldness of his deportment seemed to increase the fury of the blacks; some of whom called out, 'Down with him! down with him! he has betrayed us.' Manuel paid no attention to their cries, but ordered them, in a voice of thunder, to load the guns, and rushed forward, waving his sword in the air. They became intimidated, and hastened to obey him; and, while they were engaged in doing so, I ran down to the cabin, and armed myself as well as possible, at the same time comforting Elizabeth, and bidding her remain in her state-room.

When I went upon deck again, I found that the negroes had openly mutinied. They were ranged round the foremast, and stood glaring at Manuel, and at each other, like a set of demons. 'Hell curse you, captain!' cried one of them, 'What right had you to bring us here? Were we all to be sent to the devil, that you might put ashore them damned whites that you picked out of the brig?'—'Ay, ay, it was mercy that made him do so,' said another; 'but see if we'll get any mercy from the tyrants that

are in chase of us. Ha, Mr. Manuel ! I would almost be hanged myself, to have the satisfaction of seeing you swing by the throat !—‘ They couldn’t get him hanged,’ vociferated a third, ‘ he would always untie the rope with his right hand. Oh, captain, may the devil scorch your soul for bringing us here !’—‘ He thinks us a set of *niger* slaves,’ cried the first speaker, ‘ who hav’nt spirit to do any thing but what he bids us—but we’ll show him another story. Come on, let us have revenge ! Down with him, and his companion !’

Several of the crew now rushed towards us with threatening gestures. Manuel fired a pistol among them, and wounded one with his scymitar, and I struck down another with the butt-end of a blunderbuss, and then acted upon the defensive. They were repelled ; but would apparently have made a second attack, had not a shot from the brig raked us fore and aft, and carried away the binnacle. ‘ Now, now !’ shouted Manuel, ‘ if you are worth any thing, fight for your lives ! The enemy is close upon us ; we shall be blown out of the water !—Here is the key of the armory,—go and equip yourselves, and show some real spirit.’

The negroes were almost instantaneously animated by a new feeling. Some provided themselves with muskets and cutlasses, and others took their stations at the guns. They all had a look of savage and determined resistance ; which showed that they would rather perish in battle, than run the risk of terminating their lives upon a scaffold.

The brig had now nearly come along-side of us, and her captain commanded us to heave to, if we desired any quarter. He was answered by the discharge of four cannon, and by a shower of musket balls. They gave a broadside in return, which carried away our mainmast, and then bore down upon the schooner, with the intention of boarding her. The smoke prevented the helmsman of the brig from steering justly, and he suddenly brought her so close to us, that she swept away our chains, and stove in our bulwarks, and dragged us through the water a considerable distance. The fight now became very desperate. The bayonet and cutlass had usurped the place of firearms, and the negroes, who were not provided with weapons of any kind, attacked the American seaman with their fists, beating them down, attempting to choke them, and pushing them overboard. They all the while animated each other with shouts, execrations, and blasphemous cries and rushed furiously to the combat, half naked, and covered with dust, and sweat, and blood.

I kept as near Manuel as possible. He sometimes fought vigorously for a few moments, and then stood idle, apparently irresolute what to do. At last he cried out, ‘ It is easy to see how this day will end, but I must hasten its termination,’ and

then hurried down to the cabin. I instinctively followed him, and found Elizabeth and her maid nearly speechless with terror. Manuel tore open the hatch in the floor, and pulled up a small cask, the head of which he knocked in with his hand. It was full of gunpowder. He placed it upon the table. I grew breathless. He put a steel between his teeth, and then seizing a flint, began to strike the one against the other. The pulsations of my heart ceased, and my eyes became dim. Manuel seemed suddenly to dilate into fearful and gigantic size, and to pour torrents of fire upon the gunpowder. My senses were suddenly recalled by a loud crash, and by the appearance of water rushing down upon us through the skylight. I thought we were going to the bottom, and started up and pulled the fainting Elizabeth towards the gangway. There we encountered an American officer; he gave us a look of astonishment, and hastening towards Manuel, seized his arm, and said, 'Surrender yourself—you are my prisoner.'

Manuel did not attempt any resistance, but followed the officer upon deck. Having left Elizabeth, whose recollection was now pretty well restored, with her maid, I went there also. Every thing had become quiet. The American seamen were in possession of the schooner, and the negroes had been removed on board the brig of war. Her captain ordered Manuel to be put in irons, and directed that Elizabeth and I should have accommodations in his own vessel.

I was a good deal astonished to meet with several of the crew that had belonged to the brig we had plundered, and to hear them say that they were the means of capturing the schooner. Having been fortunate enough to reach Matanzas the day after Manuel had set them adrift in the boat, they found an American brig of war there, which had run into the harbour that she might repair some damage she had sustained while on her voyage from Jamaica to Charleston. They immediately gave her captain information respecting the pirate, and he set out in pursuit of them, making the seamen warp his brig along, till a breeze sprung up, which enabled him to come in sight of the schooner. During the battle, a young officer who boarded her along with the American crew, happened to observe Manuel's attempts to blow them up, and with great presence of mind, dashed his foot through the skylight, and averted the danger by pouring down a large quantity of water upon the gunpowder.

A few hours after the capture of the schooner, we set sail for Charleston, where the brig was bound. We reached that port in ten days. The pirate crew were immediately lodged in jail. I underwent an examination, and was then taken into custody, it being evident, from my own confession, that I had not been

forced on board the schooner. Elizabeth, to whom I had hourly become more devoted during the voyage, found an asylum in a house of a distant relation, who resided in Charleston, and was summoned as a witness against the negroes. In three weeks their trial came on, and Manuel and seven others were condemned to death. No evidence appearing against me, I was liberated from confinement at an early period, by the intercession of several persons who appeared to take an interest in my fate. I supplied myself with means of support, by disposing of some valuables I had in my possession.

I was filled with sorrow when I heard that Manuel was condemned to death, aware that he deserved a better fate. I visited him in jail the day after he had received his sentence. He was loaded with fetters, and occupied a small cell by himself, through which he paced as quickly as the weight of his irons would permit; though he had a subdued look, the expression of his countenance was neither abject nor sorrowful.

'Ah, is it you, sir?' cried he, advancing towards me, as I entered; 'you are the person I most wished to see. How kind it is in you to visit a poor negro! For I am no more now. I am glad to be treated as a rational creature by at least one white man. I wonder they have let you escape. In this country it is a crime for a man to have any thing to do with blacks, except in the way of flogging them.'—'You do not deserve to die,' said I, after a pause. 'Oh, perhaps not,' returned he; 'but law—law—law, you know—However, it is better I should. I had a weary life of it. I was chased from the land, and took refuge upon the sea; but, notwithstanding that, I could not escape the bloodhounds of the Southern States of America. But here I have written out something for you. Take this letter to Gustavus H——, and accept what he gives you in return, as a remembrance of me. But don't tell him that I am sentenced to death.' He then presented me with a paper, and having given directions where I should find the person to whom it was addressed, bid me farewell.

I immediately proceeded in search of Manuel's acquaintance, and after some time, reached his house, which was situated in the most obscure part of a narrow and dirty alley. The door was opened by an old negro, and I inquired if Gustavus H—— lived there. 'I am the man,' returned he; 'walk in, Master.' I entered, and gave him the letter, and at his request seated myself upon an old stool in one corner of the apartment until he read it. 'Strange—very strange,' muttered he, gazing on me intently. 'How is Mr. Manuel?'—'Well enough at present,' returned I; 'but'—He stood still a moment, as if waiting the conclusion of my reply, and then went out of the room, but soon



came back, carrying a bag, which he immediately put into my hands. Its weight was immense. 'That's all,' said he, 'I guess Manuel don't intend that I should be his *bankeer* long. Good morning, sir'

When I returned to my lodgings, I opened the bag, and, to my astonishment, found it full of doubloons. I could not believe that Manuel intended leaving me such a legacy, and went to the prison in the afternoon, that I might see him, and converse with him upon the subject; but I arrived there too late; he had anticipated the law by putting a period to his existence.

Fortune had now bestowed upon me the means of returning to my native country. I communicated this to Elizabeth, and intreated that we might make the journey of life together. She consented, and our mutual happiness was soon as great as our individual misery had been, when fate first brought us together.

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### THE FLOATING BEACON.

One dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight, our main-sail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped

a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay. 'How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?' cried he, staggering forwards. 'This is not fit weather to go a fishing. Come back—come back with you all!' 'No, no,' returned one of the crew, 'we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind.' 'Captain, you are drunk,' said another; 'you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey *us* now.' 'Silence! mutinous villain,' answered the captain. 'What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze—up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye.'

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment, if they did not come on board, and return to their duty. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments,

trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides, were on the point of overarchng us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another ; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea, my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed, by their motion, that she pitched in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him; but, next moment, the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvass disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea, about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was on her beam ends, and that the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated, near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain, appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the

prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth. 'That,' cried one of the crew, 'must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet.' This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light, and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended between them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with



passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise, that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time, they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of astonishment and fear at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required, by means of ropes and pullies. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the berth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bed-side, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still ran very high, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norwegian coast, lying at eleven miles distance, could be dimly seen. I looked in vain for some remains of the sloop or boat. Not a bird enlivened the heaving expanse of waters, and I turned shuddering from the dreary scene, and

asked Morvalden, the youngest of the men, when he thought I had any chance of getting ashore. 'Not very soon, I'm afraid,' returned he. 'We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessities. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before their return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least.'

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so, as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathise with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expense of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved towards his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in every thing.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so reserved and forbidding in her manners, that she formed no desirable acquisition to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

When night approached, after the lapse of a wearisome and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. I watched the lantern, as it swung from side to side, and flashed upon different portions of the sea alternately, and sometimes fancied I saw men struggling among the billows that tumbled around, and at other times imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded

themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away, and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—‘There’s a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of any thing—and the woman is as bad as him.’ I asked what proof he had of all this. ‘Oh, I know it,’ returned he; ‘that wretch, Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife’s affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself against their infernal machinations.’ ‘Why do you not leave the beacon,’ inquired I, ‘and abandon your companion and guilty wife?’ ‘Ah, that is impossible,’ answered Morvalden; ‘if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all

the while telling me that I am an exile?—a hopeless, despairing exile. But it won't last long,' cried he, catching hold of my arm; 'they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard.'

'Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras,' said I; 'you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose.'—'This is not a lonely situation,' replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. 'Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant.'

'Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination,' said I; 'there is no reality in the things you have told me.'—'Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it,' returned Morvalden. 'I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship aground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children, writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening



eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall have ever courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory ! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me ; and I dare not anticipate the future.'

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me, while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I went below and took refuge in my birth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why ; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed. 'Because I hate trouble,' replied Angerstoff.—'I am master here,' said Morvalden, 'and have been entrusted with the direction of every thing. Do not attempt to trifle with me.'—'Trifle with you !' exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. 'No, no, I am not a trifler ; and I advise you to walk up stairs again, lest I prove this to your cost.'—'Why husband,' cried Marietta, 'I believe there are no bounds to your laziness. You make this young man toil from morning to night, and take advantage of his good-nature in the most shameful manner.'—'Peace, infamous woman,' said Morvalden : 'I know very well why you stand up in his defence ; but I'll put a stop to the intimacy that exists between you. Go to your room instantly ! You are my wife, and shall obey me.'—'Is this usage to be borne ?' exclaimed Marietta. 'Will no one step forward to protect me from his violence ?'—'Insolent fellow !' cried Angerstoff, 'don't presume to insult my mistress.'—'Mistress !' repeated Morvalden. 'This to my face !' and struck him a severe blow ! Angerstoff sprung forward, with the intention of returning it, but I got between, and prevented him. Marietta then began to shed tears, and applauded the generosity her paramour had evinced in sparing her husband, who immediately

went upon deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work that had engaged his attention previous to the quarrel.

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communications with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock, Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his birth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my birth and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone; with a lamp in her hand. 'Do you hear that?' cried I.—'Hear what?' returned she; 'I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling.'—'Is Angerstoff below,' demanded I.—No,—Yes, I mean,' said Marietta, 'Why do you ask that? He went up stairs.'—'Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly.'—'How can that be?' answered Marietta; 'Angerstoff is asleep.'—'Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs?'—'I don't know,' returned she; 'I am hardly awake yet—Let us listen a moment.'

Every thing was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, 'Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!'—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken

in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose. 'Some one is killed,' cried I. 'The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty.'—'I know nothing of that,' returned Marietta. 'We can't be of any use now. Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is. My God! A drop of blood has fallen through the skylight. What faces are yon looking down upon us? But this lamp is going out. We must be going through the water at a terrible rate. How it rushes past us! I am getting dizzy. Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices——'

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, 'Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him! He will be drowned.' His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion! 'You are a murderer!' exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.—'How do you know that?' said he, staggering back; 'I'm sure you never saw—' 'Hush, hush,' cried Marietta, 'are you mad?'—'Speak again!—What frightens you? Why don't you run and help Morvalden?'—'Has any thing happened to him?' inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.—'You told us he had fallen overboard,' returned Marietta. 'Must my husband perish?'—'Give me some water to wash my hands,' said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky, appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom, below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door intending to descend the stairs, but found that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky

looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Every thing was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words ‘murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death.’—I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—‘Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won’t burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn’t go down soon they’ll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!



We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!’—Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his birth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I meant by calling him a murderer?—‘Why, that you are one,’ replied I, after a pause.—‘Beware what you say,’ returned he fiercely,—‘you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard.’—‘Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?’ inquired I.—He grew pale, and then cried, ‘You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!’—‘I saw it,’ said I.—‘I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said,—‘Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!’—exclaimed Angerstoff—‘Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don’t be afraid, for you’ll find me a good fellow in the end.’ He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, ‘Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For God’s sake, prevent the possibility of that!’—‘Yes, yes,’ returned Angerstoff; ‘he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care, lest I do

to him what I did to—' 'To Morvalden, I suppose you mean,' said I.—' Well, well, speak it out,' replied he ferociously ; ' there is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—' 'Come,' interrupted Marietta, 'don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—If he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard.

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden ; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully ; and when night came on, I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled ; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first, I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea ; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight, I lay down in my birth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself ; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up, and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his foot-

steps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, 'What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it.' I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and for a time, forgot that my situation had any thing painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my birth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining, and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed, I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to any thing else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, 'It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened.' Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the skylight, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, 'Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so.' I struggled to free myself from the grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hur-

riedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, 'What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why, haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand.' They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.—'Well, quite well,' replied the former; 'but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person.'—'Strange enough,' said the first person, laughing. 'Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition. 'Overboard!' repeated Angerstoff, 'what!—how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me. Is there any news stirring ashore?'—'Why,' said the stranger, 'the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds found upon his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business, but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye—Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell.'—'No, no, no,' returned Angerstoff; 'I never hear of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid.'—'So you don't want any fish to-day?' cried the stranger. 'Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and bye.' I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said, 'Do you believe what that man has told you?'—'Yes, by the eternal hell!' cried he vehemently; 'I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough.'—'My God,' exclaimed she, 'What is to become of us? How dreadful! We are chained here, and cannot escape.'—'Escape what?' interrupted Angerstoff; 'Girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue.'—'Oh,' returned Marietta, 'I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me talk with you there.' They now



went up the gangway-stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, 'God help us! they are coming now!' Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her on one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time, he started, and cried, 'I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!' He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with so much violence, that I dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, 'She will capsize! shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!' In the midst of this, I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved, was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us, gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so dark, that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupefied with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel, and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened

around us, neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard a ground. During the ebb of the waves there was no more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs, the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with so much violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around, I neither saw any thing distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house,

the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. 'No, no,' cried he, 'that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages ! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now ! Come here, and look out.'

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it, the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn, my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

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### THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

After many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go servant in the Clydesdale to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the Clydesdale, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the westquay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the

pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

'Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom?' said the one, 'that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing-penny for a glass of grog?' 'No, no; bad cheer!' replied the other; 'mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or a livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again.'

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance was probably much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on, waiting for the captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the custom-house. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew



with a high hand ; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies ; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermillion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man ; square built, with a powerful muscular frame. His aspect naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof ; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sunset, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright ; but now, huge masses of dark and conical shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night ; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the topsails and stays were close reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us aback with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought too till the gale should fall : while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch ; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward : so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-topsail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the captain had gone to bed ; so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying, he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do ; being aware that the success of the speculation

depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, 'What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what time we may?' The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. 'It was me, Sir, respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; 'I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should neither be Christians or true seamen, to desert her, and,——' 'Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?' thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out, 'I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!' and seizing a capstan-spar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee bulwarks, where he lay bleeding and motionless. 'Take that, and be damned!' exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—'Stand by sheets and braces—hard a-lee—let go!' In a twinkling, the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temple bone, and had completely fractured that part of the skull.

'He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!' said I, laying down the body; 'murdered without cause or provocation.' 'None of your remarks, Sir!' he retorted; 'what the devil have *you* to do with it? Do you-mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but, till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship.' 'I promise you,' returned

I, 'that though you rule and tyrannize here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already.' This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, 'I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by ——! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!' He then turned round, and walked forward to the fore-castle.

During this affray, no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company, if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft, without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate, walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curagoa, on the coast of Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours, he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a Catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services, the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale, he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured the spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and leaving him to the care of the young priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed far out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary berth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main cabin by a bulkhead, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms, I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes and prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: 'The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! but ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montalgo's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go! my love! I would be alone a little while with the father.' An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest, with gentle violence, led her into the state-room.

'Now,' continued the dying man, 'listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarrelled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart, and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaneers: and, the



roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclination and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises; we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie, as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and others prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feelings—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hopes. Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of my wealth is yours.'

'Earthly treasures,' replied the priest, 'avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities.'

'Enough, enough!' said Montaldo, 'I am satisfied! Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the Roccas, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the Wolf-rock: it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a

single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest latitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying. Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so, without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room. The greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo. There seemed now no anxiety on the captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on a former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head.

In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. Its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle, while on the bosom was laid the crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency. When all was ready, the priest accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, and its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood, enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main-rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chaunted the funeral anthem:—‘May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!’ He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—‘As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!’ The Spaniards responded ‘Amen!’ and the priest repeating, ‘May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace—Amen!’ made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face.

The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His grey hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it: and one arm, stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, 'It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago? But don't let him come on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us all with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm a-lee!' he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, 'Let go the main top-sail weather braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!' His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the captain of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety and the characteristic good humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidence towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boastwain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.



Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sunset, to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she came up as usual, and after walking back and forward on deck, till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below; but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him headforemost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marling-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, 'Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!' And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

'Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make daylight shine through them in a minute.' I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—'There are no slaves here, young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a —; he pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear!' he continued, turning to Isabella, 'give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself.' He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. 'This lady is no fit subject either for wit or insolence,' said I, shutting the doors, 'and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female.' For a

little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he would resent my interference, or remain passive ; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—' You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad ! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit ; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we may have use for you yet ! I see in what quarter the wind sets ; but mind your eye ! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out ahead over you.'

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates ; and I was to be detained among them for my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains ; but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for laying to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman ; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents : accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared away and going free : she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man of war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers.

This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion door and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—‘Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!’ was the reply. In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. ‘But I was not given to understand,’ he added, ‘that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies, at least. No wine, Sir!’ he continued, motioning away the bottles which the captain was hastily placing on the table—‘no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading.’

He had not been long seated to inspect them, when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance, showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead; and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat’s crew had been mustered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

‘It’s all over with us,’ exclaimed my companion; ‘but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter and cut her adrift. Come, bear a hand, and jump! don’t you see them hastening aft?’ and in an instant he

pitched himself aft the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow ; for, at the moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety ; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived ! The candles were still burning on the table ; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol, I fractured the cursed villain's skull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me ; and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass, on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wylie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us ; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable : we had escaped, it is true, with our lives for the present : but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat ; we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery. By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north east of the Bahamas ; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance ; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each other ; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting in the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of the leeward-traders. And our hopes were not disappointed ! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness ; and, in five days, we found ourselves safe moored in Porto-real harbour.



My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure; at the same time asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencontre with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door. Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it wanted only six days of the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer; and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Rocas on the evening of the sixth day. As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago, and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor, hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight. In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits, impressed by the solitude and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my timepiece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively to the slightest sound from the seaward; but every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swang to and fro in the breeze. Midnight was now drawing near—the moon radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approach-

ing each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my timepiece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east: and the first spade full of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a lookout came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east. We immediately concluded that they must be a part of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed. Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards and partly the ship's crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin. Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions. In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation, sounded immediately behind me. I turned round, and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full in the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling, and on the point of falling, when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground. When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright overhead; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter; and Duff busily engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict; in which four had been slain, and left on the island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned and executed. Under good nursing and care, I gradually recovered.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the happy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wylie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde ; and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the ‘Pirate’s Treasure.’

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### THE TRAITOR’S GRAVE.

During the civil wars, when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigor to chastise the few bold spirits who were still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell’s name, sent a bold defiance in answer to the herald, who, in the name of the Parliament summoned him to surrender,—‘I hold my castle from the King,’ exclaimed the haughty Beauford, ‘and to him only will I give it up.’ Cromwell enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked for obstacle, thus starting suddenly up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquests, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed. The trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with the rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till some time after sun-rise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader’s cannon.

The massy walls of the castle, however, resisted stoutly ; and suffered no very material injury from the repeated discharges of the enemy’s artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach : thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second day, the parliamentary general again sent his challenge for them to surrender, but the herald

returned with an answer of similar import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys; and when he found that threats were unavailable, he instantly had recourse to more powerful arguments. These therefore he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that which his flag of truce had failed to do,—to bring the garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded, at least it appeared so to the besiegers, who having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fort that had thus for two days gallantly withstood their hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such loss of time, men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and were strengthening their castles for this purpose against his approach. The unsuccessful attempt of the second day had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured, under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the picquets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Cromwell himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order restored. This unfortunate incident made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed, and convinced him of the absolute necessity of altering his present plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if, from any circumstance he should be at last compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in case he proved as unsuccessful on that (the third) day as he had hitherto been. He determined however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and obedient to his command, upon the appearance of daylight, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged; this they happily possessed; and the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sun-set, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of batteries, which had been erected by the enemy, in order to effect a breach. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in such a shattered condition,



that another such day must inevitably have sealed their fate, by compelling them to surrender, whether they willed or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beauford consented, after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers who composed it, in order that some measures for their mutual safety might be speedily adopted in their present emergency; for the ramparts had given way in several places, and it would be vain to attempt a resistance, should the enemy endeavour to force an entrance, as breaches were visible in every part of the fortifications. The approach of night was the only thing which prevented them taking immediate advantage of these circumstances. At the time appointed, the council assembled; despair was plainly depicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length Beauford himself addressed those around him—'Fellow Officers,' said he, 'This castle was confided to my keeping by the King, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety; to *this* point confine, then, your observations and advice; for, mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot were the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, and not to *betray* our trust! and, while two stones hold together, let no one talk of yielding!'—Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent; for each had, in his own mind, come there for no other purpose than to form some plan for the preservation of their lives, and if no other could be found to agree to the terms of capitulation, should the castle be again attacked, as it was utterly impossible to defend it longer, and madness to attempt any resistance farther than was necessary, in order to obtain from the victor as favourable terms as possible. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eyebrows, until his countenance appeared to put on the look of a demon, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud,—'Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as you are, think you, that like yours, my heart harbours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the castle's safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect you owe to your Governor, as well as your duty to your King! Begone, I say, begone!' Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young, but intrepid looking cavalier instantly started from his seat, 'A truce to your reproaches,

Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice: We have neither forgotten our duty to our King, nor to our Governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood, at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me then, I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed on, in case the rebels venture to renew the attack tomorrow. Agree to this, and my sword is again at your service, else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them; now do your worst! Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat, till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than he drew his sword, and, rushing forward, proceeded to put his threat into immediate execution; and most likely Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hand of the Governor; who, enraged at being thus thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for rebels.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the castle with certain destruction, there were, beside the military who composed the garrison, within its walls, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger, upon the approach of the rebel army. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old Cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To *him* she was "the *fairest* of the fair." He loved her, and would, like every *true* lover, have risked his life to serve her. To her little chamber it was he repaired when released from the duties of the day, and in her company he was glad to forget, for awhile, the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, it was that he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the Governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost his only virtue,) added all that licentiousness and profligacy

which characterised, in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line; had also beheld and admired her charms, but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged in more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being, who had offended him; and blast for ever his brightest hopes, by ruining her who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into the apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. Her virtue was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his remarks, with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echo of her voice was the only answer she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Sele, who snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain, whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind, sufficient not to discharge it, lest by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard. ‘Coward and slave, by heaven, you shall not again escape me!’ ‘Neither slave nor coward,’ exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognised the well-known sound of the governor’s voice, ‘and that Beauford will soon discover too.’ Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend more upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes; for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron-ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so: for on Sele’s springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him.

A party of the guard who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded opponent, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase; where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also, with some difficulty opened; and the interior of the castle keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible, than the sepulchres of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beauford commanded the men to lay down their prisoner. They did so, and retreated. The door grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-fated youth to himself again, where seating, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing,) himself upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up the wound, as well as he was able, with his handkerchief: after which he felt relieved. Perfectly aware from the situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his present confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would soon be obliged to surrender, when, in all probability, he should regain his liberty. But the thought of his Deva being in the power of one whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately thought of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle, and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which he had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and, though not very sanguine in his expectations, determined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong holds of the feudal barons, frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean



passages, for which any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find an use. Groping therefore his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the wall of the dungeon, which ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger; and he was enabled to stand erect. Still keeping the wall for his guide, he had not proceeded much farther on his dark and dismal track, when he was agreeably surprised on finding himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Following the direction of the draft, he soon found that his course was considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place; and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and in a short time had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle.

Once more at liberty, he surveyed, as well as the darkness of the night would permit, those parts of the fortress which were near him. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was soon cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*, 'It shall be so,' exclaimed he,—'Yes, this very night is Cardiff castle, Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain—Deva, I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I will do so, though I die a traitor.' Having with these words turned his back upon the walls, which but a few hours before he had gallantly defended, he sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's picquets, by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general: with which demand the guards, after first blindfolding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder which prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes, he perceived the ambitious Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and

attentively surveyed his appearance; and having satisfied himself, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, he addressed the following laconic question to him,—‘How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?’—‘I come to act, and not to parley,’ replied the unintimidated Sele, ‘to offer to a foe what he most wishes, possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend *to-night*, even at the expense of honour!’ Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look on his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined, as a *dernier* resort, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. ‘Be it so,’ was the answer; ‘he whom you address is always ready; lead on then, but hearken, haughty cavalier, should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit.’—‘Had I been the subject of fear,’ replied Walter Sele, ‘I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce then to your threatenings! nor think that I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear then the terms; nay, frown not! I’ll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man; and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me *even now* turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it now, at midnight, or to-morrow; but *that* is all you have within your power. Hear me then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements. That the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!—‘Cromwell will pledge his word,’ was the reply, ‘that life and freedom shall be given to all at present within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the Parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtesans. We come to fight with men, and not with women! now are you satisfied?’ Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he ‘would trust for once to the *honour* of a roundhead, if such a thing existed.’ Cromwell scowled, as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intentions, but prudence bade him conceal his rage, and he merely remarked, as he took his pistols from the table, that he might do so safely.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march,

which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only, (and, that by mere chance,) had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer, marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in the accustomed form—'Who goes there?'—'Friends.'—'To whom?'—'To Beauford and the King.' Sele's presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger; for the officer, on hearing the pass-word, not doubting but they were sent there by the command of the governor, passed on his way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking, without any further interruption.

The soldiers, after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled, with very little trouble, by means of a temporary ladder, which was formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guide. Here they had both time to rest, and also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements, to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed; for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach.

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles, was not seen floating as heretofore above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who defended it so stoutly, and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained, and he with beating heart and anxious look had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment, which the castle contained, in search for the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon his refus-

ing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around ; and even the mind of Cromwell *seemed* for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated. 'Now, then, proud cavalier,' cried he, 'has not the promise which I made been kept? Has either maid or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell, been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* wast not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!' Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt—flashed—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay, in the dress it wore while living, upon the green sward. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she still clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while they unfeelingly consigned it to its 'mother earth.' But immediately on the departure of the soldiers, after their having closed the earth, she returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had '*found* her Walter,' but alas! fair maid, she had *lost* her reason.

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#### THE PIRATE CAPTAIN.

We sailed from Liverpool in the spring of the year 18—, in the ship *Fancy*, bound for the island of Barbadoes. I was appointed supercargo of the vessel, and my directions were to superintend the landing of her valuable consignment, and receive in return a



cargo of West India produce for the London market. The *Fancy* was a fine brig, nearly new, built in America, and remarkable for her fast sailing. She mounted four nine pounders, and six swivels, and these, with a good supply of hangers, muskets, and boarding pikes, rendered us somewhat formidable in case of an attack : an event by no means improbable, as we were, at the time, at war with America, whose cruisers were particularly expert on the West India station. The crew consisted of ten men, exclusive of the captain and mate ; and we brought out with us, as passengers, a young officer, whose regiment was quartered at Barbadoes, a missionary from the London Bible Society, and a Mrs. M—— and her daughter, who were about to take up their residence in the island, on the estate of a wealthy planter, to whom they were related by the tender ties of wife and daughter. The vessel was well stocked with every sort of provision, and her accommodations were such as to afford comfort and convenience to us all. Of the captain I had known but little, and I confess, that his appearance and manners did not prepossess me in his favour ; however, as he seemed to endeavour to be as civil and accommodating as his rough nature would permit, I had hopes that my prejudice might be removed before the conclusion of the voyage.

We dropped down the Mersey with the tide, at midnight, and the next morning, such was the speed of our vessel, and the favourable state of the wind, the English coast was no longer visible. I shall never forget the sensations on quitting my birth, and coming upon deck to behold the prospect that appeared before me. The sun had just risen, and the whole eastern horizon, and the waters beneath, seemed dyed with the brightest crimson. The distant shores of Ireland were boldly marked out on the blue and cloudless sky ; and here and there, vessels with their white wings expanded, were scattered over the surface of the waters. The sea-birds were careering in the air, as if rejoicing in their freedom ; and our vessel, as she swept through the mimic waves, left behind her, as far as my eye could reach, a white track of foam. I was then in the morning of life, and this was the first time I beheld the ocean. I felt my spirits rise to an unusual height, and as I gazed around me and inhaled the fresh sea breeze, I walked upon the deck like one who had received a new existence.

For nine days we had a delightful passage, and we calculated that in three weeks more we should arrive at our destination. We passed our time as agreeably as we could, and endeavoured by mutual acts of civility and kindness to contribute to each other's comfort. The missionary was a man of talents and information, and the enthusiasm which he felt for the cause in which he had embarked, added much to the respect with which we

viewed him. The ladies contributed, in no small degree, to the general harmony, and the young officer and I endeavoured to make ourselves as pleasant as we could. As to the captain, we saw but little of him; his manners, instead of improving, grew daily more morose and repulsive, and he exercised a degree of unmerited severity over a portion of the crew, the majority of whom, however, were evidently under his entire subjection; and there seemed, I thought, to be a suspicious understanding between them, for which I could by no means account. There was a boy on board, named David, whose business was divided between attending to the affairs of the passengers' cabin, and waiting on the captain in the capacity of servant. This poor lad led a miserable life, and scarcely a day elapsed that he did not experience some new act of oppression from his unfeeling master.

One evening, after passing a few agreeable hours at cards, I retired to my birth, and soon fell into a sound slumber, from which, however, I was awoke about two o'clock by the violent motion of the ship, and an unusual noise on deck. I started up, and hastily dressing myself, I groped my way up the companion ladder to ascertain the cause of the tumult. The night was tremendous, and the vessel was reeling through the waves under a close reefed fore sail. Every man was at his post; and the captain, who stood on the after-deck, was giving his commands with a loud voice and furious gesture. The moon, at times, darting suddenly from behind a thick and impending cloud, flung a pale and lurid light over the surrounding scene; and the wind whistled through the cordage with a shrill and dismal sound. In one moment we were borne on the top of the roaring surge, and the next found us almost buried beneath it. Every thing loose on the deck had been swept off it, and spars, handspikes, and hen-coops were dashed to and fro by the fury of the waves. To stand on the deck without support was impossible; and although I clung with all my strength to the hatchway, I had the utmost difficulty to keep my footing. We were now wrapt in darkness almost total, and the succeeding moments were scarcely less appalling, when the pale presence of the moon showed us the horrors of our situation.

I was soon joined by the missionary and the young lieutenant. They were both naturally alarmed; and I own, I felt considerable apprehensions, notwithstanding that I knew the vessel was well formed in every particular: 'What a dreadful night, gentlemen,' said I, 'and what a sudden change is this from the fine weather we so lately experienced.' At this moment we heard the captain's voice, calling on the boy, David, for grog. 'The fellow already drunk,' said lieutenant Adams, and if he is allowed more drink he will sink the ship.' 'God in his mercy protect us,'

said the missionary, 'we have need of assistance now.' 'Mr. Edwards,' he added, addressing himself to me, 'you have some authority on board: let me entreat of you to prevent that wretched man, whose blasphemy at a time like this is truly dreadful, from taking more drink; the consequence of such intemperance may be fatal to us all.' I rushed forward, on the impulse of the moment, and snatching the glass which the boy was about to convey to his master, I dashed it overboard, exclaiming, 'For shame captain, you will lose the ship, and drown us all.' A moonbeam at that instant fell upon his face, and in the whole course of my life I never beheld a human countenance that expressed anger so strongly. I saw that the first burst of his rage was likely to be vented on me, and I drew back a few paces in order to defend myself, but the cowardly ruffian chose a weaker object. He snatched up the end of a broken handspike, and directed a blow at the poor boy beside me, which stretched him bleeding and lifeless on the deck.

'Villain,' exclaimed I, 'you have killed the lad, and you shall answer for it: his blood be upon your head.'

'Take the young rascal below,' said he, to one of his men; and then turning to me, he added, endeavouring to choke his rage, 'as to you, sir, you had better quit the deck yourself, or,' using a tremendous oath, 'you may be served in the same way. What, the ship in a gale of wind, and you dare to dispute my orders?' 'The lad is quite dead, sir,' said the man, as he raised the body in his arms. 'Then fling him overboard,' said the savage, 'and mix me some more grog.'

'Stay,' cried I, 'the boy may have life in him yet; beware, Captain Maddox, of what you are about.' But my intercession was in vain, and the bleeding remains of the murdered David were flung into the black and roaring waves. The moon at this time rendered objects visible, and I followed the body with my eyes, as I clung to the vessel's side; the face was upwards; a wound from which the warm blood was still gushing, was on the right temple, the eyes were wide open, and I thought I could perceive that their gaze was fixed on me with a sad and earnest meaning. I stretched forward to grasp the body, but a tremendous wave swept it from my sight for ever; and half drenched with the splashing of the sea, and nearly overcome by my feelings, I tottered to the cabin, where I found Adams and the missionary endeavoring to abate the fears of the ladies, who were awoke on the first alarm, and had left their beds in the utmost terror, to learn the cause of the tumult. 'Well, Mr. Edwards, are we safe?' demanded the anxious mother. 'I hope we are quite secure, my dear madam,' I replied, endeavouring to regain my composure. 'Keep up your spirits, the vessel is perfectly sound,

and she seems to work her way in excellent style, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest.' 'You hear that, my love,' said she, addressing her pale and trembling daughter, whose head reclined on her shoulder, 'Mr. Edwards assures us there is no danger.' 'Yet his looks would almost belie his words,' said the young lady, with a faint smile. The vessel, at this moment, began to pitch more furiously than ever, and an unusual noise on deck led us to suppose that something dreadful was about to happen. The mother and her daughter, supposing that all was over, dropped on their knees, locked in each other's arms. Leaving them in charge of the missionaries, who endeavoured to console their fears with hope and comfort, Mr. Adams and I rushed to the deck, determined to know the worst at once.

The storm had considerably increased, and the waves broke over the ship's head with the utmost fury; the sails were split to ribands, and we were running under bare poles, impelled by the fury of the gale. On looking aloft, we found that the captain had taken charge of the helm, and although he was now nearly quite drunk, such was his terrible ascendancy over the majority of the crew, that his orders were as promptly obeyed as if they knew he was in his perfect senses. The mate, however, who had heretofore the charge of the helm, and three of the steadiest of his crew, did not scruple to dispute his commands; and at the moment when he came upon deck, they were in loud murmurs respecting the manner in which the ship was managed. 'He will swamp the vessel,' said the mate, 'if he holds the helm much longer.'

'Let us then remove him by force,' I exclaimed, 'the cargo of the ship is in my charge, and the lives ——' 'Be calm, Mr. Edwards,' said the mate, 'Maddox is a savage man, and you must remember, that seven of the crew are of his own picking, and as great ruffians as himself. I have strong reasons to suspect,' he added, in a suppressed tone, 'that they have a design upon the ship; I do not wish to give any unnecessary alarm, but from all that I have seen and overheard, there is certainly some plan in progress; perhaps to run the vessel into an American port, and sell her cargo. These words, whispered in the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the storm, were fearfully foreboding; and coupled with my previous knowledge of the brutal temper of Maddox, of which I had so recently witnessed the effects, in the murder of a defenceless boy, added no inconsiderable weight to the dangers with which we were surrounded.

The storm continued with unabated fury during the remainder of the night, and every moment I expected to have gone to the bottom. Towards morning, however, the tempest suddenly declined, and although the sea continued to be dreadfully agitated,



as we had weathered the gale without suffering material damage, our hopes began to brighten as the gay twilight spread gradually round us.

'I was standing on the fore-deck, observing this struggle of the elements, when a man, who was looking out ahead, suddenly exclaimed, 'A wreck on the lee-bow ;' and all eyes in an instant were directed to the lamentable object. A large vessel was driving before the wind, without a yard or a mast standing, the waves swept over her deck, and as well as the uncertain twilight would permit us to observe, there did not appear a living soul on board. She was nearly in our headway, and it was evident that we should run close alongside of her. As we bore down on her, we plainly heard the barking of a dog ; and as we drew closer, we discovered three miserable beings lashed to the capstan, and a dog howling piteously beside them. They appeared completely exhausted, and every succeeding wave seemed destined to carry them off. 'Can we not save these poor fellows, Mr. Mortimer ?' said I, addressing the mate. 'I fear not,' he cried, 'unless we could manage to take the wreck in tow, while we untie them from the capstan, for I see they are too far gone to assist themselves.' At the same instant the gallant fellow seized a rope, and at the imminent peril of his life, succeeded in making it fast to the wreck as he swept by her, within the distance of a few feet. This humane action caught the eye of Maddox, whose temper, naturally savage, was now under the influence of drink : he called to Mortimer to desist from his intention, and leave the vessel and the men to their fate. The spirit of humanity, however, was not thus to be controlled, the noble Mortimer persisted in his design, and already had the half-drowned and worn-out wretches anticipated a speedy relief from their miserable condition. Mr. Mortimer having sprung upon the wreck to make fast another rope before he assisted the men, when suddenly, on a signal from Maddox, both ropes were cut at the same instant, and the wreck, with the wretched remnant of its crew, and the gallant Mortimer, drifted from our reach, and in a few seconds disappeared for ever from my sight. I felt every drop of blood in my body rush to my heart, and I sprung at the author of the inhuman deed, to vent my rage and indignation on him for this new act of cold-blooded cruelty. This was the signal for the pirates to throw off their disguise ; Mr. Adams rushed forward to assist me, and three of the crew ranged themselves on our side ; we were without a single weapon—while Maddox and his seven men were armed in an instant, as if by magic, with pikes, pistols, and swords ; the consequence was, that after an ineffectual resistance, in which one of the seamen who rallied to our side received his death wound, we were overpowered with numbers, pinioned like culprits to the

deck, and threatened with instant destruction if we did not immediately yield—with cocked pistols to our heads, and sabres pointed at our breasts, we had no choice but to submit.

Mrs. M—— and her daughter, pale, trembling, and exhausted, were then led upon deck; they were nearly overcome by terror when they saw that we were prisoners. The missionary was next secured; he submitted quietly to his fate, and only calmly expostulated with the pirates on their unchristianlike and unlawful conduct. By this time, the morning had considerably advanced, and, but for our present situation, and our fearful anxiety of what was to follow, the glorious presence of the sun, as he rose above the troubled waters, as if to repay us for the dangers of the night, might well have cheered us with renewed hopes. But, absorbed as we were in feelings the most painful, and filled with gloomy anticipations, the cheering influence of the sun afforded us little consolation. The seizure of the ship was followed by an act equally unlawful; our trunks and luggage were ordered upon deck, and we were pillaged before our eyes, without the power to defend our property. My papers, containing the invoice of the ship's cargo, my private instructions, West India bills to a large amount, and letters of credit and introduction, were eagerly seized on; and, in short, every article of value contained in our trunks, and on our persons, was appropriated to the use of these sea-robbers. To sum up our misfortunes, we were then shoved into an open boat let down from the vessel's side, without chart, compass, or rudder to assist us, and with nothing to avert starvation, except a small bag of biscuits, a cask of water, and a bottle of rum: an old boat-cloak was flung to Mrs. M——, who bore this unlooked for misfortune with a spirit that did honour to her sex; her chief care being centred in her daughter, whose tender frame was less fitted to bear up against a trial so cruel and severe. Thus prepared to encounter the roughness of the sea, and the probable return of the tempest, we were barbarously pushed off from the ship's side, and cast upon the great Atlantic, without the most distant prospect of ever reaching land. The ship, after hoisting fresh sails, and displaying an American flag at her mast-head, stood away to the westward, and, favoured with a fine breeze, cut swiftly through, and, in a few hours appeared but as a speck on the distant horizon. The sensations of our little crew, as thus she gradually diminished, may be felt, but never can be described.

For my own part, overcome, as I nearly was, by melancholy reflections; and feeling, as I did, that we were given up to destruction, the presence of the excellent and amiable Mrs. M——, and her pale and suffering daughter, called up every manly feeling in my breast, and endued me with a fortitude, which, under different circumstances, I might not have felt. I even assumed a

cheerfulness that was foreign to my heart, and held out a hope of being speedily released from our sufferings, as there was, I said, every chance of our meeting, before evening, with some vessel that would take us on board. The missionary offered us a still better consolation ; for he spake of that blessed heaven, to which, if our earthly comforts failed, our faith in God would be sure to lead us. Mr. Adams, at first was low and desponding, which I, in a great measure, attributed to his loss of blood from a cut which he received on his head, in our brief struggle with the pirates. The two seamen who joined us in the fray, and who were now obliged to share our condition, conducted themselves with courage ; and, in short, considering our situation, and the probable fate that awaited us, we bore our misfortunes with tolerable composure. There was no useless lamentations, no despairing ravings ; for, after the first shock was over, we used every effort to appear like men, in the presence of the heroic mother and her suffering child, and the religious consolation bestowed by the good missionary, afforded solace and assistance to us all. The morning, by the blessing of Providence, was uncommonly fine, and although the sea was still agitated from the violence of the recent storm, our little boat bounded lightly over the waves, assisted by the remnant of an old sail, fastened to an oar. Our store of provisions we husbanded with the utmost care, and being resolved that no effort of our own should be wanting to second the mercy of Providence, if such mercy should extend to us, we entered into a solemn compact to be content with whatever portion of provision should fall to our lot, and to bear, without murmuring, whatever privations we might afterward be destined to endure. Having settled these points, all eyes were directed over the boundless ocean, in the trembling hope of discovering a sail ; but hour after hour passed away, and no prospect of a ship appeared between the heaving waters and the distant sky. A cloud on the horizon's brink arose at times, to mock us with the hope of succour ; and, as it melted into air, after attracting, for awhile our painful, anxious gaze, we felt more lost, more desolate than ever.

I shall forbear to repeat the details of our miseries and sufferings, for the three days and nights which we passed in an open and defenceless boat, on the treacherous bosom of the ocean. Scenes of this description have been sufficiently described, and the sad reality of the misery we endured on this occasion, is too painfully pictured in my mind to bear a repetition.

Suffice it to say, that having endured the extremes of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger ; having witnessed the last gasp of the fair and unfortunate Miss M——, who died on the night of our second day of hopeless misery, in the arms of her fond and anxious

mother, who vainly called on heaven to spare her darling child ; having looked around us on the desolate ocean for relief, till our aching eye-balls sunk hopeless in their sockets ; having wished for death myself, nay, prayed to God for my sudden dissolution, and having at length sunk into a torpor, allied to death itself, I was roused on the fourth morning of our misery, by the sudden cry of ' a ship ! a ship ! ' and looking in the direction to which the sailor pointed, I discovered a large vessel bearing down upon us. To describe my sensations at the moment, would be utterly impossible.

We were picked up by his Majesty's frigate the *Thetis*, of sixty-four guns, and every care and kindness bestowed on our wretched situation. Under this treatment, the good missionary, Lieutenant Adams, the two sailors, and myself, were soon recovered, but every attempt proved ineffectual to restore the amiable woman who shared in our misfortunes ; her daughter's death, more than the miseries she had herself endured, preyed deeply upon her spirits, and she died calling on her name.

The *Thetis* being homeward bound, arrived in the Downs in three weeks from the happy morning when she took us on board. My first care, on my unexpected return to England, was to forward to my employers in Liverpool a detailed account of the seizure of their ship and cargo, which being verified by the affidavits of my comrades in misfortune, was immediately transmitted to the Admiralty, and advices were instantly despatched to the admiral in command on the West India station, to seize the captain and crew of the *Fancy* of Liverpool, for murder and piracy on the high seas, and transmit their bodies forthwith to England. Although every exertion, however, was made to act on these orders, the pirates evaded all pursuit, and were no where to be seen or heard of.

Some years after these occurrences, I commenced business in London, on my own account, as a general merchant ; and one day, being in Whitechapel, I observed a vast concourse of people proceeding with a slow pace towards Mile End. In the centre of the crowd, I perceived a cart, guarded by a troop of horse ; inquiring of a by-stander, the cause of this singular procession, I was told that the cart contained a criminal, on his way to Execution Dock, to be there hanged pursuant to his sentence. ' His crime ? ' The murder of a seaman under his command, on a voyage homewards from New York. ' And his name ? ' I eagerly inquired. ' William Jones,' replied my informant. By this time the cavalcade had nearly advanced to where I stood, and anxious to get a look at the wretched culprit, I requested permission of a neighbour to be accommodated with a seat in his front window. My request was complied with, and just as I had taken my



station, the cart having received a temporary check from the pressure of the crowd, drew up before the window where I stood. The miserable wretch was seated with his back to the horse; his hands were pinioned before him, and his head dropped upon his breast. He was dressed in black, a red cap was on his head, and the halter was tied round his neck. The stoppage of the cart seemed for a moment to arouse him from the sullen stupor of despair into which his thoughts had fallen, and he looked up. What were my feelings, when in the wretched malefactor, I discovered Maddox, the pirate captain. An involuntary exclamation of surprise, to which I gave utterance, attracted the attention of the miserable man; he fixed his eyes upon my face, and after gazing for a few seconds on my features, and with a look in which shame, horror, and remorse, were powerfully blended, he shuddering turned himself round, and the cart moved on. He was hung according to his sentence, and his body was afterward suspended in chains on the high ground at Blackwall that overlooks the Thames. A few day after his execution, I stood beneath the gibbet; and as I gazed on the lifeless body, as it swung to and fro in the evening breeze, and caught a glimpse of the pale, grim features that were half hid beneath a black cap; I thought of those deaths he was the cause, and I felt how well they were avenged.

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#### THE NATURAL SON.

'It appears from the *Regiam Majestatem*, that Trial by Jury was used in Scotland as early as David I, 1124. From *Olaus Wormius* (*Monu. Danm. cap. 10. p. 72.*) that the trial by twelve men was introduced into Denmark by *Regenerus*, who began to reign in 820, from whom it was borrowed by *Ethelred*. 'Tis not improbable that our jury decided originally without a judge of all controversies within a certain district. We are in the dark concerning their proceedings, till the time of *Edward II.* when the *Year Book* began. Unanimity was required, 1st, out of mercy to the prisoner; 2dly, from the danger of attaints against jury-men; 3dly, to prevent any individual from being obnoxious to the crown or the parties. In the time of *Henry III.* this unanimity was not required in the first twelve impanelled, for, according to *Bracton*, if they disagreed, a number equal to the dissentients, or at least six to four, were added. From *Fleta*, it seems this was the practice in the next reign, but the judge then appears to have

had a power to oblige the first twelve to agree. In Scotland the decision is by a majority even of one, and the number is fifteen. Aldermen, and citizens of London, in the third Henry's reign, had the privilege for a trespass against the King to be tried by twelve citizens, for a murder by thirty, and for trespass against a stranger by the oath of six citizens and himself. (*Vide* Fabian's Chronicle.) Hickes, in his Thesaurus, the most learned research into Saxon antiquities, proves it was unknown to the Saxons, and supposes it was introduced into England by Henry II. (*Ibid.*)

Such were the contents of a torn paper which the wind wafted to the feet of Sheriff Elliot, as he took his morning walk. He said, as English lawyers are wont to say on a more important occasion — 'I spy a brother;' and opened the next fold with great care and curiosity.

'It is remarkable, that the English have always preserved an even number in their juries; thinking, perhaps, that among every twelve men there will be a majority of wise ones, or that the wise minority may always govern the majority of fools; but saith my friend, Silas Mucklequack, commonly called Syllass, 'even if the whole twelve should judge wrong, one full woman would set them right, for she would contradict them all.'

The Sheriff laughed, having no womankind at home, and turned another fold. 'Every body knows how a learned German ornithologist contrived to foster his motherless broods of chickens while he pursued his studies. Now, saith the aforesaid Silas, if such broods were properly distributed in the chambers of the senate, in courts of law, colleges, and coffee-houses, where a few irrelevant chirpings and crowings would not be strange, long sittings would prove marvellously useful, and speculating philosophers might be tolerably certain of providing their own dinners, and something for the benefit of the state.'

Mr. Elliott looked around for the probable owner of these citations, but saw no one except an old hen-wife at the door of her cot-house. 'Truly,' said he to himself, 'this rogue's wit runs through his law like quicksilver through a tube of tough leather: what will come next?' But he found only a few lover-like verses addressed to an 'Elfin Arrow,' commonly called a Scotch pebble.

Neil Elliott Sheriff-depute of a Scotch district, had once claimed only the humble designation of writer to the Scotch signet; but powerful connections, quick talents, and a happy address, placed him soon among the most important commoners in the west country. He was as earnestly sought on festival days as at magisterial meetings and arbitrations; and perhaps the fragment he had found was more touching to the humorous than the legal polity of his character. He perused it twice

before he noticed a letter lying on his breakfast-table, addressed to him in the same hand-writing. It contained a concise and modest petition for employment among his junior clerks, with an intimation that family circumstances deprived the writer of any recommendation, except that which the Sheriff's benevolence might find in his diligence and integrity. Mr. Elliot held this appeal in his hand when his servant entered to remove the multifarious abundance of a Scotch breakfast; and after some preamble, he inquired if the person who waited his reply had the appearance of a lawyer's pupil or clerk.

Silas Mucklequack was on some occasions a clerk himself, and he answered his master's question with professional gravity—  
—'An' he's to live like ane of us, sir, by what comes frae his mouth, he's right to put sae muckle into it. I ne'er saw sic a keen set lad.'—'I asked you,' said the Sheriff, hiding an extra dimple in his sleek face, 'whether his appearance and dimensions are such as would be decent in my office, and suited to his profession?'—'He'll do well enow,' answered honest Mucklequack—'he has made an unco' stir among the old rats in the barn—Its my thinking, sir, he would dieve a whole synod of elders.'—Elliot stopped him by issuing his command for the youth's introduction, and presently a stranger stood before him, whose dress, though gentlemanly, was soiled, as it seemed, by a long journey on foot, and unsuited to the singular delicacy of his form and aspect. 'Your name is Milton?' said the Sheriff, smiling at his visitor's resemblance to that soft and blooming beauty which the great bard is said to have possessed when a female troubadour left her tablets by her side to express its effect. The youth's eye had indeed that tender brightness and transparency observed in early portraits of Milton in his boyhood, shaded by the same kind of waving hair, whose rich tint was hardly required to embellish by contrast the extreme fairness of his cheek. The Sheriff thought that such must be the eye which, according to Scotch proverb, may 'split a stone,' and addressed his inquiries with more blandishment than success. Young Milton's tone was coldly reserved, and his answers only amounted to repetitions that he had no friends or home, and would consider humble and gratuitous employment as bounty till his abilities had been manifested.

The Sheriff had seen something more in Mucklequack's evasive answers than the mere dryness of privileged humour; and having dismissed the petitioner with a request to await his determination till the next morning, he began a private and close scrutiny with his servant. But the servitor of the law had been too long acquainted with demurs and detours to yield his secret easily; and Elliot needed all his skill to wring from him that Milton was the offending and discarded son of a neighbouring gentleman,

whose inflexible character was well supported by his ample fortune. He discovered also that no slight error could have caused the dismissal of an only son, loved even to dotage, and generally expected to enjoy all that the courtesy of Scotch laws allow a reputed father to bestow. The Sheriff formed his own opinion, and mounted his horse to visit it, Cunningham of Blackire himself.

A large round promontory, single and detached from the long link of heathy hills, gave its name to Cunningham's mansion. As Elliott plunged into the road which led him into its depths of shade, he mused on the fittest means of introducing his purpose to a father whose character was too upright to permit a suspicion of unjustified resentment, and too stern to allow easy atonement. His meditations were ended by Cunningham's approach on horseback. They were little more than strangers to each other's persons, but, as is usual in remote districts, fully acquainted with the situation and repute each possessed. The Sheriff's heart and countenance were well suited to an intercessor, and he opened his mission with the gentlest caution towards the feelings of an angry parent, and the safety of a son who had throw himself on his protection.

Cunningham of Blackire listened courteously but unmoved, and answered in ambiguous hints respecting the punishment due to felony, and the scandal of insulting a young female under her guardian's roof. 'Let him work, sir!' he suddenly exclaimed, with an almost purple flush of indignation—'Wiser laws than ours have deemed labour a more useful punishment than imprisonment or death.'—'Blackire,' replied the Sheriff gravely, 'I have been compelled to study human nature, and cannot believe that the miseries heaped on a young mind, will fertilize it as the most disgustful compost enriches the earth. This coarse thought itself is a sample of the fruits which such cultivation produces. Hard and insulting usage in youth removes the soft bloom both of virtue and beauty; and for myself,' he added, hiding his earnest purpose in a facetious air, 'I would prefer a foot with a corn or chilblain, to one made callous by going bare through stony paths. The corn would shrink from too rough approach, and the chilblain might be cured by gentle warmth, but the hard bare foot would probably go through mire and thorns without feeling.'

Blackire made no reply, and turned his horse into another road, while Sheriff Elliot directed his homewards, weighing the indirect accusations he had heard, and endeavouring to guess the person who had suffered these supposed outrages.

Cunningham was a bachelor like himself, and had no female guest at present, except an orphan niece under pupilage, and



her governess. Common rumour had indicated that he wished to unite his ward and his acknowledged son, who could have had no temptation, therefore, to any clandestine or injurious act; and how could theft be plausibly imputed to the presumptive heir of such abundance! Elliot returned embarrassed and undecided to his home, where his suitor awaited him with a calm countenance, which he examined strictly, while he announced the failure of his mediation: 'But,' he added, 'your father sends you this purse to . . . . . '—'Would he give me another blow?' said Milton Cunningham, and, as he recoiled from it, his countenance darkened into a startling resemblance of his father's. The Sheriff, still influenced in his favour by feelings which he chose neither to resist nor define, forbore any farther comment, and detained him under his roof, without distinctly expressing his opinions or designs. On the sixth day, a cadet's commission arrived from London, followed by suitable equipment, appearing to proceed from his father. Young Milton received them with a cold and stubborn sullenness, which induced the Sheriff to change his measures. Without preamble, he began by a sudden and direct appeal to his conscience, for the same reason that men attack marble with iron, and hard metals with a file. He named the broad and heavy charge indicated by his father, and the rumours which his silent obstinacy warranted. He intimated, that the noblest and strongest self-command was shewn by meeting the inquiry, and enduring the censure even of a judge too austere. Milton answered coldly, but with singular expression, 'A lie has no feet—and began to prepare for his long voyage.

Elliot saw him go to the place of embarkation without the slightest departure from his gloomy reserve, or the least abatement of that indifference which he had always shewn to suspicion or disgrace. But when the boat was ready, and the Sheriff's eyes moistened as they took their last glance, Milton stepped back, and put a small sealed packet into his hand. 'It is addressed,' said he, 'to the donor of all I now possess, and I know, though I have not expressed, how much I owe him. Let him preserve this till my return, or till he hears of my death.'—'Only say that your accuser is mistaken!' returned the Sheriff eagerly—But Milton shook his head, and leaped into the boat in silence. His youth, his affecting countenance, and even his obduracy, gave him a kind of mysterious hold on his patron's mind, which retained all the legendary romance of the Border Elliots, blended with the lavish kindness of unoccupied affections. He hoarded the packet entrusted to him with inviolable reverence to its seals; and perceiving by its address that Milton recognized his benefactor, he thought of him incessantly with that gladdening warmth which the grateful give to the beneficent.

Three years passed away without any communication between the father and son, or any apparent change in the former's inflexible resentment. Nor was there any material alteration in his family affairs and general conduct, except more ostentatious splendour on some occasions, and querulous litigation on others. A summons had been issued against him for 'count and reckoning' by the tutors and curators of a young heritor; or, as English lawyers would phrase it, for an adjustment of accompts with a minor's guardians. Though the subject of dispute seemed trifling at first, other claims and unexpected pleas became entangled with it, till the dissolution of Cunningham's large property seemed inevitable. Many pitied the disastrous progress of a litigating spirit, and a few were anxious to preserve Cunningham's mind from ruinous despondency. Neil Elliot stood aloof, half resenting the ill success of his mediation, and more than half suspecting some deeper cause for his neighbour's dejection. He always believed that wounds of the mind, whether given by grief or guilt, resemble those of the body, where time makes a callus of an outward hurt, but a cancer of a hidden one. Therefore he preferred open faults and grievances to any disguise, and sought no intimacy with a man whose impenetrable character seemed like the smooth stone laid over a grave. He was musing on this subject by his bed-chamber lamp, when a courier brought a special message from Cunningham of Blackire, requiring his professional aid and instant presence. He obeyed immediately, not doubting that this late summons proceeded from his death-bed, and would be followed by some decisive communication respecting his son. Elliot's amazement was extreme when he found Blackire in apparent health, and received his injunctions to fill up a stamped paper with a marriage contract, after which the kirk-minister would perform the ceremony.—'Are you not aware,' said Elliot, 'that such a ceremony precludes in Scotland the necessity of any written precognition, as it will invest all this woman's offspring, though of prior birth, with the rights of legitimacy?'—'She has but one,' replied Cunningham, casting down his eyes; 'and I only wish by the terms of a settlement to bar her claims on my estate.'—Elliot smiled at the evasion, rightly judging that her demands would be of little importance to an estate which would be soon surrendered to his creditors. 'Then,' he answered, 'if you only wish to exclude her from the law's allowance of one-third of your rents and moveables, it will be sufficient to sign a settlement without any pretence of a pre-contract, which, however sanctioned by the courtesy of Scotland, will seem, in this instance, only a deliberate and needless falsehood.' A dark flash escaped Cunningham's eyes, but his determined aspect remained, and he replied, 'My heirs at law are among my persecutors, and I have

resolved to defeat them by giving my son rights beyond dispute, if enforced by an attested acknowledgment of private marriage.' Elliot was silenced, for he saw under this affectation of spleen, a revival of his parental love, which sought to disguise itself even in hatred to his heirs at law. Therefore he prepared a contract, with a full and formal preamble, stating an irregular marriage twenty years antecedent to this date, between the parties; and Cunningham ushered him into another apartment to witness its completion. His chosen bride, the mother of his son, awaited him there with the kirk-minister, and received Elliot as a total stranger; but the first glance at her face convinced him it was one he well remembered. His surprise and consternation were inexpressible, and must have been observed, if, with presence of mind which far surpassed his, she had not immediately begun the business of signature. How could Elliot act in this terrible dilemma? The subtle spirit which could confront him without shrinking, might devise falsehoods sufficient to baffle his allegations, and her willing dupe would probably sustain her. Before he had determined, the time of action was past; the minister performed the brief ceremony of a Scotch marriage, and the unwilling witness hastened away, bitterly feeling that he might have escaped reproach himself if he had resisted the first proposal of a false precontract—if, in short, he had not been tempted to abet evil by a remote hope of good. It was not too late, perhaps, to defeat this precognition, as even the courteous laws of Scotland cannot support one, if the circumstances of the parties at the period of the pretended date were such as to render a legal contract impossible. But the disgrace and misery of an investigation would fall heaviest on the innocent, and it was easy to perceive that the blandishments of a base woman had utterly bewildered and subdued Blackire's violent spirit, as a skein of thread entangles the crocodile's teeth. He contented himself, therefore, with hoping that he knew the worst consequences;—a hope always deceitful, and a kind of knowledge never granted to those who deviate even a single step from the right path.

Another year passed, and the Sheriff was seated by his fire-side, comparing the civil institutes of various countries, with a remorseful recollection, that, by unguardedly availing himself of one, he had swept away the lineal succession of an honourable family, established a profligate woman in its highest place, and given the rights of inheritance to a very doubtful claimant. He had once deemed the marriage laws of England too rigid to afford refuge to early and innocent affections; and had thought their formalities often urged imprudence into guilt; but he now gave more bitter blame to those of Scotland, which render rashness irretrievable, and artifice easy. He sighed to think the me-

dium was not yet found between statutes that make vice desperate, and those that give it a premium and a privilege ; and wiser casuists might have doubted whether moral order is most injured by laws too rigorous to be enforced, or by others whose force is a protection to offenders.

In the midst of these professional musings, Milton Cunningham was suddenly announced, and entered, after an absence of four years from his native country. There was an eager expression of inquiry in his countenance, which the Sheriff understood more fully than he could answer, for he was uncertain whether Milton had yet to learn that his father was dead, insolvent, and his mother a disgraced fugitive. 'I know all,' said Milton, imagining that he interpreted all his friend's embarrassment—'but the letter!—have you preserved the letter?'—The Sheriff answered by taking it from its repository:—'Break the seal,' added the visitor, in a faltering voice—'The time is come.' Elliot instantly obeyed, and saw a promissory note of ancient date for three thousand pounds with these words in the envelope :

'The guardian of an orphan niece found this note, executed by himself to her father, in her possession. His affairs were involved—his exigencies pressing ; she was under his roof, and in his power—he extorted it from her, but an unexpected witness interrupted him, and secured it. An honest and powerful advocate might give her redress—a son cannot.'

The Sheriff, raising his eyes from this statement, fixed them steadfastly on Milton, and saw its truth in the noble agony his countenance expressed. 'Speak, Sir, I beseech you,' he said, after a long pause—'Speak to me as a lawyer, not as a friend, and let me hear the worst. I have sinned, I know—and have beggared the owner of this note, perhaps, by concealing it—but my father!'—he stopped and burst into tears. The Sheriff replied with moist eyes—'As a lawyer, I must tell you, the statute of limitation has invalidated this note ; and even if its date was less remote, it could give no claim on your father's real estate, which has been surrendered to satisfy special debts. In law, therefore, the purchaser of his land cannot be charged with this, and the unfortunate creditor will find redress difficult ; but as a friend, I may add, that there are other chances. Your father's uncle died last night unmarried, and intestate—his personal property is ample, and to that, at least, you may lay claim in England, by virtue of your legalized birth, and atone for this transaction.'—'My birth!' repeated the young man, starting—'it never was publicly legalized.'—'It is true,' said Elliot—'My clerk and myself were the only witnesses, and the officiating minister is dead without registering the fact—but I possess a precognition—a contract sufficient in all its forms.' Milton seized it



with flashing eyes, and read the whole eagerly—‘Is there no public record—no other proof?’—‘None,’ returned Elliot, chilled by the joy he betrayed—‘unless this can be justified, your cousin is your uncle’s heiress.’—‘There perishes the obstacle then!’ said Milton, throwing it into the fire—‘she will be indemnified fourfold for the lost note, and my father’s name will be saved!’—The Sheriff laid his hand on Milton’s head with an involuntary gesture of benediction—‘You have atoned nobly; but you shall not be disinherited. I am the purchaser of Blackire’s estate, and that it may satisfy every claim of honour and justice, it is yours. May his fate be a powerful example! He was once a proud, an honest man, yet he became an attester of falsehoods, a ruffian, and a robber, to enrich a rapacious courtesan, and a stranger’s son - - - - -  
*I am your father!* V.

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### THE LUNATIC.

No part of our laws implies a more becoming consciousness of the fallibility of human judgment, than the cautious and deliberate procedure required in ascertaining mental disease, and surrendering a supposed lunatic to the custody of his kindred. A remarkable instance of this kind fell under my own observation.—I was on my way to visit an uncle resident on the coast of Cornwall, and believed myself very near my journey’s end, when the stage-coach driver admitted a stranger to fill a seat which had been vacated. The other three passengers were busily engaged in a discussion on lawful and unlawful duels, and referring occasionally to a pamphlet printed in 1632, on occasion of the Battle awarded in the preceding year in the Court of Chivalry on an Appeal of Treason by Lord Rea against Mr. Ramsay. Then followed an attempt to trace the Writ of Appeal and Wager of Battle from the practice of Turkey, and its prevalence in England till the third year of Henry VII. But our new companion, whose dress was very little superior to a disbanded seaman, suddenly joined the conversation; ‘Gentleman,’ he began, in a stern voice, ‘modern philosophers never read, therefore they are always making discoveries.—Did Blackstone see any barbarity in this mode of satisfying justice, or did the Archbishop of Toledo disdain to witness such a combat in the most religious court of Europe?’—This extraordinary combination of authorities made one of the party smile, though his professional petulance was stirred by the implied comparison between our English oracle and an old

Spanish bigot. To waive any farther disputes on the wisdom or antiquity of trial by single combat, he began to describe the dresses worn on such occasions in our third Henry's days. 'Sir,' interposed our legislator in a blue jacket, 'the pike, dagger, long sword, and short-sword, which you speak of, were appointed only for Rea and Ramsay. In Henry's time, such combatants fought with weapons of small length, with heads, hands, and feet bare; or with ebon staves or batons, having hard sand bags fastened at the ends. And each might have a four-cornered shield without any iron, and a frock of red cloth reaching to the elbow and knee. But the Appellant's head was ever covered, and the Defendant's *rayed* or shaven thus.'—As he spoke, the describer suddenly raised his hat, and discovered a head of most extraordinary character. It reminded us of those fine busts found among the ruins caused by a volcano, scorched and bruised, but not deprived of their noble symmetry and expression. His skin was darkened as if burning lava had passed over it, except on the upper part of his head, which appeared to have been lately shaven, and was now bordered by a fringe of the same crisp black hair which formed the thick curl of his eye-brows, and met near his chin. Blackstone and Beccaria were wholly forgotten while we looked on this formidable countenance, and observed that its possessor had also a strong staff, not unlike the baton of the champions he had been describing. Not another word was hazarded; and when the mail-coach stopped, I mounted the horse provided for me with great readiness, to escape from the sight of our unknown companion. I shall be pardoned, I believe, if I confess, that during my ride through the solitary lane which led to my uncle's old manor-house, I cast several suspicious glances at the shadows which a few shaggy elms threw over my path. The first kind salutations of a hospitable relative were hardly finished, when his porter came to announce a stranger, who desired instant admission on the most urgent business. It was late, the manor-house was lonely, and situated near a coast noted for desperate pirates and contraband adventurers. But my good old uncle, who held that office 'the like of which,' as has been merrily said, 'is known to no other land,' was too proud of his authority, and too conscious that he held it with pure hands, to entertain any fears.—Yet he allowed me to accompany him to what he called his justice-room, where, with much surprise, and some apprehension, I saw the dark man. He looked at me first as if recognising my features, and endeavouring to examine their import; then addressing my uncle with more courtesy than his rude apparel promised, he requested a private audience. A glance of intelligence which we had time to exchange, induced my old kinsman to support me, when I professed myself his indispensable

clerk. After mysteriously closing the door, and advancing so near as to make me regret that my travelling pistols were out of my reach, he announced, in a low and singularly solemn tone, that he came to lay a capital charge against two seamen of his Majesty's ship, the ——. 'Of felony or murder?' said my uncle, and I prepared pen and paper to fulfil my assumed office of his clerk. 'Of completing one, and conspiring to commit the other,' replied the informer in the same low tone, with a mixed expression of fear and horror in his countenance. The justice required him to relate particulars, and they seemed distinctly told. He stated, that the boatswain and another person belonging to an English ship of war, had conveyed him in their boat, after dining with their captain and his officers, to an obscure cove on the coast, near Naples, where he had been imprisoned several days, and at last released, or, to speak more properly, abandoned, without money, and almost without clothes, on a desolate spot, from whence he was conveyed, in a delirious fever, by his valet. This last particular deserved inquiry. How did his valet discover his master's situation, and what induced him to visit a part of the Neapolitan coast so desolate and undistinguished, in quest of him? Our informer answered, that the man himself might be questioned on that subject. To my remark, that only the fact of robbery could be substantiated, as murder did not appear to have been designed, he replied, 'Both were committed, but not within the letter of our laws.' Being urged to explain this ambiguous sentence, he remained several minutes in a silence which implied such deep and melancholy recollection, that neither our curiosity nor our suspicions emboldened us to interrupt it. My honest uncle spoke first—'Child,' he said, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, with a kindness which almost always created the confidence it expressed, 'there is something in this business more than you have communicated, or less than you imagine. If these men proposed an outrage against your life, why did they leave the opportunity and the work unfinished: and if they never attempted it, why is the murderous design imputed to them?'—Still he made no reply, and my uncle inquired the extent of the robbery he had suffered.—'Only a few pieces of gold,' he answered, 'and my valet tells me they were restored.'—We looked at each other with sufficient agreement in our thoughts that the charge was wholly due to a disordered imagination; and hoping to detect its incoherence still more broadly, we required him to repeat it, while I made minutes. But he made no variation in names or dates; his descriptions of the secret cove, of the boatswain's figure and his companion's dress, were singularly precise and forcible. My uncle called for supper, and seating him by his fire-side, with the frank kindness of an old English squire, endea-

voured to fix his attention on other subjects. We talked of political occurrences, of the general state of Italy, and the victory then recent at Maida. A slight shivering of his lips and eyelids indicated that this last subject touched some tender nerve, and he suddenly asked me if I had seen Calabria.—‘My nephew is an idle Templar,’ said the justice, answering for me, ‘and has more ambition to be lined with good capon than at a cannon’s mouth.’ Our guest’s imagination probably caught some unintended reference in this allusion to Shakspear, and he replied, with a fierce gesture, ‘He is right, and I have now no honour to be jealous of. Gentlemen, I understand the purpose of all this. You persuade yourselves that an outrage which did not end in the actual loss of my life and property, is not worth a public and difficult investigation: you wish to soothe me into forgetfulness and forgiveness, and I thank you for the attempt. You know not what a blessing it would be *to forget*, and I have sought for it in many ways, but these men haunt me still, and I must accuse them. Remember, gentlemen, I did not say how much of my life and property they spared, nor how little.’—We could make no answer to a speech which with all its obscure incoherence, was solemn. Almost convinced that his visitor was insane, my uncle soothed him with an assurance that he would expedite the progress of justice, and had began to offer him a chamber under his roof till morning, when another stranger with three attendants claimed admission. They were brought into the room where we still sat with the accuser, who started from his place at their entrance, and held up the formidable baton I have mentioned once before. Sir Frederick Cornwall, as I chuse to call our new visitor, presented himself with very engaging politeness, and entreated pardon for his relative’s intrusion. I accompanied him into another apartment, and heard his expressions of regret at the notional insanity which seemed to have taken entire hold of his nephew’s mind.

To my question whether Colonel C. had ever been in Naples, he replied that he had only returned from thence a few days; ‘But,’ he added, ‘his valet assures me no part of this strange romance, which he perists in repeating, ever had existence, if we except the delirious fever he himself confesses.’ A request that the unhappy young man might be delivered into his custody, followed this speech, which did not appear to me quite satisfactory. He perceived it, and produced several letters dated from Naples, and distinctly giving the Neapolitan physician’s opinion of his distemper. One, written by the captain of the vessel in which Colonel C. had sailed home, detailed many touching instances of incurable dejection, and hinted at an attempted suicide. This letter enclosed another from the unfortunate young officer himself,



relating the transaction in the bay of Naples, exactly as he had described it to us, but with many expressions of the keenest and most desperate resentment. Though these expressions were mingled with others which seemed to imply grateful confidence in his uncle's affection, I thought myself at liberty to doubt it, and ventured to inquire why the valet had not accompanied his unfortunate master to England. Sir Frederick showed me an Italian letter, containing so natural and so clear a statement of the man's reasons for remaining in his native country, that no objection could be made. But my good uncle, who well deserved the name of Justice, positively detained the Colonel as his guest till the strictest inquiries had been pursued. Nothing resulted that could throw doubt on Sir Frederick, or justify us in withholding the Colonel's person, which he surrendered himself with an air of tranquillity almost amounting to happiness.

I remember in my boyhood a certain piece of mathematical magic in an old Encyclopedia, representing almost innumerable circles most intricately interwoven, but all combining in one. I have since found it a very accurate representation of the manner in which the selfish plans of individuals are rendered parts of one wide and perfect system of equal justice. A few years passed after this incident, and all remembrance of it had begun to disappear, when my professional duties brought me on the western circuit, to a town where I received an anonymous letter enclosing a large bank-note to retain me as counsel in the cause of a very young French boy charged with private robbery. The note I deposited in my uncle's hands, to remain untouched, as a clue to future discovery ; but the account circulated in the town concerning this young offender was sufficient to interest me. He was accused of stealing the purse and pocket-book of an unfortunate gentleman who occupied a small mansion not far from the castle appropriated to French prisoners of war. Louis, as this boy called himself, had been found bruised and senseless under the mansion wall, from which he appeared to have fallen in an attempt to escape from the garden, where the owner had seen him lurking, probably after robbing the lunatic who resided there of the money found upon him. Amongst this money was a gold seal and diamond ring, both bearing the initials of Colonel Cornwall, and recognized by many persons as his property, though his reputed insanity rendered his evidence inadmissible. I questioned the boy with all the severity and adroitness in my power, but could extort no confession from him regarding his business at that mansion, or the means by which the money fell into his hands. He did not deny that he had seen Colonel Cornwall ; he admitted the seal and ring might have been once his property, but could give no account of the gold. My earnest application pro-

cured a magistrate's order for my admission into Colonel C.'s presence alone. The keeper warned me of his concealed fierceness and malignity, and left us together with evident reluctance. He knew me instantly, and burst into tears. I love human nature, and honour it too much to dwell on the frightful picture he gave me of his sufferings. The clearness, the moderation, and the method of his detail, convinced me they were undeserved; and my representations gained such attention from a discerning magistrate, supported by the votes of three physicians, that he obtained admission into court as a capable witness. His narrative was simple and convincing. Louis, he said, had conveyed three letters to him from an unknown person, offering him money and jewels to bribe the keeper employed by his interesting relative. This mysterious friend also promised to produce such evidence as would effectually silence those who impeached his intellects. But he solemnly protested that he could not conjecture from whence these offers came, nor by what means Louis had obtained the seal and ring, which he did not remember ever to have seen before. I confess my surprise at this assertion, but it was useful to the prisoner. As the charge of felony was completely falsified, the court did not deem it a duty to inquire farther; the young Frenchman was released; and after a tedious struggle with the forms of another court, our more unfortunate friend Cornwall was freed from his uncle's custody. I accompanied him to a retired villa in my own good uncle's neighbourhood, which he chose for the wildness of its scenery and the pastoral simplicity of its inhabitants. We arrived at the pleasantest hour of that sweet spring-season which belongs only to England; and I congratulated him, as I thought, most opportunely on his restoration to the rights and comforts of an Englishman. 'It is your work,' he replied, with a melancholy smile, 'and I will not be so ungrateful as to tell you it is useless.'—'I would rather be told that it is imperfect, provided you will teach me how to amend it. But I do not perceive any thing wanting to your tranquillity, unless you wish to know more of Louis or his employer; and it is impossible to deny, Cornwall, that your unwillingness to pursue inquiry in that quarter, calls some suspicion upon yourself.' He made no answer to this speech, except one of those fixed and haggard looks which accompanied his former state of dejection, till I couched my question in direct terms—'On your honour as a gentleman, and under the sacred secrecy which I owe you as a counsellor, tell me if you know more of Louis?'—'My dear friend,' he answered, 'and those words imply every thing most sacred between man and man; I do know Louis, and therefore I disclaimed all knowledge of the seal and ring; the gold would have burned both my heart and my brain if I had accepted it, but

I could not confess the truth. Complete your task by staying with me till the day of my death, and you will learn all.'—'You have deceived me, then, in the affair of Naples too, perhaps?'—'On the faith of a dying man, you have heard the truth, and nothing but the truth, on that subject. I told you when we first met, that I had enemies who had taken away my honour, and now they have reached my life.'

This terrible hint confirmed suspicions in my mind that had been indistinctly forming since the first period of our acquaintance. Cornwall's uncle had children who might be largely benefitted by his death; the suspected valet was probably their agent, and the strange outrage committed at Naples might have been a stratagem to disorder his imagination, or an attempt to remove him baffled by some secret means. Mine was not the only judgment biassed against Sir Frederick Cornwall, and the emaciated state of his nephew, every where ascribed to the cruelties inflicted on him, caused such general indignation and abhorrence, that the darkest suspicions were willingly received. Letters were privately sent to powerful persons in Naples, urging them to trace the Italian valet; and while we awaited the result, my uncle and myself neglected no means to allure the melancholy man from his solitude. He was our guest for whole days and weeks, and his house, on these occasions, was left to the care of three trusty servants, who had known and loved him from his youth. They were alarmed, one evening, in their master's absence, by the stoppage of a hired post-chaise at their gates, from whence, without ceremony or inquiry, a veiled woman came into the hall, and seated herself. The servants looked at each other in stupid confusion, for they all recognized their master's divorced wife.'

'Be under no embarrassment,' said she, with a coolness which completed their astonishment: 'Colonel Cornwall is absent, and I neither desire nor expect to see him. Bring me ink and paper, and carry the letter I shall write.' They all obeyed without understanding her authority, and the whole household gathered round, each indulging his curiosity by holding some article of the writing apparatus. With her veil still over her face, and an unmoved attitude, she wrote and sealed her billet, which the steward, a man of great fidelity and shrewdness, brought instantly to me. His account of this singular visit, gave me great hopes of some decisive crisis; and not without many anxious expectations, I gave the paper into her husband's hands. He read it twice, his countenance changed extremely, but merely writing two lines with his pencil on the back of his wife's note, he desired me to deliver it myself. On such a mission there could be no hesitation. I found her still sitting in the hall, with her veil drawn over her, and the servants stationed in a cluster at some distance

to watch her motions. She read her husband's answer, and after a short pause, rose, and threw back her veil. 'I have recollected myself, sir,' she said, advancing towards me: 'these people all know me, and I have no right to screen myself from their contempt: it is part of the punishment I am come to meet, and this veil is an indulgence I do not deserve. Colonel Cornwall commands me to quit his house, but something is due to justice and public opinion. His uncle accuses him of inventing the conspiracy at Naples—You suspect his uncle of abetting it for his own purposes. I was the only witness of that transaction, and will give my evidence when and where you please; but I adjure all these persons to attest that their master has spoken the truth; and that his uncle is innocent.'—I was confounded by this public declaration on a subject so unfit for the ears of vulgar and prejudiced hearers. I begged a private audience, and endeavoured to persuade her, that her late husband's health was in no state to bear agitating appeals and discoveries; but she persisted in offering a termination of all secrets as the readiest and most certain medicine for his melancholy. She urged me to conduct her into his presence, or to be the medium of her communication. I accepted the last alternative, and she put a large drawing into my hand. 'I took an oath,' said she, half-smiling, 'never to name the principal actor in this affair, but I did not promise to conceal his picture.'

The servants of Colonel Cornwall's establishment received my orders to observe her narrowly till my return, and I sat out charged with a heavy and difficult task, to see him again. His first words were to prohibit the intrusion of the woman once called his wife. Then eyeing me steadfastly, he added, 'She has told you all, I see; but the disclosure might have been spared till after my decease. You have heard that villains who personated English seamen betrayed me into the hands of Neapolitan traitors.—I, who had volunteered my services on an important undertaking, and was entrusted with secret documents—I, while the army was sailing to its destination, was imprisoned in the den of that false woman's paramour, and then released alive with the mockery of mercy.'—'But perhaps even that small mercy was shewn at her intercession.'—'Yes!' he rejoined, with a smile full of bitterness, 'and she probably believed I would owe my liberty a second time to her interference, and thank her for it.—Tell her I do give her thanks, not for my life, but for making me seem a madman rather than a coward or a traitor, and for hastening my death now by her intrusion.'—'Look at this picture, however, and if it resembles the person whose agents imprisoned you, tell me by what name he is now called.'—He looked at it an instant, and thrusting it into the fire, replied—'An Emperor's brother-in-law—the *King of Naples!*'



These were his last articulate words. Except a look of sorrow, and a long pressure of my hand when I asked forgiveness for his wife, he gave no sign of recollection before he died that night. The unhappy woman fell into the extremest agonies of despair, and resigned herself to the most desolate solitude. Yet the energy of her conduct in her last confession, her courageous efforts to release her husband from the tortures of a mad-house in the garb of a French boy, and her deep repentance of the frailty which led her step by step into the society of military renegades, proved a mind worthy a better fate. I did not discover till long after, that during three years she had submitted to perform the meanest duties of a menial in the house where her husband suffered confinement as a lunatic, hoping to find some means of expressing her remorse, or of alleviating his misery: but she found neither; and when her detection and dismissal by the keeper suggested the romantic expedient of boy's attire, his inflexible pride refused all aid from a hand that had disgraced him. He died the victim of feelings too finely wrought; and if the misery of an unfaithful wife needs aggravation, she feels the utmost in remembering that her guilt caused the overthrow of a noble mind, and the untimely death of its possessor.

V.

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#### THE ASSIGNMENT.

My name is Peregrine Philowhim, formerly known to you as a member of the Brotherhood of Bioscribes, or Eunomian Society, assembled in search of the law of happiness. When the last meeting was called in their 'Hermitage,' only the Chaplain, the Philosopher, and myself, their humble historian, appeared at the septagon table. Our philosopher, now in the frost of his seventieth winter, looked sorrowfully at the vacant seats, and said, 'If melancholy thoughts deserved encouragement, I might say this fraternity represents the state of man himself—our poetical enthusiast, our gay busy philanthropist, our reasoning physician, and even our pleasant trifler, have forsaken us.—Thus the romance of our imagination, the sweetness of our social affections, our mental activity, and at last our taste for the world's trifles, abandon us in succession; and we all take refuge in vague chimeras, or perhaps, like me, in contemptuous indifference.'

Pereceiving, as I thought, a maleicious hint levelled at my scheming propensity, I answered, 'Certainly our brotherhood, when complete, represented the seven ages, and our systems

were nearly such as they usually produce. In the first age, we hope and love all things ; in the second, we seek the greatest good ; in the third, the least evil. The fourth age tempts a man to subdue or amend the world ; the fifth learns to endure, the sixth to shun, and the last to forget it.'

'And if,' interposed our Chaplain, 'the spirit of hope and benevolence is the spirit of the happiest age, how highly you have praised that religion which allows us to hope and love all things to the last ! Let us keep or recall our aptitude to love and be beloved, and we shall preserve the most precious privilege of youth.'

'We have thermometers and chronometers,' I continued, laughing ; 'why should not we contrive a *Biometer* of pocket size, in which the seven degrees of hope, pleasure, prudence, ambition, spleen, misanthropy, and selfishness, might be expressed : and by considering every day at what point he found himself, a man might ascertain the ascent or descent of his mind's electric fluid, and measure the true spirit of love.'

'Practicable enough,' said Counsellor Lumiere, 'but every one of us has a *Biometer*, as you call it, in his own conscience, if he dared to consult it. It is true, however, that our comforts and our virtues rise or fall very much according to our esteem for our fellow-creatures, and we never are so ready to be vicious, as when we find no good in them. Therefore I love to hoard every feeling or remembrance, every reason or example, which keeps me in good humour with my brethren ; and I know if I can always persuade myself to think well of them, I need not take much trouble to be on good terms with myself.'

Our sage brother, De Grey, replied—'And after all, it is a very consoling consideration that there is nothing new !—neither follies, wisdom, nor pleasure. It is consoling, I mean, because, though our imaginations lead us only to nearly the same kind of fooleries in all ages, our better faculties appear to have been always equal to their task. The amusements of man have often been ridiculous and unfixed, but his sense of truth and justice is immutable.'

'Let it be deemed no opposition to your inference, brother,' rejoined the advocate, 'if I suggest that the frequent failures of human judgment, when most solemnly and deliberately exercised, should tend to abate that self-sufficiency, and that spleenful estimate of others, which brings us to the lowest point of friend Philowhim's *Biometer*. Let us ascribe more to erring judgment and less to criminal motives, if we wish to view our fellow-creatures kindly : and since we have no better employment, let the secretary of our institution select a few of the numerous facts which have baffled human discernment. We honour the Director

of events when we acknowledge how often they are unravelled without and beyond the aid of our best faculties.'

I opened the lawyer's portfolio, and found a bundle of cases distinguished by a band of floss silk, instead of the usual ominous red tape. The first that presented itself, in alphabetical order, was endorsed 'An Assignment.'

During one of the long vacations in the last century, a young man in an ordinary hunting-dress, with a single dog by his side, was stopped in his stroll through an obscure glen by a very singular object. The sides of this glen were so steep and lofty, that they hardly admitted light enough to discover the course of a stream, more noisy than deep, which ran among broken rocks under natural arches. A narrow unfrequented road led into the depths of the valley, where a grey horse was quietly grazing, and at a little distance a man in black sat on one of the stones in the middle of the brook in a composed and meditative attitude. A position so extraordinary, attracted the sportman's attention, and he inquired, in a courteous accent, if the place afforded good sport for an angler. The solitary student raised his hat, and replied, in a peculiar tone of gravity, 'Sir, I am discriminating.' His observer hazarded a remark on the inconvenience of his seat, for the water was now flowing rather above the stones, but the man in black answered, 'You are mistaken, sir! any place is fit for discrimination. If you were a lawyer, sir, you would know, that on all occasions it is fitting and necessary to discriminate. If you are a trustee, and the estate is charged with debts—let the creditors wait: if you have an executorship and the legatees are clamorous, keep the funds while you discriminate—for a few years. Now the business in question is an assignment—Certain heritors in this country have assigned, granted, deponed, and made over sundry lands, teinds, tenements, and annual rents, to a certain person for the benefit of certain aforesaid; and now, sir, Auld Mahoun is in it if this person cannot keep this estate himself all his life, provided he takes a man of business into keeping too, and *discriminates* properly.'—'Pardon me,' said the young sportsman, laughing: 'if I think the most interesting point just now is how to discriminate between a wet coat and a dry one—and I have not the honour of knowing the person you call Auld Mahoun.'—'If that bag you carry was a bag of briefs,' replied the gentleman in the brook, 'I flatter myself you would be very well acquainted with him. In South Britain, sir, his usual cognomine is Nicholas or Harry senior, and, as old Bishop Latimer truly said, he is the best lawyer of us all, for he never misses his business.'

Though the young stranger could not determine whether his

new acquaintance was influenced by wine or insanity, there was something so ridiculously contrasted in the gravity of his discourse and the seat he had chosen, that he thought the sport of shooting well exchanged for this scene. Perceiving his attentive air, the black gentleman resumed his oration: 'In the church of St. Benignas, at Dijon, there is the statue of a queen with one foot resembling a goose's; and one of my merry clients, sir, wrote under it—'this is the law'—but as three such statues may be found in France, the jest might be extended to other professions.' 'Sir,' answered the youth, bowing, 'when a client jests, his lawyer must be an honourable one.'—'Very true, young gentleman, a merry client is a rarity: but heirs and executors never joke so well with lawyers as with physicians, because our mistakes are above ground, and a physician's are under it—Sir, you look as if you thought mine were likely to be under water, but this brook is a copy of my bill in chancery—always running—running—running on; and I am where I choose to be, among troubled —.' Before he could articulate the word, he fell from his seat into the water, and remained motionless.

The stranger stood aghast at this tragical conclusion of the farce, and made fruitless attempts to raise the body, which cramp or spasms had distorted. He succeeded, however, in drawing it out of the stream, whose chillness probably occasioned the disaster; and perceiving the grey horse saddled and bridled as if it had belonged to this unfortunate man, he mounted him, and leaving his dog to guard the body, rode to the town of K——, about two miles distant, to seek assistance. It was still a very early hour in the morning, and the master of an obscure inn, with two or three labourers, rose to accompany him back. Much time was lost by their hesitation, and when they reached Glencraig, the stranger's body was gone, and the dog lay dead beside the brook. Grief and astonishment were the young man's only feelings, but his companions viewed and questioned him with evident suspicion. The brook ran rapidly through the glen, deepening and growing broader till it reached the bay near K. where the small river Dee joins the western sea. One of the spectators followed its course, and discovered a pocket-book floating, and not yet entirely moistened. Its contents had probably been rifled, as it now contained only the rough draft of an assignment, in which blanks were left for dates and the names of persons and places. There was much agitation in the youth's features when he saw this document, and his seeming anxiety to keep it in his own possession increased the wary Scotch innkeeper's suspicions. He conveyed him instantly to the provost of K. whose questions were answered with obvious confusion and incoherence. His name, he said, was Evan M'Querie, and his place of abode a small farm on the neigh-



bouring coast, which he had tenanted a few weeks. He could not, or would not, give any references for his character; and the steward of the nobleman whose land he held, only knew that he came from England, and had paid a half-year's rent in advance. If he was acquainted with more, he did not venture to communicate it, and a most suspicious obscurity gathered around Evan. The ambiguity and reserve of his statements respecting his family and former life, his sullenness and ill-concealed anxiety, justified the prejudice which rose against him. He imputed the stains on his apparel to the sport he had pursued on that fatal morning, but bills of large amount on the bank of Scotland were found upon him, and the lost stranger's pocket-book had in its inner recess a pencilled list of bills, whose dates and value appeared to have been hastily effaced. And a silver penknife which tallied with the dog's mortal wound, was found in Glencraig, with the initials E. M.—Evan professed that his house had been robbed a few nights before by two of the privileged mendicants still frequent in Scotland, and begged the magistrate to observe that the collar of his dog had been stolen since he left it near the brook. But this excuse would have availed little, had not the most rigorous search been insufficient to recover the body; and the stranger's being thus rendered uncertain, the suspected prisoner was released after a long delay, but not without whispered hints of bribery, which pursued him to the obscure dwelling where he lived with only one servant in abhorred solitude.

I returned, about the close of the eighteenth century, from a long absence in the West Indies, and found myself charged with some professional duties which required my presence in Scotland. One of these duties was to ascertain the truth of some mysterious rumours respecting a wreck said to have happened on the western coast; and my visit to a nobleman in that neighbourhood enabled me to make inquiries. He informed me, that Evan M'Querie had purchased from him the land he formerly tenanted, and was considered wealthy, though his mode of life was sordid and laborious. Part of his wealth was generally ascribed to the mysterious affair of Glencraig, and part to the wreck of a small trading vessel on the coast which his estate bordered. Advertisements in provincial papers had offered a large reward for a certain trunk supposed to contain the jewels and purse of a young English heiress, who had sailed in that unfortunate vessel to join the unknown adventurer she had married clandestinely. The crew and passengers had perished; but Evan M'Querie, who was supposed to visit the coast nightly at that period in expectation of contraband consignments, had probably found the chest among less valuable articles which the waves had thrown on shore. Very soon after, he became proprietor instead of farmer; and

strange rumours were whispered of the cautious and deep solitude he seemed to seek. The event of the wreck had long since ceased to be a subject of conversation, and no inquiries had been pursued: therefore the elder neighbours surmised that the Laird M'Querie had begun to relax in his precautions, as his female servant had been seen at kirk and market in remnants of yellow lace and silk gloves, which were deemed a part of the spoils found in the lost bridal chest. My curiosity was excited by these details, and my friendly host supplied me with a pretext to visit the suspected man in his own mansion. It stood at the foot of an unshapely hill, half encircled by a rude plantation of dwarf firs in a hollow, sloping towards the rocky cove celebrated in the legends of shipwreck. The swampy and neglected grass-plot before the door, fenced on one side by an irregular peat-stack, and on the other by a half-ruined tenement for poultry, indicated the squalid habits of its master. He opened the door himself, fearing perhaps to trust a stranger with the decrepit female who officiated as his only domestic; and finding that I came on manorial business from his neighbour, he conducted me into a room, fit for the residence of a man who hated because he feared his fellow-creatures. Evan now appeared in more than his fortieth year; and though his person was grown broad and robust, his height was greatly diminished by the constant stoop of his head and the contraction of his chest. The dark brown acquired by labour in the sun and wind, could not entirely cover a greenish sallowness in his complexion, and his thick black hair was streaked with grey. Shunned by his few neighbours, he had adopted the clownish dress and hoarse accent of his dependents; and a kind of scornful fierceness mingled with the anxiety which I could perceive in his eyes when he viewed me askance.

My dog, who had followed me reluctantly into this gloomy house, after scenting the wooden panels of its owner's close bed, and looking wistfully at the cakes and fish hung over the smoked ingle, couched himself with great caution on the hearth. The Laird glanced at his collar, and asked leave to examine its inscription—'*Nec deficit alter.*'—'That, as you may perceive by the initials,' said I, 'is not the motto of my family; and if it was changed into '*Nec deficit halter,*' it would be more appropriate, perhaps, to the real owner.' The blue gloom of Evan's eyes threatened lightning at this speech, but I had considered my purpose and pursued it. 'My business in Scotland is to inquire if any traces have been preserved of the wreck which occurred here more than sixteen years since. The daughter of a Northumbrian baronet is supposed to have perished on this coast, and her father before his death assigned his estates to me in trust for her benefit, and for his distant relatives in the event of her de-

cease without offspring. A provision is also allotted to her husband if he survives her ; but it seems most probable that he shared her fate in the foundered sloop. I am authorised to give an ample recompense 'to any one who can trace or restore the chest which accompanied her.' The Laird's complexion changed, and his agitation strongly resembled guilt. 'Mr. M'Querie,' I continued, in a stern tone, 'this silver knife is Ellen Maxwell's—perhaps you found it among the relics of the wreck?'—He grew paler, but his eye became more intrepid, and he seemed collecting his strength for a desperate effort—'This,' said he, after a long pause, 'is another result of the prejudice against me. That knife was mine long before the wreck, and was in the hands of a magistrate on an occasion even more melancholy. I am innocent of both the crimes imputed to me.' This ready consciousness of suspicion implied more than innocence, and I again offered a premium for the surrender of the jewels, adding that I saw the chest itself under the panels of his bed. He rose, and advanced towards me with a startling and suddenness. 'Though you have entered my house to disturb my reputation, you will not find it so easy to disturb my property. Chance threw that chest into my hands, and I kept it by the right of a husband : Ellen Maxwell was my wife.'

This unexpected confession deranged all the gravity of my professional face, and I shook him cordially by the hand, with a smile which, I suppose, recalled the youthful expression of my features. He gave a cry of transport, and embraced me. It was not easy for me to recover voice enough to tell him, that when my stupor of intoxication and epilepsy had induced him to leave me in Glencaig, I had been found by two vagrant beggars, who probably destroyed the dog before they robbed me. I recovered my senses in sufficient time to see them hastening down the glen ; but having no recollection of the place where my horse had been left, or of any thing that had passed before my trance, I made haste to reach the town of K. where I found the vessel in which my passage to Liverpool was secured on the point of sailing. Her boat received me before I entered the town, and I left Great Britain for the West Indies without leisure or inclination to inquire after the robbers, and without any memorial of the adventure, except the collar of the faithful dog who had died in my defence. 'You see,' concluded I, 'my old habit of discriminating remains ; and as your father-in-law died lately without revoking his assignment, it will enable me to show my gratitude for the hazard you incurred in Glencaig, which I never knew till to-day ; and to prove that a lawyer may love justice, though he may be found sometimes among troubled waters.'

Evan M'Querie soon furnished me with documents sufficient

to certify his marriage with the lady I have mentioned. He had hired the small farm house of Glenraig for her reception when he came incognito to Scotland, and her untimely death on the coast where she hoped to meet him, added to the disgraceful prejudice raised against him, occasioned the deep seclusion to which he retired. He emerged from it with a retrieved name and an ample competence, which atoned for undeserved sufferings, and proved the fallibility of *circumstantial evidence*.

For myself, I must confess, that on the eventful morning which began this narrative, my imagination was bewildered by the splendid profits derivable from the assignment. My narrow escape from death arrested and chastized my wandering thoughts with a force which would have been doubly awful had I then discovered that I owed it to the man whose property I was tempted to infringe. Since that period, though the law has guarded the instrument called an assignment with infinite formalities and precautions, I have never considered it in the course of my professional career, without wishing that such a warning may befall every man who executes or receives a deed of trust. V.

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### THE CZAR IWAN.

'Perverse, deceitful, inconstant woman! Mahomet judges wisely when he told his followers there could be none with souls! . . . . ' Such were the ruminations of Count Demetrius, as he began his journey from St. Petersburg to the desolate fortress Schlussemburgh. He had devoted the flower of his youth and the full vigour of his talents to the service of the Empress Catherine, whose gracious demeanour had excited him to expect a reward far more splendid than the government of a solitary castle. But it contained her kinsman, Iwan of Mechlenburgh, whose claims to the Russian throne, derived from his great aunt, the Empress Anna Iwanowna, were sufficient to collect partisans, and furnish a rallying point of sedition. Policy could not have selected a fitter guard for this important personage than Count Demetrius, whose high principles of loyal faith insured his integrity, while his personal attachment to the empress seemed sufficient to stifle those finer feelings of humanity which might have revolted from his task. With many pangs, arising from that half-satisfied attachment and those half-stifed feelings, the Count reached Schlussemburg, and, according to his instructions, opened the sealed orders of the empress. Though he trembled at their import, and blushed,



though alone, his pride was soothed by the extensive trust reposed in his courage and fidelity : his ambition promised itself a high reward ; and that love which affords a ready excuse to the vanity from whence it springs, gave a brilliant colouring to its errors.

Notwithstanding the devout obedience which Demetrius chose to owe his sovereign, he entered the presence of his prisoner Iwan with sensations very unlike conscious rectitude. The prince, though only in his twentieth year, viewed his new gaoler with an air of stern contempt, and a piercing glance which probably gained force from the almost feminine beauty of the face from whence it lightened. That glance was sufficient to inform Iwan how little rigour could be feared from Demetrius, and how much his heart was conscious of the crime his ambition excused. They exchanged only a few words ; but though each feared to trust the other, both felt a beginning friendship. The new governor retired to his bed-chamber with a determination to atone for the injustice of Iwan's imprisonment by the gentleness of its method.

The apartment assigned to Iwan was deep-sunk under the strongest tower of the fortress, and received light from a narrow window which the water of the moat almost reached. His food and apparel were always conveyed to him by the governor himself, who descended to this chamber through long intricate windings, among vaults and recesses known to no other inhabitant of the fortress, except a Cossack soldier, whose stubborn zeal and almost giant strength had advanced him to the important station of sentinel at the prince's door. There he watched night and day, sleeping only during the very few hours which the governor spent every morning with his prisoner. When the air was bland and moon brilliant, the unfortunate Iwan sometimes accompanied Demetrius to a secluded part of the garden, and enjoyed the luxuries of exercise and light.

It was the noon of a delicious night, when the Count, now happiest in his prisoner's society, descended to offer him a promenade. He unbarred the iron door gently as usual, and, supposing him asleep, drew back the curtain of his couch to awaken him. The couch, the chamber were vacant ! Demetrius rushed out, and saw the Cossack sentinel standing with his usual vacant gaze of sullen indifference. 'Follow me, Basil !' he exclaimed — 'our prisoner has escaped.' The Cossack answered only by trimming his torch, and unsheathing his large poignard. Demetrius traversed every recess in the subterranean labyrinth till he reached the remnant of a staircase half-choked with fallen stones. 'Here is an outlet,' said the governor : 'let us search round before we give alarm.' The Cossack hewed away among brambles and broken granite, till they found themselves in a rude hut, which seemed the depository of a woodman's stores. Embers of

a fire gleamed in a corner ; an axe, a few traces of provisions, lay near it, and some loose hurdles filled the entrance. The governor's eager survey informed him it had no living inhabitant—'We are too late !—but my bugle can alarm the garrison.' The Cossack's strong arm wrested it from him—and his ferocious smile showed his connivance in the prisoner's escape. Snatching up the woodman's axe, Demetrius levelled a deadly blow at the treacherous sentinel's head, but his own throat was seized with the force of determined vengeance, and the struggle would have been short, had not a friendly hand grasped the Cossack's foot. A boy sleeping among the hurdles in the hut, had been awakened by their contest, and now crept forward to save the victim. While with one hand he held the murderer's leg, with the other he gave Demetrius the sword which had been snatched from his grasp, and thrown on the ground. The Cossack received it in his breast, and expired muttering execrations. Demetrius caught the young stranger's arm as he attempted to hide himself again, and demanded his name. 'Alexis,' said the poor youth, trembling—'I came here to sleep after gathering wood all day.' Demetrius surveyed him eagerly, and a propitious thought arose. Iwan's escape had been discovered by none but himself ; and the Cossack, probably its sole abettor, now lay lifeless. 'This young woodman resembled the prince in stature and complexion ; might he not be safely substituted ? 'Grasping his hand, and fixing his eyes with all their dazzling fire upon him, Demetrius exacted an oath of secrecy. 'I never swear,' replied the forest boy, 'but I speak truth.' The governor's wavering purpose was fixed by this expression of courageous honesty. 'My safety and the state's requires me to detain you, but you cannot refuse to preserve a life for which you have already risked your own. Remain here without resistance, act according to my dictates, and you shall represent a prince.' Either fascinated by this splendid but ambiguous promise, or conscious of his dependence on the governor's mercy, Alexis silently kissed his unsheathed sabre, as a token of submission. Demetrius, hastily throwing the loose hurdles on his fallen enemy, bound his scarf over the young forester's eyes, and led him through the subterranean vaults of Schlussemburgh, to the chamber once occupied by Prince Iwan. 'Here, Alexis,' said he, 'you must remain while my sovereign's safety requires the nation to believe that my rival is still in my custody. No one visits this chamber except myself, and both our lives depend on your discretion.' Alexis looked round the desolate prison with an instinctive shudder, and a timid glance at Demetrius. There was a reproach in that glance so penetrating, yet so mild, that all the selfishness and craft learned in the school of political ambition sunk under it. 'I swear,' said

Demetrius, 'never to abandon your safety, though it should cost my own.'—'*God hears you!*' replied the prisoner: and the oath was registered in the speaker's heart.

In the solitude of his own apartment, Demetrius reviewed all the possible consequences of this eventful night, and discovered new motives to applaud his expedient. Chance had given to the young woodman such striking resemblance to the fugitive prince, that the real Iwan might be plausibly pronounced an impostor, should he ever venture to disturb the peace of Russia: or if the counterfeit was proved, Demetrius might contrive to appear the dupe, and not the abettor. In every way Alexis seemed to secure the best advantage to the empress and her agent: but to render his semblance complete, the governor saw the necessity of giving his mind a degree of cultivation equal to Iwan's if possible. For this purpose he visited him daily, and found his attention willing though his capacity seemed limited. He had spent his childhood, Alexis said, in the forest near Schlusselfburgh, and knew nothing except his native language: but Demetrius was a patient and assiduous instructor till his pupil acquired the rudiments of Latin, and could speak fluently in polished French. History at least whenever it resembled romance, was eagerly learned by the young student: and his remarks on the policy of courts shewed an instinctive shrewdness which almost resembled what is called *espieglerie*. But it was blended with simplicity so demure, and good humour so fascinating, that Demetrius almost thought it better than any he had seen before. The escape of the real Iwan seemed a secret wholly unsuspected, and the governor's labours to elucidate his representative became at length more necessary as the solace of his solitude than as means to ensure his safety. Conscious how much he owed to the patient submission of Alexis, his native sense of justice found some satisfaction in ameliorating it by paternal kindness. Once, when an intercourse of three years' length had established more familiarity, Alexis suddenly said, 'You have told me for what purpose governments were created and societies leagued together, but you never mention for what purpose man himself exists!'—

Demetrius was silent in surprise and secret shame; at length he replied, 'At least two thousand sages have given us as many systems, but every man has his best instructor in his heart; let every one pursue his own idea of pleasure, and he fulfils the sole purpose of his existence.'—'You once shewed me,' answered Alexis, 'a clear and distinct purpose for every class of animal and vegetable creation; was the great Being less wise when he made man?'—Angry at his own incompetent reasons, Demetrius retorted spleenfully—'I have been tempted to believe it since I have found one half the world created to degrade and deceive the

other. Yet we call that half the loveliest !—You will thank me at some period, Alexis, for having secluded you so long from its temptations.’—His pupil, smiling archly, replied, ‘Tell me by what art this strange authority is acquired, that I may avoid it ; or rather explain why men allow themselves to be subdued by women, if they possess superior power and wisdom.’—Demetrius hesitated at this unforeseen question, and answered, in a doubtful tone, ‘You could never learn metaphysics, Alexis, and I must suit my reason to your comprehension. Our power is real, and therefore undisguised ; haughty, and perhaps too rigid ; women steal theirs, and can only preserve it by artifice, blandishment, and seeming submission. The very strength of our superiority excites them to rebel ; and the softness of their usurpation prevents us from resisting.’—Alexis smiled again, as he rejoined, ‘You have explained the secret, Count ! but why should not lawful power borrow the graces which render even usurpers amiable ? And is it very certain that women govern when men say they are subdued ?—If they are swayed only by artifice and blandishment, their vanity not their love degrades them. They delight in the worship, not the worshipper, and are most selfish when they seem to sacrifice themselves.’

These truths were not new, but Demetrius had never been so well disposed to hear them. When he reviewed the past, he could not avoid confessing to his own heart, that all the errors he had chosen to ascribe to the Empress Catharine’s attractions, had been instigated by self-love or ambition. And when he remembered his pupil’s first question, he felt that pleasure, if it was indeed the privileged purpose of his existence, had been misunderstood or unsuccessfully pursued. More willing to prejudice Alexis than to confess his own mistakes, he gave him long and vehement cautions against the selfishness, frivolity, and deceit of women, to whom he attributed all the intrigues of courts and the perplexities of statesmen. Alexis treasured his precepts with grateful attention, though the first motive of the Count’s conduct had been self-interest. But the affection which grew in Demetrius for his prisoner shewed how naturally men love whatever proves and acknowledges their superiority. The usual bland and beneficent influence of such affections gradually recalled the festivity of his temper and the gentler graces of his manners. He saw in the improved talents of the young forester something which he prized, because it seemed his own creation ; and admired the native simplicity of his character as men admire the rose, not inerefly for its delicate glow, but for the modest elegance of the folds which envelope it. Perhaps those mysterious folds render it the best emblem of that beauty which always decays when fully displayed.



The third year of the supposed Iwan's imprisonment ended without detection, or any change, except in the governor himself. His visits became shorter and less frequent; his conversation vague and reserved. Alexis endeavoured to requite his former kindness by unwearied efforts to amuse him, but his pencil and flageolet obtained no regard: and his indirect request for further aid in the studies he had begun, was almost petulantly chidden. During one of these brief and cheerless visits, Alexis said, 'You have made me a physician and a painter; and if you had found talents, would have raised me into a politician and a philosopher: but in one science I was a proficient without your aid.' 'In what?' asked the governor, starting from a fit of gloomy abstraction. 'In physiognomy,' replied Alexis, 'or I should not have trusted your promise in the woodman's hut, nor your honour now, when it is so strongly assailed.' The Count's fixed eye, expressed the deepest consciousness and surprise, while Alexis added, 'Hear the extent of my science!—You have another prisoner in this fortress. Your secret instructions are to keep her unseen by your garrison, and to gain her confidence by every possible blandishment. Above all, you are required to prevent Prince Iwan from discovering that the Princess Sophia, his only sister, is an inmate here.' 'There are traitors in my garrison, then!' replied the governor, sternly. 'Several, my lord! but the greatest, perhaps, is your own heart. Dare you be convinced?'

It requires great courage or great skill to undeceive self-love, and still greater courage to be undeceived. But Alexis was right when he estimated his friend's candour by his own, and expected the most difficult and generous concession. The Count gave him his hand as he answered—'You are right: the Princess Sophia was brought here six months since by the agents of her brother's enemy, who know that her pretensions may be dangerous. But though I no longer love the empress, I am her faithful officer, and I demand the source of your information. Show me the errors of my judgment, and it will be no pain to correct them.'

Alexis smiled, as he pointed to a curtained recess in his prison, and requested Demetrius to conceal himself behind it. After a very short interval of profound silence, the door, of which Demetrius believed he possessed the only master key, was gently opened, and a female entered, muffled in a long dark cloak, and disguised by a mask exactly resembling Alexis, who met his visiter with a gracious air. 'Ah, prince!' said a most enchanting voice, 'how strange that misery should have so few friends! I have tried all the influence of smiles and flattery on your gaoler, but he will not connive at your escape. Let us have patience, however, and his blind zeal will defeat itself. For your sake I act the part of a captive princess, and in due time he shall find that

'I can rescue a prince.' 'For what purpose,' replied Alexis, 'do you cover your fair face with an imitation of one so inferior?'—'Speak low and listen! Menzikoff, your adherent, comes to night with a troop of horse, to surprise the fortress. This cloak and vest, exactly resembling yours, and this waxen mask laid skilfully on your pillow, will deceive the governor when he looks in at midnight; and now, while the bribed sentinel keeps watch, we can escape together.' 'Not to-night, woman!' exclaimed Alexis, suddenly winding his hand in her long black hair—'the count has had his sealed instructions, and you have yours. You are no princess, no friend of the House of Mechlenbergh: your trade is a courtesan's—you came here a spy and a betrayer, deputed to ensnare the governor by claiming his compassion as an injured prisoner.'

The beautiful culprit fell on her knees—'Pardon me, prince!—I never hoped to deceive you by personating your sister, for I knew you could not fail, when you saw me, to detect the difference in our persons. But, believe me, I am not so guilty as to be without remorse. I was sent here by the empress, who suspects Demetrius—I came with the escort of a state prisoner, and he believes me an unfortunate princess, whom he ought to respect and console.' 'And you wretch!' interrupted Alexis, 'you design to throw him on a scaffold by contriving my escape.' 'No, I swear!—had he been ready to gain what he believed the favour of a princess, or proud of his power to insult a prisoner, I should have ruined him without regret, and laughed at the easiness of the task. But his faith has been so loyal, and his trust in me so generous, that I have resolved to save you both. I have been often loved, but never respected before, and it has taught me to respect myself!' Then freeing her hair from the failing grasp of Alexis, she threw open his prison door, and fled towards the outlet, where means of escape were well provided. But Alexis disdained to follow a woman who would have known him to be an impostor if she had not been one herself.

During this strange conference, the governor departed from the curtained recess through a door known only to himself, and, assembling his most faithful officers, gave strict and skilful orders to guard every point of the fortress. A chosen troop was detached to watch the subterraneous entrance; and before these precautions were completed, they were justified by Menzikoff's approach. He came at the head of a well-armed battalion, and demanded his prince, Iwan of Mechlenbergh. The governor paused in complicated agonies. His secret orders from the empress contained a warrant for Iwan's instant execution, if a rescue should be attempted. He could not disobey those orders without forfeiting his own life, nor execute them unless he sacrificed his

preserver. Only one expedient remained—he might release the supposed Iwan through a secret gate, and perish himself in defending the fortress. Thus, at least, he could die unstained with murder, and unsuspected of treason : and he hastily descended towards the prison vaults to bid Alexis farewell. A man standing at their entrance sprang forward to meet him. It was Iwan himself!—‘Demetrius!’ he exclaimed, ‘I know all. Take back your prisoner—you have been a generous enemy, and your life shall not be endangered. The innocent must not perish in my stead.’ Surprise, gratitude, and anguish, rendered the Count dumb, but only for an instant—‘None shall perish!’ he suddenly replied—‘a blessed thought visits me—and rushing into the prison-chamber, he seized the vest, cloak, and waxen mask brought to represent Iwan. A soldier killed by a random musket shot lay on the ramparts. Favoured by the darkness of night, the governor wrapped him in the royal mantle, and covered his face with the beautiful mask and glossy ringlets attached to it. Then summoning his guards, and waving a signal-flag on the turret—‘Menzikoff!’ he said, through a trumpet—‘behold your prince!’—The bleeding body and lifeless face were exposed to the assembly ; and Menzikoff, believing his treacherous purpose fulfilled, dismissed the troop whose assault had furnished a pretext for Iwan’s death. The garrison reposed on their arms, and the governor returned once more to his private chamber, where the prince awaited him. ‘Prince!—your life is saved, and my task here is finished. You are my prisoner only till to-morrow, when I shall have resigned all the offices and honours bestowed on me by a sovereign I have served too long. I only ask you to accompany me from this fortress, and to promise peace with the empress, whom I will not betray, though she has not recompensed me!’

‘Russia will never hear of my existence,’ replied Iwan ; ‘a monk’s cowl sits easier than a crown : but you shall not depart uncompensated. My sister, the true Princess of Mechlenbergh, is in this fortress. Her bold and generous spirit tempted her to aid your Cossack in contriving my escape, and she has been my representative too long. Her danger determined me to return ; for I knew the purport of your secret orders. The lovely and deceitful minion sent to allure you is an impostor ; and you will find my sister in Alexis.’

The sequel requires few words. Before the lapse of another day, the governor of Schlusselfurg surrendered all his appointments, and with only his own small wealth, retired under a feigned name to Italy. There he received the sister of Iwan, and his blessing as a brother and a priest, at the altar of a monastery, where the prince ended his days in peace and obscurity. Deme-

trius spent a longer and more useful life with the Princess Sophia, whom he loved to call Alexia, while she delighted in remembering by what gentle devices his affections had been fixed on her in the simple forester's garb she had first assumed to aid her brother. She lived to hear him confess of what courage, fidelity, and self-sacrifice, a woman may be capable, and to discover that men have few faults which cannot be ameliorated by her influence.

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## THE LEAGUER MONK.

The evening of a fine summer day was just closing in, when two horsemen, who, from the spent condition of their steeds, had ridden far and fast, arrived at the steep hill which begins about a league and a half on the Paris side of St. Cloud. The one appeared to be a soldier; the other, by his sad coloured plain dress, seemed to belong to a more peaceful profession; but both were armed, as it behoved men to be in the troublesome times of the League, when violence and rapine roamed unpunished throughout France; and were no where less curbed than in the neighbourhood of Paris. The riders checked their horses when they began the ascent, and let the tired beasts walk up the hill.

'The danger is past,' said the elder, and less warlike of the two; 'the cursed leaguer-scouts dare not venture so far, and we may now breathe.'

'Ay, marry, and yet I trust them not,' replied the other. 'I would willingly dismount, but that, for aught I know, some cut throat may be even now on the lookout for us; and, in case of being out-numbered, we have no other chance but to make our steeds save themselves and us.'

'I told you it was somewhat rash to set out without an escort,' replied the elder.

'Ay, and if we had waited for that, the news I bear might have been useless; and some less cautious man would have had the command I hope for. It may do very well for you, my dear brother, who are the king's attorney-general, to take care of your valuable life; but I, who am but a younger brother of our good family of La Guesle, and a poor captain in his majesty's guard, can only hope to live by running the daily chance of being knocked on the head;—nay, even twice a day, sometimes, while the leaguers are out.'

'Yonder is one who looks suspiciously enough in my eyes,' said



the elder La Guesle, pointing to a monk who was kneeling before a crucifix by the road-side.

‘Well, he is but one, and a monk to boot,’ said the soldier.

‘Let me tell you there is never a viper more dangerous than one of yon same monks. I never look at their wide sleeves, but my mind misgives me they carry pistols and poniards in them.’

‘Pistols and poniards are not dangerous of themselves; and, in a monk’s grasp, they are as harmless as my mistress’ bodkin. But, see, yon monk looks as if he would speak.’

The subject of their conversation had finished his prayer, and approached the travellers. He was of the order of Jacobins; and his appearance was not much calculated to excite suspicion in any mind. His cowl was thrown back, and displayed his features, which, without being handsome, were sufficiently well-looking. An expression of mildness and humility characterised his countenance; and was somewhat exaggerated by the mortified air with which he cast down his eyes as the travellers came up to him.

‘*Salve et benedicite,*’ said the monk, in the drawling tone, usual with his fraternity.

‘*Et tu quoque,*’ replied the elder traveller; while the soldier, returning the monk’s salutation with a bow, asked—

‘Whither away, good father?’

‘To St. Cloud,’ replied the monk; ‘the unworthy bearer of a letter from the President Harley to the king.’

‘From my good friend the president!’ cried the elder La Guesle; ‘how fares he?’

‘Well in health,’ replied the monk, ‘but the pains of imprisonment, and sorrow for his poor country, weigh heavily upon the good man’s heart. He has written to our gracious king; and his letter contains a proposition which it may be shall end the distresses under which all men suffer.’

‘God a mercy! monk,’ cried the soldier, ‘if this be true, thou art the bearer of the best tidings that I have heard for many a day; but how comes it that an errand of such importance is entrusted to thee, who makest thy way poor and alone?’

‘My worn frock, and my poverty, are as good safeguards as thy bright cuirass. Other qualifications for this office have I none, save a Christian desire to bring about peace, for *beati sunt pacificatores.*’

‘Proudly said,’ cried the elder traveller; ‘but let me see thy passport. I have lived long enough to know that the hood makes not the monk, and that pious sayings often issue from profane mouths.’

The monk replied not; but drew from his scribe the passport

which had been required of him. The advocate inspected it, and saw that it was signed by the Count de Brienne, one of the king's generals, who was then a prisoner in Paris ; and, thus satisfied of the truth of the monk's story, he returned him the paper. During this conversation they had been walking slowly, and had now reached the top of the hill, from whence the turrets of St. Cloud were seen to glitter in the last rays of the sinking sun. The captain, who saw that the monk's feet were galled by the rough road (for the holy personage's shoes were in a marvellously dilapidated condition,) said to him good-naturedly, ' A long league, holy brother, lies between this and Saint Cloud. Now, if thou thinkest thou art horseman enough to keep thy seat behind me, the roan's crupper shall be thy saddle ; we will ride to St. Cloud like two ancient templars.'

The monk needed not twice bidding, but leaped with considerable agility behind the captain ; and the horses having by this time recovered themselves, the parties struck off at a round pace for St. Cloud. The roughness of the road prevented any further conversation ; the monk employed himself in telling his rosary : the captain congratulated himself on having a chaplain added to his suite ; and the attorney-general ruminated on schemes of policy adapted to the dangerous exigencies of the times.

When they reached St. Cloud, it was too late for the monk to present his letter to the king ; and the attorney-general, upon whom the mildness of his manner had somewhat gained, carried him to his own quarters, where he committed him to the care of his steward, promising that early in the morning he should be introduced to the king.

In the ample hall of the Sieur La Guesle, the poor monk was treated with less respect by the servants than their master had intended should be paid to him. They were all of course royalists ; and they knew that the monks, and particularly the Jacobins, to which fraternity the stranger belonged, were amongst the most decided partisans of the League against the king. The successes which had lately attended their monarch's arms gave good reason to hope that he would shortly reduce his rebellious subjects to obedience ; and they were anxiously expecting orders to march to the attack of Paris, which, feebly defended, and suffering all the inconveniences of a thick population, and scarcity of provisions, seemed to require little more than the show of assault to carry it. Anticipating the triumph of which they had assured themselves, the servants showed no inclination to spare the Jacobin monk. In the course of the supper, every one had in turn gibed the ecclesiastic : and he had borne all their jests with a quite and controlled temper. An inclination of the head,

a half-muttered prayer, or a look of contrition cast upwards, were the only replies that he made to the scoffs with which he was loaded, and yet, in the look which he sometimes cast about him, a keen observer might have suspected that what was passing in his heart, belied his outward appearance. The meal was ended; and Etienne Rabaut, the esquire of the Captain La Gucse, filled his cup high, and proposed the health of the king. Seeing that the monk did not fill his goblet, he cried out to him, 'How now, brother, is that a health not palatable to your reverence? what scruples can a good churchman have against drinking the health and long life of a good king?'

'None, none,' cried the monk hastily; and, as if to cover the error he had been guilty of, he drained the cup which had been set before him.

'Well pulled, my tight little monk,' said one of the grooms, who sate below him at the board, 'a most orthodox drinker. Let me see the Huguenot dog that shall drain his can like a jolly son of Mother Church.'

The monk seemed to be confused; and, as if impatient at having been thrown off his guard, he busily employed himself in paring a large apple which lay before him.

'Yes,' said another of the valets, 'and his reverence eats as well as he drinks. Did'st see Pierre how he laid about him at supper with yon large black-handled knife? Marry, look at it—with your reverence's leave,' he said, as he reached his hand across the table to take up the knife which the monk had laid down, and which was a remarkably large new-looking one.

The monk clutched up his knife eagerly, and thrust it into its sheath; then, checking himself, he said, with a forced smile, 'Thou shouldst never sport with edge tools.'

'The monk is as sharp as his knife,' said the disappointed valet: 'I never saw a churchman yet without a corkscrew and a knife. Now I warrant me thou wouldst sooner forget thy breviary than thy knife.'

'There is my breviary,' said the monk, drawing it from his bosom, and kissing it fervently, 'and here is my knife,' touching the handle as he spoke, and slowly pushing it within the folds of his cloak; at the same time looking calmly in the face of the servant.

'Is it true, holy father,' cried a pretty little waiting-maid who sat opposite, 'that six monks of thy fraternity have made a vow to kill the king?'

'As I am a Christian, I hope and believe not,' replied the monk; but there are good and bad men of all orders.'

'Truly and modestly spoken,' cried the steward, who began to think that the monk had been sufficiently baited, and that it was

not quite decent that a person of his profession should be made the sport of ribald serving men ; ' and now, my masters, silence, while the holy man returns thanks.'

The monk said a short prayer ; and, complaining of fatigue, was shown to his chamber, leaving his character to be handled as freely as the light-tongued inconsiderate servants listed.

On the following morning the whole court was in a bustle at an early hour. The king was going to hunt, and all his attendants were on the alert preparing for the chase. The attorney-general's first thought was of the monk, and the dispatches of which he was the bearer ; and he sent his servant to awake him. The valet found him lying on the bed dressed as he had been the night before, but fast asleep ; his hands were folded upon his bosom ; one of them clutched his breviary, and the other was thrust within his frock.

The man looked at him ; and, as the thought occurred to him that nothing but a quiet conscience could procure sleep so calm, he regretted the part he had taken in teasing this holy man the night before. He shook him, and called ; but, so sound were the monk's slumbers, that he was obliged to handle him even roughly before he could rouse him. At length the monk awoke ; and, learning that the attorney-general had sent for him, he hastened to make ready. A very few moments sufficed for his preparations, and he accompanied the *Sieur La Guesle* and his brother, the captain, to the king's quarters, where he was left in the ante-chamber, while his conductors entered the king's room to announce his coming.

Henry III. had risen this morning in one of those cheerful moods which had of late become rare with him. He was most unreasonably in high spirits, and was so eager for the chase that he had been hurrying the business which it was necessary for him to dispatch, in order that he might pursue his favourite diversion. When *La Guesle* entered with his brother, he found Henry standing up, while one of his gentlemen was buckling on his spurs. A small Italian greyhound was standing on its hind legs, kissing the king's hand with a fawning servility that could only be exceeded by the human courtiers who surrounded him.

'How now, *La Guesle*,' said the king as he entered, 'some new delays ? Does that long important face of thine portend that we are never to get to horse !'

'If I had to choose the road, sire, said *La Guesle*, I would give my best hopes to see your majesty on horseback. My brother has seen some of the officers of the *Picardy* regiment, and has learnt that *Paris* needs only to be summoned in order to surrender. He says that the only fighting men in *Paris* are the four thousand under the *Duke of Mayenne's* command, and that half



of them are ready to desert. The rabble populace, with the *canaille* of priests, monks, students, and other beggars, will be knocked on the head by the women of Paris as soon as your majesty's banner shall be displayed.

'Fair and softly, good attorney-general,' cried the king; 'much as I hate that same *canaille*, you and I have found that they can both give and take hard blows. But temper your ardour a little; a few days shall see us before Paris. In the mean time I thank you and your brother, whom I know for a brave and loyal chevalier, for your zeal. Nay, prithee, don't look blank on a fine morning, but come and help to strike a royal deer.'

'Your majesty's will must be obeyed, said La Guesle: 'but one moment's delay yet. There is a Jacobin monk waiting yonder without, whom I picked up yester evening on the road. He says he has a letter to your majesty from the lord president; and he comes with a pass from the Count de Brienne.'

'My poor prisoners!' cried the king; 'admit him instantly.'

At a sign from La Guesle, one of the Halebardiers drew aside the tapestry which covered the door of the ante-chamber, and beckoned to the monk to enter. Slowly and respectfully, but with a firm step, the Jacobin approached the king; and, kneeling to him, presented a letter which he held in his hand. The king stooped to take it from him; and, such was his eagerness to read it, that he began to open it without motioning to the monk to rise. Recollecting himself in a moment, but without lifting his eyes from the paper, he said, 'Rise, good father.'

The monk, who had his hands folded, rose slowly on one knee; and, as he did so, disengaged from its sheath the knife which had been observed by the servants at supper on the preceding night. Looking full in the king's face, he shortened his arm, and plunged the weapon with all his force into the belly of the unfortunate monarch. The king recoiled one step with the blow; and the monk, who had overreached himself, fell on his face. The king drew the knife from his wound, and cried out, 'Cursed monk, he has killed me—stab him!' and as, at the same moment, the monk was recovering himself, the king struck him twice, with a desperate strength on the face. The first wound was just below his left eye; the second was on his upper lip, and broke several of his teeth. The Chevalier de La Guesle, who had been talking to his brother, was roused at the king's cry; and, seizing the monk immediately, and pulling him away from the king, threw him on his back, placing his sword to his throat. Some of the other gentlemen present and the guard ran up at the same time; and, acting only under the impulse of the moment, thrust their weapons into the wretched murderer's body, which fell lifeless, and pierced with innumerable wounds.

The suddenness of the whole transaction seemed to have a stunning effect on every one present ; and they gazed now at the mangled wretch on the floor, now at their ill-fated monarch, who had sunk bleeding into the arms of some of his courtiers, with mingled feelings of rage and grief. The king was carried into his chamber ; and, the doors being closed, was given over to the care of his spiritual and medical attendants. Inquiry was then made if any body knew the assassin ; and he was soon ascertained to be a monk of the name of James Clement, who, to an ardent enthusiastic mind, joined great looseness and depravity of conduct, and had long been employed as the tool of that arch fiend and directress of the League, the Duchess of Montpensier. The indignant courtiers threw his body out of the window without ceremony ; and the two brothers La Guesle bewailed bitterly the chance which had made them the unwitting instruments of introducing him to the king's presence.

In the evening the hopes which had been entertained of the king's wound proved futile, and it was declared to be decidedly mortal. All the amiability of this ill-fated monarch's character then displayed itself. With unaffected piety he forgave his enemies ; and, sending for the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. he embraced him tenderly, and gave him such advice as was likely to make his reign happy. The tears of all who were present at this scene proved incontestably that, although Henry had been a weak king, he was beloved by all who had been intimate enough with him to estimate his good qualities. Thus died, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, Henry III. whose reign was one scene of intrigue and conspiracy, which had embittered and shortened his life, and rendered his kingdom a prey to the most destructive anarchy.

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#### THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

One summer, while at Baltimore on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St. Thomas's. I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me

notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him.

I passed two days in that anxious and unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage. A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. I was on the point of demanding who occasioned the disturbance, when a voice called out 'The schooner is ready to sail—they are heaving up the anchor—Captain Burder sent me to warn you to come on board without a moment's delay.'

I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen, that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him, and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. 'That doesn't concern you,' replied he, abruptly; 'I suppose your birth is ready below.' But instead of taking his hint, and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until we cleared the mouth of the harbour, which we at last accomplished with much difficulty, for the wind was as directly ahead as it could blow.

I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather; but judged, from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast.

On entering the cabin I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeables arising from Captain Burder's surly and untractable temper. They were named Mr. and Mrs. Monti, and were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the comparative un comforts of her situation; and therefore the sociality of her little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it. But the charm of her manners seemed to exert no influence upon the stubborn nature of Captain Burder, who always maintained a cold reserve, and rarely took any part in our conversation.

His appearance and deportment were singularly unprepossessing. A short muscular figure, a stern countenance, burnt almost to a copper colour by an exposure to tropical climates, black bushy hair, and small scintillating eyes, formed the exterior of our commander ; and his actions and external behaviour proved that the traits of his mind were as revolting as those of his person.

He treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner ; but, at the same time, behaved towards them with an air of familiarity very unusual for ship-masters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark, Captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard ; and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable, and I often felt uneasy and apprehensive, though there was no defined evil to fear nor any danger to anticipate.

Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner ; and our table, which had never been a well furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr. Monti complained to Captain Burder about it ; however, without avail, for the latter told him that he must just take things as he found them. On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander ; and Mrs. Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, and spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this arrangement, and muttered some threats which we did not understand. However, next day, his rage against us was farther increased, in consequence of Mr. Monti having taxed him with cruelty and injustice while in the act of beating the negro man already mentioned. This offence was not to be forgiven, and he accordingly broke off all intercourse with the individuals of our party.

Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning. While thus seated, one calm and beautiful moonlight night, Mrs. Monti said, ' If the weather and ocean were ever in this placid state, I believe I would prefer a sea-life to any other. The most susceptible mind could not discover any cause for terror or anxiety in the scene around us—I would rather meet a speedy death among these little billows than linger life away upon a



sick-bed, racked with pain, and surrounded with weeping friends.'—'I have less objections, Harriet,' said her husband, 'to your mode of dying than to your mode of living. I should not care to spend much time at sea, for I am sure it would pass very heavily. I love variety, and nothing of that is to be met with on board a ship.'—'I agree with you,' said Mrs. Monti; 'but variety is not necessary to happiness,—a regular, well-planned, uninterrupted routine would suit my disposition exactly, and would be more easily attainable at sea than any where else. A life of change entails many miseries. It makes us the slaves of accidents of every kind, and when we are happy we never can feel secure that our happiness will continue. Now, were I mistress of a large ship, and had the power of sailing continually upon a calm and safe ocean, I would collect my dearest friends on board of her, and get out of sight of land as fast as possible, carrying with me of course various means of amusement and recreation. We would regulate our time and our pleasures as we chose—no disagreeable person could intrude upon us—no spectacles of misery would meet our eyes, and no lamentations assail our ears; and we would enjoy each other's society without the fear of ever being separated or disunited, except by death; and when any one was removed, the remaining persons would console themselves with the reflection, that a link had been withdrawn from the chain which bound their hearts to this delusive and transitory world; and that, in proportion as their friends dropped away, they would feel more ready and willing to die than they had done while the former were in existence.'—'This seems a very plausible scheme of yours, my love,' replied Mr. Monti; 'however, I am glad you cannot put it in execution. I don't know any part of the ocean that is exempted from tempests, which I see you are resolved entirely to avoid, and with reason, for I suspect that a good gale of wind would discompose you and your select party, even more than Captain Burder himself, were he to find means of admittance into your projected floating Elysium.'

While we were engaged in conversation of this kind, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel where he stood, and asked if he had any thing to communicate. 'Yes, yes, master,' said he, in a whisper, 'something very strange, and of great consequence—but will no one overhear us?' 'Do not fear that,' answered I, 'Captain Burder is asleep in his birth, and the watch are all near the stern.' 'Then I will speak,' answered Samno. 'You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master—I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain

intends to cast away the vessel.' 'What do you mean?' cried I; 'I am at a loss to understand you.' 'Oh, I'll soon explain it all,' replied he. 'Last night I listened to my master and the mate, and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her and all she contains, twenty times over. These balcs, casks, and boxes, that lay in the hold, have no goods in them. They are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel aground somewhere on the Bahama Banks, and leave her to beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you !'

I was too much startled and agitated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno; and, after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained Captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might best be counteracted. When Mrs. Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and, at last, resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer a crisis.

Captain Burder's villainous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr. Monti daily made it a subject of conversation; but still we could not determine what course to pursue; and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety, during which, the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant, and took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate, that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the

lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party. Mrs. Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face ; but he turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments' hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position.

The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady, and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows ; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose ;—every thing wore an ominous and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, 'We are now on the Seal-bank ! I see the *black heads* ! The schooner will be aground immediately !' 'Rascal ! what do you say ?' returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him ; 'you are a lying vagabond ! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body !' 'What can all this mean ?' exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm ; 'are we really in danger ?' 'Captain Burder,' cried her husband, 'I command you to put about ship instantly ! We know all your plans ! You are a deceitful villain ! Seamen,' continued he, addressing the crew, 'obey this man at your peril ! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance ; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives.' 'Mutinous wretch !' returned the captain, 'you speak falsely ! I deny the charge ! You shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time. Fellows, stand by me ; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all ?' 'Ay, ay, sir, to the last,' answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

Silence now ensued ; and Captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly, and often cast

looks of fury and defiance at Mr. Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person, and likewise privately desired Mr. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way.

In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm. The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quickly got hard and fast aground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should.

Our situation now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the fore-top we could discern shoals stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea—and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sunk below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had been hardly dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession.

We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her, one after another, with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we would be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been



stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore.

It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented my overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way through the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till day-light should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning showed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus get round to us, while Samno went to meet him.

We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. 'We are all deceived,' cried he; 'that is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?' This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain

Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could.

Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. The channel had a rapid current ; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide ; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarce hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds ; but it was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done ; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find ; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into strips, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs. Monti and me, and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, after a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along with the stream.

None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed ; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean.

The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rock quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice

observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

I spent the greater part of the night in strolling along the shores of the island, which I could do with pleasure and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded light enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I happened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr. Monti was now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them.

At day-break no vestige of the raft or its unfortunate navigator was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr. Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind by a consideration of the dangers that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sunrise, the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner seaworthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs. Monti, and her maid, and I, were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Samno with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars.

It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to show the two females, that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but nevertheless determined to watch his motions. Mrs. Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them, in some measure, from the weather; and I had conveyed thither the

best provisions I could select from the quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the image of her husband.

Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset, and endeavoured to sleep; but notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long, that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquilizing effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch, I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tiptoe. Fortunately, he did not observe me, and I immediately shrank back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess, and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs. Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, 'Pray, sir, why do you intrude yourself here?' 'I come to inquire how you are,' replied Captain Burder, 'and to ask if I can be of any service to you.' 'None, none,' answered she; 'this is an extraordinary time for such a visit. I beg you will leave me.' 'Are you not afraid to remain here alone?' said Captain Burder. 'I have my attendant, sir,' returned Mrs. Monti, haughtily. 'No, no,' cried the former, 'you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you—You are a beautiful creature, and——' 'Captain Burder,' exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, 'do you really dare?—Begone!—Touch me not!' I heard a shriek, I rushed into the recess, and, seizing the insolent villain behind by the collar of his coat, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks, with all the force I was master of. He could not rise, but lay groaning with pain, and vainly attempting to speak.

I now hastened to Mrs. Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose, by assurances of unremitting protection, and by the hope of our soon being able to leave the island. When her attendant returned, I left them together, after promising to keep watch in front of the recess, and prevent the future intrusions of Captain Burder, who continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet, and retired out of sight.

I armed myself with a piece of broken oar, which I found among the cliffs, and began to walk backwards and forwards in front of the recess. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and uneasy than ever. I feared lest Captain Burder should attack me unawares, or gain access to



Mrs. Monti, if I relaxed my vigilance one moment ; and sleep was therefore out of the question. I paced along the rocks like a sentinel, starting at every sound, and ardently wishing for dawn, although I knew that there was no chance of its bringing me any relief. I did not dare to sit down, lest I should slumber. I counted the waves as they burst along the shore, and watched the stars successively rising and setting on opposite sides of the horizon ;—at one time fancying I saw my enemy lurking in some neighbouring cavity, and at another trying to discover the white sails of an approaching vessel. I observed Mrs. Monti's servant occasionally appear at the entrance of their wild abode, and look around, as if to ascertain that I still kept watch, and then quietly return within.

Shortly after midnight, while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for a little time without speaking. 'Do not suppose,' said he, at length, 'that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished. You have behaved most villainously—you took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard;—' And shall not hesitate to do it again,' returned I, 'if I chance to find you insulting Mrs. Monti.'—'You talk boldly,' cried he ; 'are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?'—'No, I am not.'—'Then learn that it is so,' exclaimed he, stamping his foot. 'My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return, we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the mean time, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of this evening's temerity.'—'Your crew,' said I, 'will not be so merciless as to abandon me, even although you order them to do so. I ask nothing from you—only keep at a distance from the recess—I advise this for your own sake.'—'This language won't last long,' cried he, quivering with rage ; 'why don't I pitch you over the cliffs this moment ? But no, you shall die a slower death.' He now hurried furiously away, but once or twice stopped short, as if half determined to return and attack me. However, he restrained his passion, and soon disappeared among the rocks.

A miserable fate, which we had no visible means of avoiding, seemed now to impend over Mrs. Monti and me. I leaned against a precipice near her place of refuge, and gave way to the most melancholy anticipations, which absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then, on changing my position, and looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching.

I did not for a moment doubt that they were Captain Burder's

crew, and that the vessel belonged to them; and I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs. Monti and myself, before their commander could have an opportunity of steeling their hearts against us. The boat, which had now touched the shore, was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man who stood on the top of it called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr. Monti himself. ‘My dear friend,’ cried I, ‘Heaven, I see, has afforded you that protection which I lately feared was on the point of being withdrawn from us. Eternally blessed be the hour of your return!’ ‘I have indeed had a wonderful preservation,’ returned he, ‘and you shall soon hear all—but how is my Harriet?’ ‘Safe and well, as yet,’ replied I; ‘You have just arrived in time.’

As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceding morning, to which he listened with shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably relieved when I had finished the recital. On reaching Mrs. Monti’s abode I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning on his arm. Their countenances were as radiant as the smooth expanse of ocean before us, which received the full influences of a dazzling sun. ‘Yonder sloop,’ said the delighted husband, ‘that rides so beautifully at anchor, will convey us hence this evening.—How graceful she looks! Her sails absolutely appear to be fringed with gold!’—‘Yes,’ returned Mrs. Monti, ‘I believe the enchanted galley which, as fairy legends tell us, conveyed Cherry and Fair Star from the island of Cyprus, did not appear a more divine object to their eyes than this does to mine.’—‘But,’ said Mr. Monti, ‘I must now give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of the sloop, which lay to whenever she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story and entreated him to steer for this island, which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruise about in search of distressed vessels. We would have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was ahead, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded, and I shall be more able to do him justice in this respect, as Harriet informs me that her maid, by your directions, secured most of our money and valuables about her person before she left the schooner.’

Mr. Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her

insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt, but still we were at a loss how to act, knowing that we could not legally take him into custody. However, in the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, having exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or reach an inhabited island. Manks, the master of the sloop, now proposed to take them on board his vessel, and carry them into port; and they all consented to accompany him, except Captain Burder and his mate, both of whom probably suspected that Mr. Monti intended giving information against them. But seeing no other means of leaving the island, they at length accepted Manks's offer, and we all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail.

We arrived safely at Nassau, New Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and, having stolen a boat, put to sea: and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard any thing of them while we remained upon the island.

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### FALSE JUDGMENT.

Some years ago, my curiosity to examine the Manx laws relating to debtor and creditor, combined with some family affairs, to determine me on a visit to the Isle of Man. The hard fate of an honest man of my acquaintance, who had given Manx bail for a friend, and by that means rendered himself liable to a heavy debt, though the debtor's person had been surrendered to gaol, stimulated my inquiries respecting the peculiar government of this island.

I reached the pier of Douglas on a propitious day, when the fine semicircular harbour, the Duke of Athol's free-stone palace in the centre, and a cultivated hill behind it, seen without the usual canopy of mist, gave a pleasant idea of old Mona. My poor friend, whose bail in the Manx fashion threatened his ruin, was an innkeeper, who received me with great hospitality, and wearied a lean horse by driving me in a kind of cart-carriage to Castle Rushen, where the courts of law are held. They are

sufficiently tedious, therefore I had leisure to see all the castles, barrows, heath, and gorse, to be found in the island. The simplicity which still prevailed there, rendered the resources of an idle stranger very few in female society; and after a month's stay, I was driven to seek amusement in the Calf of Man. This islet is still tenanted by one solitary farmer, whose sheep occupy the wild and treeless domain, disturbed only by groupes of white sea fowl, which cluster in the galleries of rocks that overhang the sea. On one of these galleries I saw a man walking, whose appearance did not resemble any inmate of the farmer's house at which I was a temporary guest. He was busied in a sketch of the Eye, or lonely rock, said to be a hermit's grave. It was easy to begin a conversation respecting the traditions of the isle; and my new acquaintance shewed me another drawing of Thomas Bushel's house, now in ruins, and the interior of his tomb. Then he described the beautiful valley of Glynmai, and the height of Snowfield; from whence the romantic coast of Kirkcudbright and its neighbourhood are visible. I told him, I had seen the Giant's Quoit-stones, the holy village of Kirkmichael, and especially the Tynwald Mount, celebrated as the seat of the legislative assembly. From thence we naturally digressed into a discussion of the laws and their founders, during which my companion spoke of the great Earl of Derby, and the patriarchal Bishop Wilson, with so much historic accuracy and moral feeling, that I felt tempted to regret the transient nature of our acquaintance, when we parted. Evening had advanced, and after a further ramble alone, I returned to my hospitable farmer's house, the only one in the islet, and was surprised to find my new friend already seated there, with the air of a well-known inmate. I considered him an artist in quest of local scenery, and his presence seemed no restraint on my host, who appeared an intelligent and civil man, though the simplicity of his household reminded me of those days when a pan and a blanket were heirlooms in a Manxman's family. After telling me of the benefit his farm derived from an earth-pot, as he called a lime-kiln, he began to deviate into the usual fire-side tales of Lady Derby's ghost, the spectre hound, and the submarine gardens discovered by a diving-bell. The supposed artist intimated his doubts, whether the sentence of the insular court on the reputed traitor Christian, accused of basely betraying the Earl of Derby's widow, could be justified. Our host after listening patiently to a long argument, asked leave to tell one of many anecdotes relating to the misjudgments of this court, and the probable abuse of its laws. All my professional curiosity was awake, and the farmer's story began.

'I was very young, gentlemen, when the eldest son of the south deemster unfortunately shot a favourite horse while hunt-



ing the wren on New-Year's Day. This sport, as you may know, comes from our belief, that a lovely fairy of most mischievous power appears in the wren's shape every year. Guttrid Lonan, the owner of the horse, had once been aggrieved by what he thought the deemster's unjust summons; and this accident became the pretence of the longest and most bitter litigation ever remembered in our island, though it has been called the Paradise of lawyers. The deemster in revenge tormented his adversary with fodder-juries to estimate his cattle, and carried a disputed grave digger's bill for two shillings and sixpence into half a dozen courts. But his enemy found a heavier mode of expressing his resentment. The deemster's son gave Manx bail for an unfortunate Englishman, and half his property became a forfeit. He died of grief and agitation; but his second brother reconciled himself to his family's antagonist by acts of singular condescension, and their friendship grew even more remarkable than their former enmity.

'Last summer, a young Englishwoman landed at Douglas, and enquired for a cheap and solitary lodging. She appeared to be one of these numerous refugees whose misfortunes or indiscretions bring them to this asylum. Considering her mild and gracious manners, it was thought strange when she fixed her residence with Guttrid Lonan, a farmer of such mean and dishonest habits, that his neighbours styled him the Manthe Doog, or black hound, of the heath where he lived. He had a wife as old and penurious as himself, as their admission of a stranger who seemed poor was a matter of surprise to all the villagers of Kirk-michael. Our island, gentlemen, is said to be the kingdom of fairies and witchcraft, therefore no one was surprised when the stranger came to the coroner of that district to relate a very singular dream and its effects. At midnight, in her solitary room near the roof of Guttrid Lonan's house, she had seen what seemed the apparition of a meagre child at the foot of her bed. To her question, whence and for what purpose it came, the spectre replied, 'I am in prison'—and she beheld it no more. But its impression on her fancy did not pass away. She considered all the circumstances of her entertainer's family, and recollected the mystery always preserved respecting a loft or chamber above her's. Lonan and his wife slept in the kitchen; the hour was safe: and having contrived a ladder of some chairs, she found a chasm in the rafters, by which she could introduce her hand, and unbolt the loft's trap-door. Within, on a chaff-bed, she discovered a female child, as lean, pale, and deadly as the spectre she had seen. 'Miserable creature!' said the Englishwoman—'why did you not remain in my room when you had found it?'—'I had not walked for a long time'—it answered in a dying voice

—‘Have you brought me any thing to eat?’ A strong iron chain, firmly fixed to a staple in the wall, convinced its visitor that its escape was not possible without aid, and that food was now more easily supplied than liberty. She returned in a few minutes with bread and wine, and moistened its lips while it lay in the torpor of extreme weakness. To remove it from its desolate prison was impracticable then, for day was fast approaching, and Lonan always rose with the dawn. But after preserving, during breakfast, a degree of calmness, sufficient, as she hoped, to prevent suspicion, she quitted the house of the heath, and hastened to the coroner with this narrative. Having a power both executive and inquisitorial, the coroner immediately entered the black-hound’s den with proper officers, but his wife, himself, and the unhappy child, were removed. The chaff-bed, the dried herring and oatmeal, which the Englishwoman had observed in the loft, in short every trace of this mysterious scene, had vanished; and except the flight of Guttrid and dame Lonan, nothing remained to prove the truth of her assertion.

‘The new deemster, or judge of the district made zealous enquiry; but before the motive or method of this flight could be ascertained, a fisherman’s boat was driven back by violent gales into Ramsey-bay, and the bodies of Guttrid and his wife were cast ashore. The latter had been evidently dead some hours, but art restored her husband; and when conveyed before the deemster, his courage and composure seemed unshaken. When confronted by his accuser, he stated, that she was the mother of the child, and had given him a large sum to secrete its body. She had misrepresented its age, he added, as it was, in fact, a still-born infant, which he had deposited at her request under the low water mark of Ramsey-bay. The owner of the fishing-boat had perished, and no one remained to disprove or confirm this tale, except the fisher’s widow, who confessed that Lonan’s wife, with a small basket in her hand, had hired the boat, though it was Sunday-eve, and they had no burnt gorse or wren’s feather to secure it from *‘the evil eye.’*—I was one of the sixty-four men from whom a jury was impannelled; Guttrid Lonan’s guilt was certain in my mind; but on the day appointed for a hearing of the cause, the Englishwoman escaped by some unknown artifice, and Lonan was acquitted. The deemster, it was said, had reason to fear a man who had been so formidable to his father and elder brother; but as the hunting of the wren caused Guttrid Lonan’s pretence to ruin an honourable man, a wren’s feather may ruin Guttrid Lonan.’

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My host ended his tale with a shrewd and forcible emphasis, which induced me to reply—‘I have heard something of this, and the spectre child is as tremendous in a winter’s night as the

spectre-hound of Peel Castle. But what are the grounds of this decisive prejudice against Lonan? the pretended dream, or the divination of some witch in wren's feathers?

'You speak, Sir,' said the artist, who had been silent till now, 'as if there were no well attested instances of a singular connexion between dreams and events.'

'Not so,' I answered, 'for many such are upon record. Governor Franklin, the American philosopher's venerable son, who was once designed to ornament my profession, has often told me of the singular vision which visited him while imprisoned during the rebellion of the colonies, and was verified by the circumstances of his first wife's death.'

The dove which an eminent sculptor has lately placed on the monument of a lovely lady, alludes to her repeated assertion that she expected the messenger of a deceased friend in the form of a dove to announce her own last moment. This beautiful apparition visited her mind's eye in the instant of death; but both these new facts may be explained without supernatural agency. The loyal governor and the gentle and pious woman were naturally apt in their slumbers to associate the images which their imaginations were accustomed to consider probable and pleasing. In such cases, an event is sometimes caused by our determination to expect it, or at least receives the colouring we are predisposed to bestow.'

'However,' rejoined the artist, eyeing me attentively, 'you perceive no reason to doubt that this supposed Englishwoman spoke truth.'

'None at this moment—I admit the possibility of her dream, though I consider it the effect, and not the cause, of some suspicion respecting a concealed child; and her flight appears to me no absolute proof of her guilt!'

'I have not told you all yet, Sir, that was said about her!' added my historian, eagerly—'We people of this island suspect she was no—no more than an apparition herself, for it is very certain, and hundreds will attest, that no woman left the prison when she was missing, and nobody like her was seen in the vessel which brought her to Douglas till half an hour before she landed.'

'And who,' said I, 'will attest that you have heard the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?—It is fortunately in my power to give you some farther intelligence. A day or two before I left the main-isle, a piece of blue slate, with two letters scratched upon it, was found in the hut of the fisherman's widow. She, a doting and distressed woman, believed it still what it once was in Mona, a judge's token or summons. She uttered such strange and terrible things in the confusion of fear and guilt, that

Guttrid was examined again, and after another hearing, the jury agreed in their verdict. While I remained in court, the foreman was asked by the deemster, if the ministers of the church might remain, and he answered——'

'Yes or no?' exclaimed the artist, rising eagerly. 'The bishop and his clergy retired from court, and I followed them.'

'Then the sentence was death!' said the farmer, striking his hands together above his head, and casting a glance of subdued congratulation on the artist.

'Sentence of death was passed certainly,' I replied, 'but on the Englishwoman also. She was convicted of aiding Guttrid Lonan in his confederacy with the younger brother of the unhappy man who gave Manx bail for an English debtor. I need not tell you that this unhappy man was the son of his father's first wife, and his brother, therefore, could claim, by virtue of your Manx laws, only a fourth part of their inheritance. His death without offspring seemingly entitled the younger brother to possess all at their father's death; and Guttrid found an abundant source of profit in keeping his reputed daughter, a child legitimated by its parents' private marriage three years after its birth, according to Manx law, concealed at his lonely house on the moor. The treacherous uncle paid largely for this iniquitous secretion of his brother's heiress, whose existence was never suspected till the Englishwoman revealed it.'

'Has it perished—certainly perished?' asked my unknown acquaintance, with a tremor of tone and eye which justified a new suspicion.

'Our host's prediction is fulfilled,' I answered—'the wren which began this tragic romance assisted the catastrophe. When Guttrid Lonan conveyed the infant heiress into the fishing-boat, he paid homage to the superstition of his island, by placing round her neck a circle of wren's feathers as a talisman against *the evil eye*. These feathers found with the dead body of a female child have identified and fixed his guilt, thus pursued by an eye he could not deceive.'

'But by what proof,' interrupted the farmer, anxiously stealing a glance at his strange guest, 'do they condemn the Englishwoman?'

'By circumstantial evidence at least.—She gave no clear account of the reasons for her stay at Lonan's house, and her flight was incomprehensible, unless she had been a spy or an accomplice there. That they disagreed in dividing their employer's pay is his own statement, and a sufficient reason for her conduct. Or as she was not an ungentle female, she might be influenced by some attachment to a man whose vices were not distinguished by



outward deformity. These are the opinions I adopt, and with such opinions the court pronounced her condemnation.'

'Then they eired!' exclaimed my host's strange guest; 'and their sentence will add another to the unnumbered failures of human tribunals.'—Approaching me, and removing with his large hat a tuft of coarse red hair and broad mustachios, he added, 'Did no one remember the unfortunate Englishman for whom the Manxman gave such fatal bail? His personal property was sacrificed and his heart broken by my ruin; but though I obtained my release from unmerciful creditors too late to save him, I made one effort to save his child, whose fate I suspected. Woman's attire alone sufficed to deceive Guttrid Lonan, who never guessed my motive; and it has proved sufficient to deceive experienced judges. As an insolvent debtor, I am liable to perpetual imprisonment in this island, therefore I dared not reveal my sex and name, and am now compelled to hide myself in this privileged house. But justice has overtaken the guilty, and the innocent will not suffer, unless I have trusted rashly to a lawyer's honour.'

My profession's spirit was challenged by this appeal, and I felt all that such absolute trust demanded from me. A powerful magistrate obtained his indemnity and complete acquittal, which opened a path for his return to ease and liberty in England. There he still lives among my best friends, to whom I am not ashamed to confess the lesson taught me by false appearances, and the distrust of human judgment, which always connects itself with my remembrance of Manx Bail.

V.

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### THE BROTHER'S HOUSE.

There was once in the north of England, a half-forsaken bye-road, which led the traveller round the skirts of a wide woody garden, from whence a flight of stone steps ascended to a green terrace, where stood the remnant of an ancient building, called the Brother's House. It owed this name to the appropriation of the mansion in other times to a Moravian fraternity, long since dissolved. A few flat tablets scattered among the neglected flowers in the garden, distinguish the spots sanctified by their remains; and the last inhabitant of the Brother's House might have been mistaken for one of their society. But though his habits now appeared so simple and sequestered, he had acted a celebrated part on the great theatre of life. His genius and sensibility had been blunted in his youth by too early inheritance

of rank and fortune, yet he did not become, like the prodigal of the seventeenth century, by turns a fiddler, statesman, and buffoon: he only changed into a chemist, and employed the energies left by dissipation, on gas, galvanism, merino fleeces, and human skulls. After amusing himself with more than the 'Century of Inventions,' dedicated by the marquis of Worcester to King Charles, he suddenly sunk into an obscure and indolent solitude, adopting Paracelsus's maxim—'Trees last longer than men, because they stand still.' He ceased to write, ate little, talked still less, and never moved beyond the threshold of the Brother's House, in which he settled himself without regarding its dilapidated state, with only one servant, a man as merry and useful, but as oddly shaped, and as much dreaded by the neighbourhood, as the lubber fiend of Milton's days. His master was known in that little circle by the name of Old Quarles, but more commonly by that of Brother Christopher, in allusion to an old Moravian, whose reverend person he resembled. And he, with a kind of familiar humility, which seemed an acquiescence in the simple customs of the former residents, always styled his servant, 'Brother John.' This singular recluse had two nephews, to whom, as all his fortune was expected to centre in them, he was permitted to give the names he most delighted in, his own and his favorite domestic's: but these young men, though they grew up with the same prospects, education, and society, were as unlike as the persons whose appellations they bore. They agreed only in their dependence on their uncle Quarles, and their anxiety to secure his favour. On his sixtieth birth-day, he summoned them to his lonely house, to make known their chosen paths in life, and receive some substantial proofs of his affection. Brother Christopher, as the eldest, and his uncle's namesake, entertained very confident hopes of his bounty and preference; while the younger, conscious that his manners and opinions were unlikely to conciliate a morose recluse, endeavoured to provide himself with a set of ancient dogmas and quotations, which might be useful occasionally. The visit was briefly paid, and received without any apparent distinction between the nephews; but a few hours after their departure, Quarles called his servant John into his bedchamber, and wrote this testamentary memorandum in his presence:—'Whereas in the year 1659, the most noble Marquess of Worcester bequeathed to my ancestor, Sir Philip Quarles, Knt. a seal of his own special invention, as mentioned in the Harleian MSS. volume 2428, in which there is a copy of the Century of Inventions in his own hand-writing. By this aforesaid seal, any letter, though written but in English, may (as therein specified) be read in eight different languages; and by its help the owner may privately note the day of the month, the

month of the year, the year of our Lord, the names of the witnesses, the individual place, and the very number of lines contained in any contract or instrument sealed with it. Wherefore to prevent all doubt or falsification, I seal this my last Will and Testament with the seal above described, and hereby give and bequeath the seal itself, as a token of my most true regard, and as a rare specimen of precious mechanic art, to my eldest nephew Christopher. To his brother John I bequeath an alphabet in a lantern, a pocket ladder, and a discourse woven in ribbon all devised by our ancestor's most noble friend, the said Marquess of Worcester. And to both my nephews jointly I give and bequeath my only faithful servant, commonly called John. Finally, I desire that they, my aforesaid nephews, shall provide a chest of English oak, and place it on two cross beams in the upper part of my barn,\* having first enclosed in it my mortal remains, which I therein bequeath to the worms, my residuary legatees.'

Very few weeks after this remarkable testament had been written, the testator's death was announced to his nephews; and as he had made no devise of his real estate, the eldest claimed and took possession of the whole, leaving his brother only the whimsical antique mentioned in their uncle's testament. Every crevice and chest was searched, in hopes of finding some concealed hoard to enrich the unfortunate cadet's share of the few moveables found in the antiquary's mansion; and when all had been examined in vain, he endeavoured to find some hint or secret purpose in the woven ribbon which held the chief place among the bequests. But it only contained these ancient and respectable maxims.

'Chuse the daughter of a good mother.

If thou hast wit and learning, get wisdom and modesty also.  
—'Tis not sufficient to be precious if thou art not polished.

'Visit thy brother, but live not too near him. Neither make servants of thy kindred, nor kindred of thy servants.

'Let thy companions be like the bees that make honey, not wasps that only hum, devour and sting.

'Thou shalt not sleep upon a grave.'

Whatever might be the intrinsic value of these precepts, young Clarendon thought his uncle had left a more substantial legacy to those he called residuary legatees. And the last sentence seemed a pointed and bitter rebuke to the folly of dependence or heritable wealth. With no friendly feelings towards those laws which have established the best rights of succession in the eldest son, John accompanied his brother Christopher to the lonely grange chosen by their uncle for his place of rest. His

\* A coffin thus deposited remains still near the great northern road, and is shown to strangers.

remains had been deposited there before the arrival of the younger nephew, whose ill humour suggested some peevish remarks on the lunacy indicated by his last requests. 'Not absolute lunacy,' said the elder, merrily—'for I have found an unsigned codicil, in which he desires us to convert the Brother's House into an inn, and to provide accommodation gratis for one guest every night, but that guest must neither be a *beggar* nor a *lawyer*.' John, whose only possession was his knowledge of the law, retorted with great bitterness, 'And if the superstition of ancient lawyers had not made heirs of elder sons, there would only have been a beggar and a lawyer in it to-day.' A blow answered this sarcasm, and the younger made a bold attempt to repay it, but the unfortunate Christopher hastily stepping back, fell from the height which they were standing to survey their uncle's coffin, and lay motionless at the foot of the ladder. John leaped down in an agony of remorse and terror to succour the sufferer, whose head had received a mortal blow. He made two faint attempts to speak, and resting his cheek on his brother's feet, expired. That unhappy brother remained several moments stupid with dismay, before he fully felt all the horrors of his situation. The heir of his uncle's wealth lay dead beside him—who would believe that avarice and envy had not instigated his fate? While this frightful recollection froze up his faculties, a confused noise at the door increased his alarm. It was a desolate hour, and a place which no stranger had a right to interrupt. Yet the confusion of unintentional guilt induced him to cover the body with some straw which had been left in the forsaken barn, and secrete himself in its darkness, while the door opened slowly, and a man entered carrying a dark lantern, which presently discovered that the bearer was his uncle's ancient servant. This old man looked round, secured the door as if fearful of intruders, and ascended the ladder, began, by the aid of the twilight which gleamed through the rafters, to examine his late master's last repository. He had brought a mallet, a chisel, and several vigorous tools, which he seemed prepared to employ in unclosing the oaken chest; but the eager gasping of young Clarendon, as he stood trembling, and conscious that while he lurked as a spy he might be arrested as a murderer, appeared to disturb the work. Old John started guiltily, descended the ladder a few steps, and at the same instant the oak chest or coffin, shaken from its balance by his labours, fell over the beams on which it had been deposited. At the sight and sound of its hideous fall near his brother's body, Clarendon uttered a faint shriek, but recollected his presence of mind enough to remain concealed. The conscious servant heard the cry, and snatching up his lantern to look round, discovered the mangled countenance of his young master. He threw him-



self on the body with cries of despair, wringing his hands and rending his white hair, till a sudden thought seemed to calm his distraction. He looked eagerly at the chest, which remained unbroken by its decent, carefully examined the sufferer to discover that no life remained, and gathering his tools into his wallet, with his crushed lantern, departed. Strange and mysterious as this man's visit appeared, Clarendon deemed it a providential incident in his favour; but to render it available, it was necessary for him to return home unsuspected. He stole from the fatal place with the pangs and fears of a criminal, skulking through the most unfrequented paths, and had nearly reached the Brother's House, before he perceived that he still held in his hand the chisel dropped by his uncle's servant in the barn. He had taken it up with a confused intention of keeping it as an evidence against the owner, but now perceiving red stains on its handle, he threw it hastily among the bushes near his feet, and redoubled his pace homewards. Once he looked back, and saw, or thought he saw, an eye and part of a yellow hand among those bushes. It was a dark eye and shadowed by a shaggy eyebrow resembling Old John's; and he started as from a spectre when that suspected man met him on the threshold. With a tremulous voice, and a face which betrayed no consciousness of young Clarendon's share in the transaction, he announced that a fatal accident had befallen his brother. Forced to complete the part he had unwarily begun, Clarendon accompanied a group of labourers and neighbours to the disastrous place, and heard their exclamations of superstitious wonder at the strange coincidence which had connected the fall of their late master's bier with the death of his young heir. One of the spectators said shrewdly, as he looked at Clarendon, 'It was by rare good luck our other master escaped, for he was there too.' The conscious brother cast down his eyes, and perceived two or three barn-straws entangled in his shoe. No ear but his heard the comment, and the speaker seemed an inconsequent and heedless boy, yet he felt all the force of the circumstantial evidence which might rise against him. Still no suspicion circulated: Christopher was interred in peace, and his successor took his large inheritance without interruption or inquiry, but with a bitter remembrance of his uncle's prophetic maxim—'Thou shalt not sleep upon a grave.'

It would be well if the ingenious inventors of the present age could devise some 'anti-attribution' compound for the mind to remedy the decay caused by one idea in perpetual motion, as successfully as they prevent the wearing out of axletrees in constant use. But Clarendon could find no relief from incessant regret and apprehension till he plunged resolutely into the world, and bound all his thoughts to that deep and severe study for which he

had been educated. He laboured zealously to realize a reputation which might raise him above vague suspicions, and remedy the ill consequence of that momentary absence of reason and courage which had involved him in mystery, and perhaps in dependence on a stranger's mercy. With such a motive, and with a profession affording such ample scope to every kind of genius, his eminent success is not surprising. His learning, zeal, and industry, gained him friends in all his clients ; and at the bar, as Junius would have said, he had the three great requisites of a pleader, 'tongue to persuade, an eye to penetrate, and a gesture to command.' Twenty years passed after his brother's death, and the singular event which had given him affluence was less remembered than the honour he had added to it, though he still knew secretly how impossible it is for a homicide to "sleep upon a grave.' About this period an extraordinary case was put into his hands. The youngest of four brothers (three by a former marriage, and one by a latter) had purchased land, and died without offspring. The chief lawyers of Scotland declared that the next elder brother had the right of succession, but Clarendon advocated the cause of the eldest. 'Because,' said he, 'among brothers of different marriages, the first idea that presents itself is opposition rather than union, and when we examine the relationship we must begin with the parent, who is the connecting principle ; and as from him the first step is to the eldest son, we conceive this son to be one step nearer than the second, and two steps nearer than the third.' On a point so subtle, much eloquence and science were expected to appear, and the Court was singularly thronged on the day of trial. Clarendon, as I have already said, was eminent in personal grace, and his rich vein of wit gave attraction to the tedious subject of his harangue. He traced the earliest rules of succession, or the transmission of estates from the dead to the living, and proved how arbitrary and various they had ever been in different ages and countries, as all customs must be that spring from remote feelings, or mere imagination.

He insisted on the right of primogeniture as strongly fixed in Scotland by its peculiar feudal laws, in which, as military service is the tenure of the land, the eldest male is always the favourite in succession. Clarendon's opponent entered into a nice and difficult labyrinth to prove the property in question was a new, not an old feu : and amused his auditors with the distinctions between an *heir of conquest*, as the old Scotch law calls him who inherits purchased lands, and an *heir of line*, in other words one who takes an estate acquired by succession. Unhappily in this part of the pleadings, Clarendon forgot his uncle's maxim, 'If thou hast wit or learning, get wisdom and modesty to it.'—He only remembered

how much a jest's prosperity sometimes surpasses an argument's, and replied—'We have allowed no heirs by *conquest* in England, since William the Norman, and such left-handed sons are out of any *line*.'—His adversary, whose obscure birth rendered him peculiarly quick in appropriating a sarcasm, answered instantly, and with very forcible emphasis, 'I cannot dispute the knowledge of an advocate who has been himself so prosperously an heir at law, or perhaps I should say, *by blood*.'—It is not difficult to guess the frightful association of ideas raised by these last words in Clarendon, whose countenance became pale as death, though conscious innocence enabled him to look steadfastly at the speaker. He was a dwarfish mis-shapen man, with shaggy brows, a long, lean, yellow hand, and a raven-black eye, whose sinister expression suddenly reminded Clarendon of that which had gazed on him among the shrubs where he had deposited a guilty token on the night of his brother's death. Neither the eye nor the hand could ever be forgotten, and he now saw them both! The brief fell from his hand, and he fainted. All the crowd, ascribing his indisposition to exhausted strength, made way for his removal to his home, where he soon recovered enough to feel and measure his danger. Most bitterly he again regretted the ill-managed wit which provoked his brother's fate, and had probably determined his own: but his courage did not forsake him, and he resolved to owe no second fall to the timid caution he had erred in once. It is either great policy or great rashness to trust an enemy the moment after he has been offended, because his pride will be exasperated if it is subdued by the aggressor's boldness. Yet it is always a noble experiment, and Clarendon perceived no other remained for him. Though the evening was advanced, he set out instantly for the country-house occupied by the advocate M'Evil, and found him alone. Having briefly and calmly stated that no personal insult was designed by any words used in his professional harangue, he continued, in the same firm tone, 'You have seen me before, I think, in doubtful circumstances, and I do not fear to recal them to your memory, because I expect from you the same candour and confidence I possess myself.' Then, neither attempting disguise nor circumlocution, he related all the occurrences of that unhappy period with a clear, full, and convincing force, which usually distinguished his eloquence. When the narrative was complete, he added, 'Woe to the man who is taught to build his hopes of fortune on a grave!—but I can truly lay my hand on my heart, and swear I never framed even a wish to see my brother's; and unless my grave should be as sleepless as my bed has been for many years, I have no reason to fear death. I could bear it better than suspected or disgraced life, therefore I surrender myself into your custody. Deliver me up to justice if

you think me deserving the rigour of an investigation: I have resolved never to disgrace our tribunals, by appearing as an advocate, while any man exists who believes me a criminal.'

M'Evil heard his former adversary in silence, but tears ran down his cheeks. Presently recollecting himself, he said, 'Command me if ever you require an advocate, but I have no right to be your judge, and I can neither acquit nor condemn you. I must keep you as my prisoner to-night, unless you allow me to call you my voluntary guest. This house belongs to the Clangregors, who never betrayed an enemy if he trusted them, and a lawyer shall not be worse than outlaws.'—The advocate conducted Clarendon to his table, where he entertained him sumptuously, but with a lurking smile about his lip which tempted his guest to doubt his purpose and half regret his own rash appeal. These doubts and regrets haunted Clarendon as he entered the bed-chamber prepared for him. Was it some optical illusion, some contrived mockery, or the force of his tortured imagination, that created what he beheld there? A man was seated beside the hearth with his lank hair scattered over his shaggy eye-brows, his broad misshapen feet covered with the same rude wooden shoes, and his whole apparel consisting of the coarse fantastic livery given by his uncle to his ancient servant John, whose funeral he had seen many years before. This unexpected apparition remained silent only a moment—'Forgive me, Clarendon—forgive the son of your kind old uncle's servant if his petulance gave you reason to suppose him your enemy. I have put on his apparel, to convince you that I am neither ashamed of the father I resemble so strongly, nor forgetful of the benefits he owed to his master. It is true that I witnessed your concealment of the chisel among the shrubs: but I now believe it had never been used for any criminal purpose. My honest father's visit to his benefactor's coffin was only in obedience to the deceased's whimsical command that he should examine it thrice every year. Do not fear that I will ever betray the secret of a man who deemed me worthy of trust even when he thought he had offended me. Had you recollected my person, or known my assumed name, you would not have aimed an undeserved insult at one who owed to your uncle's bounty the education which has enabled him to offer you his friendship as an equal, and his advice as a lawyer. Let the past be remembered only when you bequeath legacies, and let them be such as shall not invite guilt and misery into a *Brother's House*.'

V.



## THE ANTIQUARIAN.

It has been mentioned in some part of these memoirs, that my affairs sometimes called me to the Isle of Man. One of those unforeseen combinations of events which we are pleased to call chance carried me thither at that period of the year which Manxmen still distinguish by a few of their ancient superstitions. Then begin the operations of a certain familiar spirit, whose nightly labours in the flower garden or field are repaid by a piece of silver deposited on the threshold. I arrived on May-eve, and found the good farmer at whose house my stay was expected, full of preparation for the mock battle between summer and winter usually exhibited in the next room. Lawyers are not celebrated for their readiness to partake such pastoral and amicable combats; but there is a tradition extant which ascribes to the may-pole the dignity of a wand of justice, and informs us that courts of law once assembled round it. Perhaps this tradition gave new zest to the curiosity with which I awoke to attend the festival of milk-maids and farmers' boys loaded with garlands and mock silver cups. The latter were too often filled and emptied to allow much order in the procession; but the mirthful carols and grotesque dances of the Manx girls drew a train of spectators, including my honest old host, with all his family and guests. The day ended as convivially as it had begun; but as twelve hours' unceasing exertion must exhaust the best animal spirits, ours gradually sunk from clamorous jests into sad tales of witchcraft, dreams, and omens. If the Isle of Man deserves to be called the heaven of lawyers, it is also the paradise of prophetesses and soothsayers. The charming enchantress described by a modern bard must have visited it to form her garland of dreams. We were all probably under the influence of this enchantress, for every one of the company had some striking dream or mysterious presentiment to relate. Our narratives suggested a proposal to try that mode of divination called the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and celebrated in many authentic anecdotes of eminent men. A young Gascon, who obtained bread by teaching a little French to the daughters of some fashionable residents in the neighbourhood, supplied us with a pocket Virgil, and, as the newest guest, my chance had precedence. I opened the oracular volume with due solemnity, and found my finger on this remarkable line of the Georgics.

'Some days are fortunate—the *fifth* beware!'

The company amused themselves with a few constrained jests and prolonged the conversation till day-break, more through fear of retiring into solitude and darkness, than from the spirit of

conviviality. If the Virgilian oracle had made any impression on my mind, it was effaced next day by my host's clamorous complaint that he had lost a silver ewer of rare antiquity, which his dame had persuaded him to lend the may-damsels for the embellishment of their pole. Such an article, in a spot like the Isle of Man, was not likely to be sold or converted into bullion, without detection, and the farmer was advised to employ his strictest inquiries on the coast, from whence the felon would probably convey it. I went with him to the sea-port town of Ramsey, where we found opportunities to view the crews and consult the captains of several vessels, in one of which we noticed a man whose apparel was singularly loose and ill suited. It would have been more accurate to have said, I alone noticed this sailor, for I feared to call my angry and revengeful companion's attention towards him, and he soon disappeared.—The owner of the lost ewer returned home in a churlish humour, having found no clue to guide his search, and I availed myself gladly of an invitation to visit the deemster, whose distant residence would remove me beyond the litigious farmer's reach. Like many discerning men, whose circumstances have secluded them in a narrow circle, the deemster had expended the vigour of his mind on abstruse and occult sciences. He believed in necromancy, and had stored his library with all the judicial examination of witches recorded by French lawyers, to the disgrace of the sixteenth century. I was too much fatigued in body, and too incredulous in mind to listen without many hints at the lateness of the hour, which the deemster seemed very unwilling to understand, and at length asked me, in a lowered tone, if I had ever read Burton's disquisition on spirits?—Good-manners required a serious answer; and my entertainer, after much preamble, confessed that his own house was visited by unquiet and disembodied beings. He added a very earnest apology for the circumstances which compelled him to lodge me in an apartment which they were said to disturb. My unaffected fatigue gave so much real gravity to my countenance, that it encouraged him to recite the causes of his belief, and amongst other articles, a dream which seemed to be a kind of heirloom in his family. This dream implied, that when a *glee-eyed* lord came to that mansion, a treasure should be found in it. My host had a slight defect in one eye, and he congratulated himself that he had left the ruinous part of his large castellated mansion undisturbed till the accident which had befallen his sight entitled him to realize the prophecy. His design was to begin a search in a short time, and he conducted me to my chamber with some joyous anticipations, probably intended to cheer my spirits. They were certainly depressed in an uncommon manner, and not much revived when

the Virgilian line occurred to me. It was the fifth day of May, the anniversary of a dear friend's death, never remembered without peculiar regret, as it had been eventually caused by strange mysteries. The book which lay on a forgotten shelf had something ominous in it. It opened at the very words said to have been engraved on the Elector of Saxony's ring by an unknown hand, '*After Six.*' Those mysterious words as the Saxon historian tells us, were afterwards found to indicate the time appointed for assassination, and I went to bed with very gloomy visions hovering about me. My repeater sounded the hour four times, and a vague doze began to quiet my nerves, but its sixth stroke roused me, perhaps because it was aided by a confused sound in the room. Day-light was beginning to find its way through the deep casements and dark hangings, but not sufficient to shew more than the outline of a man stealing from behind my bed. Despair is always stronger than fear, and this man's violent efforts to escape my grasp, and especially to prevent me from calling help, proved the extent of his own desperate guilt. One, only one moment he seemed desirous to take my life, but presently his purpose changed, and seizing the advantage given by his wavering hold, I overcame him. 'Spare me a few minutes,' said he, in French: 'I am a very miserable wretch, but not a reprobate.' I dragged him to the light, and could hardly credit my eyes when they recognized the poor Gascon teacher who had supped with me at the farmer's house. He supplicated mercy in the humblest manner, protesting that he had entered the deemster's house only to hide himself from pursuit, and -hoping that the haunted rooms would be disturbed by no visitor. His look of famine and despair, and his solemn protestations of repentance, induced me to open the casement, and bid him leap out. He hesitated only an instant, for steps seemed to be approaching, and I had the pleasure of seeing him safe among the trees before my host entered.

Either his own restless curiosity, or the sound of a voice in my room, brought him thus early; and if he had not triumphed in my evident agitation as a proof that his house was really visited by strange apparitions, it would have been impossible to have escaped troublesome inquiries. He amused himself with his own comments and conjectures till after breakfast; and as I could not deny that some disturbance had occurred, he probably thought me worthy to partake supernatural communications, and therefore chose me as a companion in the business of searching for concealed treasures among his ruined chambers. It may be guessed with how little zeal I aided in the work, which we began that night with spades and lanthorns, and continued nearly all the following day without success, till we removed the shattered wall

of a large closet near my bedchamber. There, in a huge decayed chest, of evident antiquity, we found an enormous silver cup or flagon in a state of polish and preservation which surprised the good old deemster more than myself, for I had no doubt that the farmer's stolen treasure had been deposited here by the felon whose escape I had aided. It is hardly possible to conceive embarrassment more ridiculous or extreme than mine. If I permitted my honest antiquarian to carry forth his prize for sale, he might be perplexingly challenged as a receiver of stolen goods, and if I named the real owner without confessing my connivance at the thief's escape, my own integrity might be questioned. The safest medium was to suggest the propriety of concealing this precious relic, lest it might excite the avarice and envy of his neighbours, and tempt them to undermine his castle. These were plausible and powerful hints, which he embraced so readily, that he proposed, for the greater security of the silver cup, to remove it into my chamber. Though I had some private reasons to fear that my Gascon friend might return to complete its safe conveyance away, I durst not object to an expedient which appeared so reasonable, and implied such confidence. The flagon was deposited in my care, and the most suspiciously timid miser could not have watched that night with more anxiety. But among my uneasy apprehensions, a thought occurred which the supposed patron of lawyers must have suggested. I say the *supposed* patron, because even the prince of demons would not have tempted a lawyer into a dilemma so dangerous, if he owed any obligations to my profession. This pernicious thought tempted me to look at the cup, and to consider, that by effacing the rude inscription which the late owner had made on it, its identity might be rendered questionable. On the rim were these initials and words, SALLY. C·O·'L Q'POT'..M·HEIR OF U·S. - - - - - which by a few small punctures and additional strokes became a very respectable Roman legend. The next morning, to my utter confusion, brought the farmer himself, to lay before my host, as his majesty's deemster, the particulars of his loss, and the reasons he had to believe the felon still lurking in the island. Fortunately for the honour of that immovable firmness which ought to characterise an honest barrister, I was not present during his detail, but the deemster's repetition of it gave me some illegal sensations. However, he examined his cup, which seemed to threaten us with as many adventures as befel Parnell's Hermit, and asked my opinion of the legend; adding, that according to the Reverend Fathers Cayjou and Chamillart, such vessels were called cinerary vases or ossvariums—'Now,' said he, 'the inference is most logically certain and distinct—Farmer Faustuff has lost a flagon—I have found a vase—ergo, my vase cannot be



his flagon. Besides, he tells me he stamped his initials on the edge, but here is SYLLA·COS·Q·POMPEI·RVFVS. The P. rather resembles an H, but some unskilful graver may have shaped it.

And in full confidence of the weight due to these distinctions, the good deemster set forth on horseback to deposit the questioned article in the hands of his brother magistrate, while I rode by his side, inwardly execrating the contrivance which had produced his dangerous confidence, and firmly resolving to abide the consequences of a disclosure when we reached the house of the south deemster, whose prudence and ability were more famous than his colleague's. But before we reached it, our evil stars conducted us into the lonely vale of Kirkmichael, near some ruined cairns, from whence rushed four strong men in sailors' garments. The deemster, whose person greatly resembled Falstaff's, soon fell into their hands, with the exquisite cup which he carried on his saddle-bow, not choosing to entrust his servants with a charge so important. When they had muffled my hands and eyes, I was surprised to find no violence offered to my purse, though they seemed to lead my horse a very considerable distance. In about an hour, a shrill whistle called away my guards; and after a long pause, during which I had leisure enough for sublime resolutions, my face and arms were unbound by one of my friend's tenants, who informed me I was very near the place from whence we had set out. Without entering into the history of the unfortunate cup, I told him of the outrage offered to his master, and we began a search for him with sufficient assistants. We might have spared our pains. Nothing could be heard of him till a week had elapsed, when his housekeeper, with great astonishment, found a sack deposited at her hall door, and saw her master creep forth in a large red petticoat, a stiff mob-cap, and a black silk calash. Notwithstanding some melancholy reflections on a similar event which I have already recorded, it was impossible to resist his grotesque countenance, and his complaints of the barbarous manner in which his assailants had compelled him to travel on a vile horse, in the still viler attire of a nurse, above twenty leagues circuitously, after robbing him of the precious cup. Of these assailants I dared offer no opinion, for my meeting with the Gascon in a sailor's garb had not escaped my memory, and this last exploit, though disrespectful to the good old judge, had certainly rescued us both from a dangerous inquiry. But as popular opinion seldom favours a lawyer or a magistrate, the resentment excited by the robbery soon sunk in the laughter which followed our ridiculous adventure. It is wise to allow certain outlets and channels to the malignity of the vulgar. When the wells are seen to flow, there is no danger of a volcano.

M. Chateaubriand, when he visited modern Sparta, told us he had never met with any hut so detestable as his lodging in the granary of a Turkish khan, where the goats disputed his morsel of biscuit and cup of milk. Had this traveller seen a cabin in the Isle of Man, he would have been at no loss for a comparison. In one of this miserable kind lived a poor Englishman, called Philip, and his wife, whose misfortunes had driven them to seek a sanctuary from their creditors. Their poverty was extreme, but not sufficient to subdue that decent pride which shuns public commiseration, and their consequent seclusion from busy visitors rendered them unacquainted with the favourite subject of Manx conversation at this period. The woman's name was Geraldine, which implies that her birth had been among a polished class, and her countenance had the kind of beauty which arises not from rosy good-humour, but from dignified sorrow. Late one evening, as she sat spinning in her hut, she was alarmed and surprised by her husband's long absence, and still more by his return loaded with a large basket. Philip informed her, that he had received it from the boatswain of an English ship then moored in Ramsey bay, with a present of five dollars for conveying it to the farmer of Kirkmichael. He looked pale, agitated, and thoughtful; and when urged to execute his commission without delay, intimated a half-formed wish to see the contents, as he had been requested to detain the basket till the ship had sailed. His wife heard him with inexpressible doubts and anguish. During the last month he had regularly absented himself on certain days, and had returned pale and languid, but with a supply of silver for which he refused to account. At this moment there were red drops visible on his sleeve, and the deadliest whiteness covered his lips and forehead. Geraldine hardly dared warn him against farther guilt, not knowing how far he had already plunged. He opened the basket, and displayed a silver cup, which his eyes measured with the eagerness of desire. His wife silently observed his movements, and saw him deposit it in a secret corner of their wretched habitation. He ate his portion of bread and water without venturing to meet her eyes, and fell asleep on his heap of straw.

Even his deep slumber added to his wife's horror, as it seemed a proof of fixed and fearless depravity, but it favoured her purpose. In the dead hour of night she took the basket from its place of concealment, and wrapping herself in her cloak, traversed the desolate valley of Kirkmichael, and deposited her burthen on the farmer's threshold, as she believed unseen. She heard only her own faint breathings as she hastened back to her husband's door, which she had then begun to open, when her cloak was seized by the rough hand of the farmer himself. She rushed in, with

loud shrieks, by which she hoped to awaken Philip, and intimate the necessity of his flight ; but the unhappy man, confused by interrupted slumber, and conscious of a felonious purpose, only hid himself under his bed. There he was found, in an attitude of fear and shame, which might have justified the suspicions of a milder judge. Both were dragged before the north deemster, who immediately recognized the antique cup found in his own mansion, and claimed it as his property. The matter was referred to the chief court of criminal law, and I was summoned by both parties to identify the unfortunate cup. The farmer sturdily appealed to his own inscription on the rim—the learned deemster maintained that it was a legend evidently of the Consul Sylla's period, and applied to me to confirm his opinion. I endeavoured to satisfy my secret sense of justice, and to conciliate both opponents by observing that there were other marks on the vase which had not been noticed when we found it in the haunted mansion. 'Why there now, bless his honor!' said farmer Faustuff, 'his young judgship is right—there is my dame's name at short on the flagon top—ELIZ. FAUSTUFF—— but the zed looks rather like an X.' 'Man,' interrupted the antiquary, in a rage, 'thou reversest the inscription—it is manifestly to be read thus—FAUSTUS FEELIX—What thou mistakest for a second F is an E.' 'Lord, Sir! but I cannot mistake the plough-colter which I figured there with my own hand, as a mark of my calling.' 'A plough colter, man! it is an augur's staff—Faustus, the son of Sylla, was an augur; and Felix is the epithet Sylla always preferred, because he boasted of having fortune in his pay, as we are told by Pliny, Plutarch, and Appian. The word Felix is here with two E's, according to the orthography of the ancients, who used to double the vowels in long syllables. We find proofs of this in many inscriptions.' Neither the farmer nor myself could answer these arguments, and the matter was deferred to a second public hearing. But whoever might be the owner of the vase, the public agreed in believing Philip the thief, for his poverty would not allow him to purchase friends, and his pride made him defy his enemies.

Tully tells us of a law, or received custom, which permitted the accusers of a man to search out all his former defects and errors. As my ill-judged officiousness had increased the perplexity of this case, I thought myself bound to reverse the *Lex Accusatorium*, and enquire into all the good points of the prisoner's character. I discovered, that to gain a sum sufficient to preserve his wife from famine, Philip had earned by his midnight labours the silver appropriated to the May-Elf of the Isle, and that this was the occasion of his mysterious absences from home. An explanation so touching, and the reluctance with which he

gave it, implied too much tender and generous feeling, to allow any suspicion in my mind that he had been the colleague of robbers, though a strong temptation might have shaken him for a moment. And he steadily persisted to me in the account he had given his wife of the unknown sailor, whom I determined to believe the Gascon in disguise. To the great surprise of the farmer, the deemster, and the good people of the Isle, I undertook his cause, and obtained his acquittal. After it had been pronounced, Philip and his Geraldine were invited to sup with me at the house of my friendly antiquarian, who still persisted in prosecuting his claims to the silver vase with all the spirit of a Manxman in law. It was the fifth of the month, and I had begun to congratulate myself on the failure of the Virgilian oracle, which my success on that day had falsified, when a large packet was brought to me, bearing on its inner cover the post-mark of Corfu. The letter—but I must copy it all, for no extract or abridgement would do it justice.

‘A MONSIEUR—MONS. . . . .’

‘I pray my very good friend will do me the honor much great of making l’amende honorable for me to Monseigneur le Deemster, for giving him capriole on mine little black horse, and putting monself into his chateau with Monsieur Faustuff’s coupe d’argent, which I borrowed for one little occasion. Agreez, Monsieur, to believe it was not convenience for me to stay in the Man’s isle, but I never cannot forget Monsieur’s bounty when he help me out of the window. Non, M.—I have come to deposit my cinders at this Corfou, which they call in antiquity turn-by-turn Drepanum, Macria, Scherie, Corcyre, Cassiopee et meme Argos!—Ulysses was thrown here without his coat—Le grand Alexandre when he was baby came to be citizen here—Caton recontré Ciceron in this ile after the kicks of fortune before the Triumvirs. Ah! quels hommes!—what eventments!—Encore I say again, Monsieur, under this sky-blue, where I can see the thirteen pear-trees of Homer’s old gentleman, (not more venerables than the pears of le grand Henri at Ivry) I recognise my absent friend. There never was but one dog ingrate here, and that was a Lancaster puppy: Et puis, which I do not know you say with your English tongue, that villain-dog (which l’histoire calls Math) was servant to an English king, and had never seen le grand nation. Accept, Monsieur, assurances of my high consideration.

‘LE MARQUIS DE GONFLECŒUR.

‘I have sent back the silver pipkin.’

This letter was accompanied by a box containing a rich blue velvet vest, an Albanian shawl, and ataghan of curious manufacture, and a little of the soft chalk formerly used to seal letters. These articles amply indemnified my antiquary for the loss of his



silver vase, and honest Philip's acquittal was complete. I have since heard that the marquis is honourably settled as interpreter to a Pacha in the Morea, and I have no reason to put faith in Virgil's line,

'Some days are fortunate—the *fifth* beware!'

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### THE HEIR.

At an early period of my life, I was requested by a respectable attorney to accompany him on his professional visit to a lady in very peculiar circumstances. Our journey brought us at the close of day to a ruined farm-yard and forsaken church, which formed, to my great surprise, the entrance of an extensive park. A grove of limes and over-grown hawthorns brushed the side of my postchaise, till a broad pond fed by a leaden Hercules compelled our postilion to make a detour over unshorn grass, which brought us circuitously to the wide and rudely-sculptured front of the mansion. Instead of ascending an enormous flight of steps to the hall, we passed underneath them to what might be called the sub-house or basement, where a grey porter received us sitting in his antique chair with two lean mastiffs chained near him, and a prim dame busied in polishing the vast brass dogs and brazen hearth, where a pile of yulelogs was hoarded. She led us through a saloon decorated with immense mirrors, tables inlaid with ivory, and gilded window-shutters, while the plaster hung crumbling from the walls, and a few bats and swallows fluttered in the corners, where rich Indian jars and cabinets stood uncovered. Among six or seven needless doors, she found one which opened into a long suite of rooms, whose panels were of ebony carved in superb compartments, which the barbarous taste of former owners had painted white. Through the vista formed by these dreary chambers, we saw the naked arches and broken windows of a gothic ball-room, which, as our guide informed us, would be soon converted into a garden. A few shrubs and creeping flowers were already clustered among the pillars with picturesque and touching effect. At the farther end of this ruin we discerned the remains of a deserted chapel, contrasting the light architecture of the ball-room as mournfully as the dim desolation of the other apartments opposed their relics of splendour. But our walk did not end here ;—an unexpected staircase led us to a gallery in which several doors opened, not into other chambers but among the groined arches which sustained a vaulted roof, from whence

we looked down into the arena of a vast kitchen, where only a few white cows were now feeding. The gallery where we stood afforded another cheerless prospect over the neglected park, from the balcony filled with lichens and coarse wall-flowers, creeping among a few roses, now almost as wild.

Only some mildewed volumes of Froissart's Chronicle, and an ancient folio of heraldry, occupied the library shelves ; but a long series of family portraits, from the date of Magna Charta, remained in decayed frames on the walls. Some traces of gaudy splendour and aristocratic pomp still appeared in these portraits, which rendered the next scene more touching. Our attendant, making us a sign of silence, opened a pair of folding-doors, and discovered a room profoundly dark, except where a single candle in a massy silver candelabra stood on a table before the mistress of the mansion. She was wrapped in black velvet, with a mourning hood drawn over a face of singular length and ghastliness, rendered more fearful by the dim glare of eyes whose glassy fixure indicated their unconsciousness. Almost wholly deprived of sight, she was capable of no enjoyment, except the feeble light of one candle, and of feeling continually the splendid candlestick which supported it. At this sad spectacle of helpless misery, clinging to the relics of unavailing grandeur, it was impossible to remain unmoved. A sigh or a sudden motion reached her ear, which blindness made peculiarly watchful ; and her tremulous shriek, her faint effort to grasp the silver candlestick, and the palsied motion of her shrivelled lips, expressed the agony of impotent avarice and suspicion too piteously to be borne. I was turning to leave the room, when the lean old man we had noticed in the hall emerged from a dark corner near his mistress, and uttering some sounds which she appeared to understand, beckoned the attorney and myself to advance. My friend addressed the miserable woman in a tone of courtesy ; and perceiving that she listened without seeming displeased, reminded her of the purport of his coming, 'To make my will !' she replied, in a tone which resembled the echo in a vault—'O yes ! I remember—but there is nothing now to give but this !' And drawing the candlestick closer with a laugh more melancholy than a groan, she covered her face, and spoke no more.

The old man approached, and whispered that these symptoms always preceded a long fit of obstinate silence. We followed him into another chamber, where refreshment was provided, and he left us. His absence allowed me to express my thoughts on the incompetence of any testament executed by this desolate and debilitated woman, and my abhorrence to the office of witness or dictator. My attorney interrupted me, by begging my remembrance of her history, which a few words will comprise.

Fifty years before the period I am describing, this mansion was inhabited by an ancient English baronet and his wife, whose domestic happiness required no addition except an heir. But the lady was childless, and filled up the vacant place in her affections by educating an orphan girl of good family, but no fortune. She was the reputed heiress of her foster-parents till sixteen years after her adoption, when her patroness gave birth to a son. The happy father died soon after, leaving his heir to the guardianship of his wife, whose estates were at her own disposal. Their spoiled and volatile boy was not qualified to guard against the slow, constant and smooth craft of his competitor. The disparity between his age and her's prevented any union of interests, and his indifference, perhaps, increased envy to hatred. His mother died suddenly, bequeathing all to Melicent, her adopted daughter, and he quitted England in desperate poverty. Melicent became a wife, and the miserable mother of children who resembled herself. Her selfishness could not baffle their rapacity, and in her sixtieth year, in the wretchedness of unpitied imbecility, they left her to vegetate in this ruined mansion, the last remnant of her immense estate. The few acres comprised in the forlorn part which surrounds it, would have been insufficient to afford maintenance to a decent household, had not one of her female servants and an old man chosen to remain with her gratuitously. Eleven years had passed since she came to this retirement, and her situation was an object of wondering curiosity to the vulgar, but of solemn compassion to those who observed the progress of retributive justice.

My companion repeated the particulars of this family tradition with earnest expressions of his hope that the dying woman might be induced to sign some testamentary deed, restoring the wreck of the estate to the descendants of its lineal possessor, if any such survived. When he found me firm in asserting that the motive could not justify the means, even had the wreck been greater than a dilapidated house and barren park, he alleged the propriety of obtaining at least some legacy for the aged domestics who had been faithful to their trust.

Accustomed to look on the skeleton of human nature, I saw much to suspect, and little to admire, in these domestics. They had probably some hope of reversionary benefit, and her dotage permitted sufficient opportunities of plunder among the rich relics in the mansion. The old man, who appeared to act as porter, steward, and confidential valet, had some instinctive sense of my suspicion, and evidently requited it. He obtruded himself repeatedly during our conference, eyeing us with sullen attention, and often pausing to catch our words, under pretence of renewing the scanty fire and refreshment. All these circumstances confirmed

my opposition to the views of the attorney in his favour, and even created some little doubt of the latter's disinterestedness. We agreed, however, in the propriety of inquiring, whether the mistress of the mansion had recovered herself sufficiently to admit us. She was better, we were told, but deferred our visit till the next morning. My companion went to rest, and I, determining not to sleep in this mysterious house, found an old illuminated romance, and dozed over it on a couch beside him. Long after midnight, a light, but very distinguishable, footstep passed our chamber-door, as if descending from the lady's. My vigilant suspicions fixed this circumstance in my mind: and when, at the appointed hour on the following morning, our admission was again postponed, I urged my companion to be peremptory. The female servant then confessed that her mistress could not be found. We instantly entered her apartment, and continued our search through all that adjoined it, followed by her woman and the old man, to whom I made no scruple in expressing my astonishment at a flight which her debility rendered almost incredible. At our entrance into her usual sitting-room, I inquired for the massy silver candelabra, which had also disappeared from its place there. Both professed ignorance, but at that instant the lean porter's face contained the darkest symptoms of guilt. It was one of those faces which an honest man hardly dares peruse, and cannot venture to translate. A long chin resting on his breast, a nose resembling an eagle's claw, and eyes which had the quickness but not the lustre of a viper's, and now shrunk to the same size, composed his memorable countenance. 'We have not looked yet,' said he in a tremulous voice, 'into the ball-room.'

This part of the mansion, as I have already said, was fallen into ruins, and filled with shrubs and flowers which he had placed there for his mistress's amusement. The memory of this circumstance softened me in his favour, and we followed him to its farthest recess, where, near the broken door of the chapel which adjoined it, we found the unhappy lady lying on her face, already stiff and cold in death. There were no tokens of violence about her person, which was wrapped only in a slight night-dress, and the cold damps of midnight acting on an exposed and debilitated frame, might have hastened her decease. The silence which prevailed among us till the remains were deposited in a fitter spot, arose less from surprise, than from unwillingness to communicate our thoughts. When alone in the library, my attorney asked what remained to be done:—'Certainly to acquaint this woman's relatives with her end, and to detain these people till their conduct can be examined. We are not justified in conversing here till seals are placed on every depository in the



house.' This suggestion was obeyed ; and as some testamentary arrangement seemed to have been contemplated, we deemed ourselves authorized to search. Various useless papers and antique toys were hoarded in the drawers and cabinets, but neither plate nor jewels remained. This my companion attempted to explain, by stating, that the deceased lady had been stripped of nearly all by her thankless relatives, and had subsisted many years on the produce of the few acres which enclosed the mansion. Her man-servant, he added, was supposed to have received no salary, and professed to live in this ruin rather from attachment to the last than the present possessors. 'These last particulars,' I said, 'would have more effect in the old illuminated romance which amused us last night than in a lawyer's brief. Can you doubt the fate of the silver candlestick, or the meaning of those malignant glances which her porter cast upon us ? If he had any personal attachment to his wretched mistress, his countenance tells me it must have arisen from past fellowship in guilt, or expectation of future recompense.'

To avoid farther debate on a point which created opposite opinions, my friend renewed his inquisition into closets and desks, while I pursued mine among the shelves of the library. We were both thus engaged, when the object of my suspicions presented himself. He had smoothed his grey hair, and it commanded my respect till they were justified. 'Sir,' he began, addressing himself to the attorney, 'I have no claims here,—nothing is owing to me, but before I leave this house, I could wish—I came to beg a book as a memorial of it'—and he fixed his eyes on a large mildewed volume, which my companion immediately took from its shelf, and was going to give ; when reading the purport of my looks, he bade him wait till to-morrow. The man's glance at me as he withdrew was a compound of anger, contempt, and chagrin, which induced me to examine the volume closely. It was a manuscript selection of literary anecdotes, partly written by a female, and partly by a bold masculine hand. In the latter style were several citations on subjects connected with jurisprudence, in which the first possessor of this mansion had gained high rank. One leaf carefully doubled down contained Gesner's pleasant story of a conscientious attorney, perplexed by discovering a will which disinherited some poor relatives. 'Gesner's procurator was an Utopian,' said my legal friend, wrinkling up his nose—'Such fine sentiments are fit for the chintz and tassels, but not for the firm pillared posts of an honest man's bed.' Then putting on his spectacles, he viewed three large chests of sarcophagus form, each very appropriately decorated with the family crest, a long-tailed demon, which in a dimmer and lonelier hour, might have caused some superstitious

terrors. 'And I tell you plainly,' he added, 'that if I found a forgotten will among these stores of ancient archives, alienating this superannuated woman's wealth from her natural heirs, I should not scruple to leave it where I had found it.' 'By this rule,' said I, 'if a Scotchman was required by the comical law which France has lent to Scotland, to restore his wife's dowry to her relatives at her death, how would you advise him to act?' 'I should say as others have said—it is too great a misfortune to lose a wife and her money too—let him keep it by the law of the land if he can, and if not, by the law of nature.' 'Yet you live by the law of the land?' I replied, smiling,—'No matter, Counsellor!—Human feeling is older than the law, and ought in some cases to be preferred.' 'Well, I grant that man's judgment was the law's origin; but the law is the result of many judgments, and therefore should be more weighty than an individual's. Honest Gesner said wisely, 'I should like one or two neighbours of your liberal opinions, but I should not be safe in a town where every body thought as you do.' 'Why, what harm would have been done if I had guided this avaricious dotard's hand to sign a retributive act of justice?—The law would not cancel an equitable act, though performed by a lunatic.' 'It rests neither with you nor me,' I replied, 'to measure the equity or decide the means of retribution. Both may be procured without our interference. I see nothing here which could gratify this singular old man; and a few crown pieces would be more useful to him than a collection of antiquated references.' 'If they are so useless, said my companion angrily, 'I might have been pardoned for delivering them to a person who would value them as the hand-writing of the dead.' 'For that reason, and to find him a more valuable memorial,' I replied, 'this book seems an inducement to renew our search. Some of the pages to which these notes refer have been torn out, and they may be worth finding.' My friend understood the hint; and having secretly determined to secure the person of this mysterious old man, I followed through the long suite of rooms occupied, as has been already said, by chests of a sarcophagus form, filled with family archives. A few were unlocked, and seemed to have been lately opened. Perceiving traces of a spade and mattock among the shrubs in the ruined ball-room, I searched every spot with useless diligence; but in the roofless and forsaken chapel, among heaps of broken timber and decayed velvet, stood a chest of the same singular sarcophagus shape. It opened without difficulty, and underneath an enormous roll of faded parchment we perceived the silver candelabra,—'Are your prejudices abated now?' said my companion, triumphantly—'The miserable woman expired near this chest, and the cobwebs which adhered to her hands and

garments, assure me that the last effort of her life was an attempt to gratify the sole passion that governed it, by hiding her last treasure.' 'I have no thoughts of the candlestick now!' I replied—'though it has proved as useful as an old dervise's seven-branched one. These parchments are the title-deeds of the estate!—this folio is her will, devising it to the heir of her late benefactress—She has left ample hoards of money and jewels, all indicated here, and all reserved for him. Burn your blank parchments, brother Quitam, and let us look for the legatee.'—My honest attorney did not await for the command—he vanished with a loud laugh of delight, and returned leading in the meagre old man.—'Now, Counsellor, congratulate the lineal representative of his integrity and his indemnification. He quitted this roof, and refused any boon from his enemy while she seemed affluent, but returned to it when it was desolate, and gave bread to its miserable mistress, though poor and infirm himself, when she seemed penniless. He only hoped to die under his father's roof, but it has returned to its right owner.' 'What would have been his fate,' said I, smiling, 'if you had *fabricated a will*?'

I have no comment to make on these *facts*. My prejudice and suspicion form the chief feature in my narrative. May those who peruse it find all their own dispersed by circumstances as felicitous!—And may those who doubt the advance of justice beware how they attempt to expedite it by iniquity. V.

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### THE TRAVELLER.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried tork-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in the language which

betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian ; and they entered the cavern of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirit of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. ' We must advance no farther,' said Thorson, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—' we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide.'—' Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here ?' replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—' Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously ! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur ? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us ; I see its white foam in the depth.'—Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. ' Even this poor animal,' said Thorsen, ' is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves.'—' Loose my cloak, old man !' exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—' My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice.'—' It is the scream of the fish-eagle !' interrupted his guide ; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer ; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff ; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment ; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. ' He is not dead yet !' said the good pastor,



eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child elung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. 'Poor blind boy!' said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, 'he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice.' But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home, with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. 'We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?'

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, 'I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care, and *if* in one year——'—'in one year, if I live, I will reclaim him?' said the stranger solemnly: 'Show me this woman.' Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild

ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied among his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artizans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. 'Worthy woman,' he said to Claribell, 'I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it.' He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. 'Keep the dollars, pastor,' said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell: 'I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman: keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him.'

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter, and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Han Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her

faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round the door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. 'It is he!' exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus sprung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked, if he intended to remove him. 'One year more Adolphus,' replied the traveller, 'you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake.'—'He is so beautiful!' said old Hans.—'Ah, father!' replied Claribell, 'he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!'—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, 'My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it.' Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—'My kinsman shall accompany you,' said the fisherman; 'he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield.' Brande advanced, slinging his musquet behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—'Not to-night!' said Claribell; 'a snowfall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed.'—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage-contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—'He is bold and faithful,' said the pastor, as the stranger passed

his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence. —All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—'So soon from Ardanger?' said Claribell; 'your journey has speeded well.'—'He is safe,' returned the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance—'Claribell!' he exclaimed, after a long pause, 'Will you be my wife to-morrow?'—'I am the Lady Johanna's servant while she lives,' answered Claribell—'and the poor blind boy! what will be come of them if I leave my father?'—'They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry.'—Claribell cast her eye on the heap of roubles, and on her lover's face—'Brande, you have murdered him!'—With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—'Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent.'—'Follow me, then,' said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—'Sir,' said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, 'your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own.' Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract.—'Wait,' she replied, with a bitter smile, 'till the traveller returns to sanction it.'—Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. 'Have mercy on us both,' said Brande, with a desperate gesture—'Shall an idiot woman and a



blind boy rob even your father of your love?'—'They have trusted me,' she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—'and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?

Brande turned away his face, and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hoffand's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixing her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—'Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go.'—'Be it so,' said the judge, after a short pause—'darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment.'—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, '*I accuse him!*' At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her grey pale eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a

force which the hall echoed;—‘There was but one witness, and I go to him!’—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge’s feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Crönenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—‘It is the funeral of a convicted murderer,’ replied the superintendant of the miners; ‘and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice.’—

‘The woman is his widow, then?’ said the viceroy, shuddering. —‘No, my lord:—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us.’—While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advanced as the body was lowered into it, said, ‘Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven.’

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy’s retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland’s ancles, and placed him, with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein. —‘It is the traveller!’ exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—‘My son!’ was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.—‘Claribell!’ he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, ‘I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to

destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt ; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself :—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues.’

V.

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CHRISTIAN WOLF.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued to his twentieth year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle loose lad ; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give up him as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising ; his hair was of a coarse greasy black ; his nose was flat ; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnished a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall.

He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him ; his passions were strong enough ; and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor ; and what was refused to his vows might perhaps be granted to his gifts ; but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation ; too proud to descend from *Mine Host* into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—theft. Bielsdorf is, as you know, situated on the edge of the forest ; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert

Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were, both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespasses on the forest laws. Horn was indefatigable in watching the secret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried and found guilty; and the fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment amounted to the sum total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lover. Wolf well knew his enemy, and he knew that this enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time, by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passion increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all the pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah. He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself as a day-labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected; no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the judgment-seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit. The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three year's hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains;



but he was no longer the same man that entered the fortress. Here began an new epoch in the life of Wolf. You shall guess the state of his mind from his own words to his confessor :

'I went to the fortress,' said he, 'an offender, but I came out a villain. I had still something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts ; of these, two were murderers, the rest were all notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spake of God ; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sung songs whose atrocity at first horrified me, but which I, a shame-faced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over, wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villany. At first I avoided, as much as I could, these men and their discourses. But my labour was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone, without one face to look upon. The jailors had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees I grew accustomed to every thing ; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surpassed even my teachers.

From this time I thirsted after freedom, after revenge, with a burning thirst. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I gnashed my fetters with my teeth, when the glorious sun rose up above the battlements of my prison, for a wide prospect doubles the hell of durance. The free wind that whistled through the loop-holes of my turret, and the swallow that poised itself upon the grating of my window, seemed to be mocking me with the view of their liberty ; and that rendered my misery more bitter. It was then that I vowed eternal glowing hatred to every thing that bears the image of man—and I have kept my vow.

'My first thought, after I was set at liberty, was once more my native town. I had no hopes of happiness there, but I had the dear hope of revenge. My heart beat quick and high against my bosom, when I beheld, afar off, the spire arising from out the trees. It was no longer that innocent hearty expectation which preceded my first return. The recollection of all the misery, of all the persecution I had experienced there, aroused my faculties from a terrible dead slumber of sullenness, set all my wounds a-bleeding, every nerve a-jarring within me. I redoubled my pace—I longed to startle my enemies with the horror of my aspect—I thirsted after new contempts as much as I had ever shuddered at the old.

'The clocks were striking the hour of vespers as I reached the

market-place. The crowd was rushing to the church-door. I was immediately recognized ; every man that knew me shrunk from meeting me. Of old I had loved the little children, and even now, seeking in their innocence a refuge from the scorn of others, I threw a small piece of money to the first I saw. The boy stared at me for a moment, and then dashed the coin at my face. Had my blood boiled less furiously, I might have recollected that I still wore my prison beard, and that was enough to account for the terror of the infant. But my hard heart had blinded my reason, and tears, tears such as I had never wept, leaped down my cheeks.

‘The child, said I to myself, half aloud, knows not who I am, nor whence I came, and yet he avoids me like a beast of prey. Am I then marked upon the forehead like Cain, or have I ceased to be like a man, since all men spurn me ? The aversion of the child tortured me more than all my three years’ slavery, for I had done him good, and I could not accuse him of hating me.

‘I sat down in a wood-yard over against the church ; what my wishes were I know not ; but I remember it was wormwood to my spirits, that none of my old acquaintances should have vouchsafed me a greeting—no, not one. When the yard was locked up, I unwillingly departed to seek a lodging ; in turning the corner of a street, I ran against my Hannah : ‘Mine host of the Sun,’ cried she, and opened her arms as if to embrace me—‘You here again, my dear Wolf, God be thanked for your return !’—Hunger and wretchedness were expressed in her scanty raiment ; a shameful disease had marred her countenance ; her whole appearance told me what a wretched creature she had become. I saw two or three dragoons laughing at her through a window, and turned my back, with a louder laugh than theirs, upon the soldier’s trull. It did me good to find that there was something yet lower in the scale of life than myself.” I had never loved her.

‘My mother was dead. My small house had been sold to pay my creditors. I asked nothing more. I drew near to no man. All the world fled from me like a pestilence, but I had at last forgotten shame. Formerly I hated the sight of men, because their contempt was insufferable to me. Now I threw myself in the way, and found a savage delight in scattering horror around me. I had nothing more to lose, why then should I conceal myself ? Men expected no good from me, why should they have any ? I was made to bear the punishment of sins I had never committed. My infamy was a capital, the interest of which was not easy to be exhausted.

‘The whole earth was before me ; in some remote province I might perhaps have sustained the character of an honest man,

but I had lost the desire of being, nay, even of seeming such. Contempt and shame had taken from me even this last relic of myself,—my resource, now that I had no honour, was to learn to do without it. Had my vanity and pride survived my infamy, I must have died by my own hand.

‘What I was to do, I myself knew not. I was determined, however, to do evil; of so much I have some dark recollection. I was resolved to see the worst of my destiny. The laws, said I to myself, are benefits to the world, it is fit that I should offend them; formerly I had sinned from levity and necessity, but now I sinned from free choice, and for my pleasure.

‘My first step was to the woods. The chase had by degrees become to me as a passion; I thirsted, like a lover, after thick brakes and headlong leaps, and the mad delight of rushing along the bare earth beneath the pines. Besides, I must live. But these were not all. I hated the prince who had published the forest edict, and I believed, that in injuring him, I should only exercise my natural right of retaliation. The chance of being taken no longer troubled me, for now I had a bullet for my discoverer, and I well knew the certainty of my aim. I slew every animal that came near me, the greater part of them rotted where they died; for I neither had the power, nor the wish, to sell more than a few of them beyond the barriers. Myself lived wretchedly; except on powder and shot, I expended nothing. My devastations were dreadful, but no suspicion pursued me. My appearance was too poor to excite any, and my name had long since been forgotten.

‘This life continued for several months. One morning, according to my custom, I had pursued a stag for many miles through the wood. For two hours I had in vain exerted every nerve, and at last I had begun to despair of my booty, when, all at once, I perceived the stately animal exactly at the proper distance for my gun—my finger was ready on the trigger, when, of a sudden, my eye was caught with the appearance of a hat, lying a few paces before me on the ground. I looked more closely, and perceived the huntsman, Robert Horn, lurking behind a massy oak, and taking deliberate aim at the very stag I had been pursuing—at the sight, a deadly coldness crept through my limbs. Here was the man I hated above all living things; here he was, and within reach of my bullet. At this moment, it seemed to me as if the whole world were at the muzzle of my piece, as if the wrath and hatred of a thousand lives were all quivering in the finger that should give the murderous pressure. A dark fearful unseen hand was upon me; the finger of my destiny pointed irrevocably to the black moment. My arm shook as with an ague, while I lifted my gun—my teeth chattered—my breath stood motionless

in my lungs. For a minute the barrel hung uncertain between the man and the stag—a minute—and another—and yet one more. Conscience and revenge struggled fiercely within me, but the demon triumphed, and the huntsman fell dead upon the ground.

‘My courage fell with him—*Murderer!*—I stammered the word slowly. The wood was silent as a church-yard, distinctly did I hear it—*Murderer!*—As I drew near, the man yielded up his spirit. Long stood I speechless by the corpse; at last I forced a wild laugh, and cried, ‘No more tales from the wood now, my friend?’ I drew him into the thicket with his face upwards! The eyes stood stiff, and stared upon me. I was serious enough, and silent too. The feeling of solitude began to press grievously upon my soul.

‘Up to this time I had been accustomed to rail at the over severity of my destiny; now I had done something which was not yet punished. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there existed a being more wretched than myself. Now I began to envy myself for what even then I had been.

‘The idea of God’s justice never came into my mind, but I remembered a bewildered vision of ropes, and swords, and the dying agonies of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed when a boy. A certain dim and fearful idea lay upon my thoughts that my life was forfeit. I cannot recollect every thing. I wished that Horn were yet alive. I forced myself to call up all the evil the dead man had done when in life, but my memory was sadly gone. Scarcely could I recollect one of all those thousand circumstances, which a quarter of an hour before had been suffered to blow my wrath into phrenzy. I could not conceive how or why I had become a murderer.

‘I was still standing beside the corpse—I might have stood there for ever—when I heard the crack of a whip, and the creaking of a fruit wagon passing through the wood. The spot where I had done the deed was scarcely a hundred yards from the great path. I must look to my safety.

‘I bounded like a wild deer into the depths of the wood; but while I was in my race, it struck me that the deceased used to have a watch. In order to pass the barriers, I had need of money, and yet scarcely could I muster up courage to approach the place of blood. Then I thought for a moment of the devil, and, I believe, confusedly, of the omnipresence of God. I called up all my boldness, and strode towards the spot, resolved to dare earth and hell to the combat. I found what I had expected, and a dollar or two besides, in a green silk purse. At first I took all, but a sudden thought seized me. It was neither that I feared, nor that I was ashamed to add another crime to murder. Nevertheless,



so it was, I threw back the watch, and half the silver. I wished to consider myself as the personal enemy, not as the robber of the slain.

‘Again I rushed towards the depths of the forest. I knew that the wood extended for four German miles (about twenty, English measure) northwards, and there bordered upon the frontier. Till the sun was high in heaven I ran on breathless. The swiftness of my flight had weakened the force of my conscience, but the moment I laid myself down upon the grass, it awoke in all its vigour. A thousand dismal forms floated before my eyes; a thousand knives of despair and agony were in my breast. Between a life of restless fear, and a violent death, the alternative was fearful, but choose I must. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, yet scarcely could I bear the idea of remaining in it. Hesitating between the certain miseries of life, and the untried terrors of eternity, alike unwilling to live and to die, the sixth hour of my flight passed over my head—an hour full of wretchedness, such as no man can utter, such as God himself in mercy will spare to me—even to me, upon the scaffold.

‘Again I started on my feet. I drew my hat over my eyes, as if not being able to look lifeless nature in the face, and was rushing instinctively along the line of a small foot path, which drew me into the very heart of the wilderness, when a rough stern voice immediately in front of me cried, ‘Halt!’ The voice was close to me, for I had forgotten myself, and had never looked a yard before me during the whole race. I lifted my eyes, and saw a tall savage-looking man advancing towards me, with a ponderous club in his hand. His figure was of gigantic size, so at least I thought, on my first alarm; his skin was of a dark mulatto yellow, in which the white of his fierce eyes were fearfully prominent. Instead of a girdle, he had a piece of sail-cloth twisted over his green woollen coat, and in it I saw a broad bare butcher’s knife, and a pistol. The summons was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of a human voice had terrified me,—but the sight of an evil-doer gave me heart again. In my condition, I had reason to fear a good man, but none at all to tremble before a ruffian.

‘Whom have we here?’ said the apparition.

‘Such another as yourself,’ was my answer—‘that is, if your looks don’t belie you.’

‘There is no passage this way. Whom seek ye here?’

‘By what right do you ask?’ returned I boldly. The man considered me leisurely twice, from the feet up to the head. It seemed as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure—

‘You speak as stoutly as a beggar,’ said he at last.

‘That may be—I was one yesterday.’

‘The man smiled—‘One would swear,’ cried he, ‘you were not much better than one to-day.’

‘Something worse, friend. I must on.’

‘Softly, friend. What hurries you? Is your time so very precious?’

‘I considered myself for a moment. I know not how the words came to the tip of my tongue. ‘Life is short,’ said I, at last, ‘and hell is eternal.’

‘He looked steadily upon me. ‘May I be d—d,’ said he, ‘if you have not rubbed shoulders with the gallows ere now.’

‘It may be so. Farewell, till we meet again, comrade.’

‘Stop, comrade, shouted the man: He pulled a tin flask from his pouch, took a hearty pull of it, and handed it to me. My flight and my anguish had exhausted my strength, and all this day nothing had passed my lips. Already I was afraid I might faint in the wilderness, for there was no place of refreshment within many miles of me. Judge how gladly I accepted his offer. New strength rushed with the liquor into my limbs—with that, fresh courage into my heart, and hope and love of life. I began to believe that I might not be for ever wretched, such power was in the welcome draught. There was something pleasant in finding myself with a creature of my own stamp. In the state in which I was, I would have pledged a devil, that I might once more have a companion.

‘The man stretched himself on the grass. I did the like. ‘Your drink has done me good,’ said I; ‘we must get better acquainted.’

‘He struck his flint, and lighted his pipe. ‘Are you old in the trade?’ said I.

‘He looked sternly at me—‘What would you say, friend?’—‘Has *that* often been bloody?’ said I, pointing to the knife in his girdle.

‘‘Who art thou?’ cried he fiercely, and threw down his pipe. ‘A murderer, friend, like yourself—but only a beginner.’ He took up his pipe again.

‘Your home is not hereabouts?’ said he, after a pause.

‘Some three miles off,’ said I; ‘did you ever hear of the landlord of the Sun at Bielsdorf?’

‘Your home is not hereabouts?’ said he, after a pause.

‘Some three miles off,’ said I; ‘did you ever hear of the landlord of the Sun at Bielsdorf?’

‘The man sprung up like one possessed—‘What, the poacher Wolf?’ cried he hastily.

‘The same.’

‘Welcome! comrade, welcome! and give me a shake of thy

hand; this is good, mine host of the Sun. Year and day have I sought for thee. I know thee well. I know all. I have long reckoned upon thee, Wolf.'

'Reckoned on me? and wherefore?'

'The whole country is full of you, man; you have had enemies, Wolf; you have been hardly dealt with. You have been made a sacrifice. Your treatment has been shameful.'

'The man waxed warm—'What! because you shot a pair of boars or stags it may be, that the prince feeds here on our acorns; was that a reason for chasing you from house and hold, confining you three years in the castle, and making a beggar of you. Is it come to this, that a man is of less worth than a hare? Are we no better than the beasts of the field, brother? and can Wolf endure it? I can't.'

'Who can alter these things?'

'That we shall presently see: but tell me, whence come you, and what are you about?'

'I told him my whole story. He would not hear me to the end, but leaped up, and dragged me along with him. 'Come, mine host of the Sun,' said he, '*now* you are ripe, *now* I have you. I shall look for honour from you, Wolf! follow me.'

'Whither will you lead me?'

'Ask no questions. Follow.' And he pulled me like a giant.

'We had advanced some quarter of a mile. The road was becoming every step more thick, wild, and impassable. Neither of us spake a word. I was roused from my reverie by the whistle of my guide. I looked up, and perceived that we were standing on the edge of a rock, which hung over a deep dark ravine. A second whistle answered from the root of the precipice, and a ladder rose, as if of its own motion from below. My guide stepped upon it, and desired me to await his return. 'I must first tie up the hounds,' said he; 'you are a stranger here, and the beasts would tear you in pieces.'

'Then I was *alone* upon the rock, and I well knew that I was *alone*. The carelessness of my guide did not escape my attention. With a single touch of my hand I could pull up the ladder, and my flight was secured. I confess that I saw this—I began to shudder at the precipice below me, and to think of that depth from which there is no redemption. I resolved upon flight—I put my hand to the ladder, but then came there to my ear, as if with the laughter of devils, 'What can a murderer do?' and my arm dropt powerless by my side. My reckoning was complete. Murder lay like a rock behind me, and barred all retreat for ever. At this moment my guide re-appeared and bade me come down. I had no longer any choice—I obeyed him.

'A few yards from the foot of the precipice the ground widened

a little, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there was a little piece of smooth turf, and there about eighteen or twenty figures lay scattered around a coal fire. 'Here, comrades,' cried my guide, leading me into the centre of the group; 'here, get up and bid the landlord welcome.'

'Welcome, good landlord,' cried all at once, and crowded around me, men and women. Shall I confess it? Their joy appeared hearty and honest: confidence and respect was in every countenance; one took me by the hand, another by the cloak;—my reception was such as might have been expected by some old and valued friend. Our arrival had interrupted their repast—we joined it, and I was compelled to pledge my new friends in a bumper. The meal consisted of game of all kinds; and the bottle, filled with good Rhenish, was not allowed to rest for an instant. The company seemed to be full of affection towards each other, and of good will towards me.

'They had made me sit down between two women, and this seemed to be considered as a place of honour. I expected to find these the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment, when I perceived, under their coarse garments, two of the most beautiful females I had ever seen. Margaret, the elder and handsomer of the two, was addressed by the name of Miss, and might be five-and-twenty. Her language was free, and her looks were still more eloquent. Mary, the younger, was married, but her husband had treated her cruelly and deserted her. Her features were perhaps prettier, but she was pale and thin, and less striking, on the whole, than her fiery neighbour. They both endeavoured to please me. Margaret was the beauty, but my heart was more taken with the womanly, gentle Mary.

'Brother Wolf,' cried my guide, 'you see how we live here; with us every day is alike; is it not so, comrades?'

'Every day is like the present,' cried they all.

'If you like our way of life,' continued the man, 'strike in, be one of us; be our captain. I bear the dignity for the present, but I will yield it to Wolf. Say I right, comrades?'—A hearty 'Yes, yes,' was the answer.

'My brain was on fire, wine and passion had inflamed my blood. The world had thrown me out like a leper—here were brotherly welcome, good cheer, and *honour*! Whatever choice I might make, I knew that death was before me; but here at least I might sell my life dearly. Women had till now spurned me,—the smiles of Mary were nectar to my soul. 'I remain with you, comrades,' cried I, loudly and firmly, stepping into the midst of the band—'I remain with you, my good friends, providing you give me my pretty neighbour. They all consented to gratify my



wish, and I sat down contented, lord of a strumpet, and captain of a banditti.'

The following part of the history I shall entirely omit, for there is no instruction in that which is purely disgusting. The unhappy Wolf, sunk to this hopeless depth, was obliged to partake in all the routine of wickedness; but he was never guilty of a second murder; so at least he swore solemnly upon the scaffold.

The fame of this man spread, in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terror of old and young—justices set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head. Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

For a full year did Wolf persist in this terrible trade, but at last it began to be intolerable to him. The men, at whose head he had placed himself, were not what he had supposed. They had received him at first with an exterior of profusion, but he soon discovered that they had deceived him. Hunger and want appeared in the room of abundance; he was often obliged to venture his life for a booty, which, when won, was scarcely sufficient to support his existence for a single day. The veil of brotherly affection also passed away, and beneath it he found the lurking paltriness of thieves and harpies. A large reward had been proclaimed for him that should deliver Wolf alive into the hands of justice—if the discoverer should be one of his own gang, a free pardon was promised in addition—a mighty search for the outcast of the earth!—Wolf was sensible of his danger. The honor of those who were at war with God and man seemed but an insufficient security for his life. From this time sleep was agony; wherever he was, the ghost of suspicion haunted him—pursued his steps—watched his pillow—disturbed his dreams. Long silenced conscience again raised her voice, and slumbering remorse began to awake and mingle her terrors in the universal storm of his bosom. His whole hatred was turned from mankind, and concentrated upon his own head. He forgave all nature, and was inexorable only to himself.

This misery of guilt completed his education, and delivered at last his naturally excellent understanding from its shackles. He now felt how low he had fallen; sadness took the place of phrenzy

in his bosom. Cold tears, solitary sighs obliterated the past ; for him it no more existed. He began to hope that he might yet be a good man, for he felt within himself the awakening power of being such. It may be that Wolf, at this the moment of his greatest degradation, was nearer the right path than he had ever seen since he first quitted it.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the German Princes were every where making great levies of troops. The unhappy Wolf shaped some slight hope to himself from these circumstances, and at last took courage to pen the following letter to his sovereign.

\* \* \* \* \*

'If it be not too much for princely compassion to descend to such as Christian Wolf, give him a hearing. I am a thief and a murderer—the laws condemn me to death—justice has set all her myrmidons in search of me—I beg that I may be permitted to deliver up myself. But I bring, at the same time, a strange petition to the throne. I hate my life, I fear not death, but I cannot bear to die without having lived. I would live, my prince, in order to atone, by my services, for my offences. My execution might be an example to the world, but not an equivalent for my deeds. I hate the wretchedness of guilt, I thirst after virtue. I have shewn my power to do evil—permit me to shew my power to do good.

'I know that I make an unheard of request. My life is forfeit ; it may seem absurd for me to state any pretensions to favour. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you—I am still free—and fear is the least among all the motives of my petition.

'It is to mercy that I have fled. I have no claim upon justice—if I had, I should disdain to bring it forward. Yet of one circumstance I might remind my judges—the period of my outrages commenced with that of my degradation. Had their sentence been less severe, perhaps I should have had no occasion to be a suppliant to-day.

'If you give me life, it shall be dedicated to your service. A single word in the gazette shall bring me immediately to your feet. If otherwise you have determined—let justice do her part, I must do mine.' \* \* \* 'CHRISTIAN WOLF.'

This petition remained without an answer ; so did a second and third, in which Wolf begged to be permitted to serve as a hussar in the army of the prince. At last, losing all hope of a pardon, he resolved to fly from the country, and die a brave soldier in the service of King Frederick.

He gave his companions the slip, and took to his journey. The first day brought him to a small country town, where he resolved to spend the night.

The circumstances of the times, the commencing war, the recruiting, made the officers at every post doubly vigilant in observing travellers. The gate-keeper of the town had received a particular command to be attentive. The appearance of Wolf had something imposing about it, but, at the same time, swarthy terrible, and savage. The meagre bony horse he rode, and the grotesque and scanty arrangement of his apparel, formed a strange contrast with a countenance whereon a thousand fierce passions seemed to lie exhausted and congealed, like the dying and dead upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the strange apparition. Forty years of experience had made the man, grown grey in his office, as sharp-sighted as an eagle in detecting offenders. He immediately bolted his gate and demanded the passport of Wolf. The fugitive was however prepared for this accident; and he drew out, without hesitation, a pass which he had taken a few days before from a plundered merchant. Still this solitary evidence was not able entirely to satisfy the scruples of the practised officer. The gate-keeper trusted his own eyes rather than the paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the town-house.

The chief magistrate of the place examined the pass, and declared it to be in every respect what it should be. It happened that this man was a great politician,—his chief pleasure in life consisted in conning over a newspaper, with a bottle of wine before him. The passport shewed forth that its bearer had come from the very centre of the seat of war. He hoped to draw some private intelligence from the stranger; and the clerk, who brought back the pass, requested Wolf to step in, and take a bottle of Mark-brunner with his master.

Meantime the traveller had remained on horseback at the door of the town-house, and his singular appearance had collected about him half the rabble of the place. They looked at the horse and his rider by turns,—they laughed,—they whispered,—at last it had become a perfect tumult. Unfortunately the animal Wolf rode on was a stolen one, and he immediately began to fancy that it was described in some of the prints. The unexpected invitation of the magistrate completed his confusion. He took it for granted that the falsity of his pass had been detected, and that the invitation was only a trick for getting hold of him alive. A bad conscience stupified his faculties—he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped off without making any answer to the clerk.

The sudden flight convinced all that had before suspected him. ‘A thief, a robber,’ was the cry, and the whole mob were at his heels. Wolf rode for life and death, and he soon left his pursuers breathless behind.—His deliverance is near; but a heavy hand

was upon him—the hour was come—unrelenting destiny was there.

The road he had taken led to no outlet, and Wolf was obliged to turn round upon his pursuers.

The alarm of this incident had, in the mean time, set the whole town into an uproar; every road was blockaded, and a whole host of enemies came forth to receive him. He draws out a pistol; the crowd yields; he begins to make a way for himself through their ranks.

'The first that lays a finger on me—dies,' shouted Wolf, holding out his pistol. Fear produced an universal pause. But a firm old soldier seized him from behind, and mastered the hand which held the weapon. He knocks the pistol from his grasp; the disarmed Wolf is instantly dragged from his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town-house.

'Who are you?' said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

'One who is resolved to answer no questions, unless they be more civilly put.'

'Who are you, sir?'

'What I said I was. I have travelled through all Germany, and never found oppression till now.'

'Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?'

'Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble.'

'You threatened to fire——?'

'My pistol was not loaded.' They examined it and found no ball.

'Why do you carry such weapons?'

'Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here.'

'Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth.'

'I have already said all.'

'Take him to the tower.'

'To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir. There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands.'

'I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side.'

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all, the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.



'I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening.'

'Most willingly, since you ask me to do so.'

'Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something, which might satisfy us of your good character.'

'And if I should say nothing?'

'Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns.'

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agitated; he then stepped close up to the magistrate.

'Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?'

The councillors looked doubtfully at each other, but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

'Now what will you?'

'Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honourable man.'——

'What have you to say to me?'

'I see you are an honourable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand?'

'What will you, stranger?'

'Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so?—and they have made you more merciful?'

'Sir, what mean you?'

'You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking?'

'What is this?—you alarm me.'

'Do you not guess the truth?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God's mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is WOLF.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS.

In one of my lonely rambles about the wonderful and interesting capital I was now visiting, I joined a crowd of twenty or thirty persons, waiting at the outer door that leads to the upper entrance of the Catacombs. I had heard of these extraordinary vaults, but not having passed before the Barriere d'Enfer, I had not inspected them in person. Though I could not help conjecturing that a subterraneous cemetery, where the relics of ten centuries reposed, must be a sight too congenial with the morbid temper of my mind, I had no notion of the actual horrors of that mansion for the dead, or in my then distempered state of feeling, I should not have trusted my nerves with the spectacle to be expected. How will the curious tourist of the present day smile as he peruses this confession!—but a few, perhaps will understand and pity what *were* my follies. As it was, I provided myself, like the rest, with a waxen taper, and we waited with impatience for the appearance of the guide from below, with the party that had preceded us. It was about three o'clock of a sultry afternoon, and we were detained so long, that when the door opened at last, we all rushed in, and hurried old Jerome to the task of conducting us, without giving him time for the necessary precaution of counting our number. I was an utter stranger to all present, and felt at first, as if I should have wished to view the sight, towards which we hurried our conductor, with him alone, or at least with fewer and less vociferous companions: but when we had descended many steps into the bowels of the earth, and the cold air from the dwellings of mortality smote my brow, I owned a sensible relief from the presence of the living around me, and was cheered by the sound of their various exclamations. Even with these accompaniments, however, it was with more than astonishment that I gazed upon the opening scene, and ever and anon, wrapped up in my thoughts, I anticipated with secret forebodings, the horrors I was doomed to undergo.

It would be superfluous to describe what has been described so often, yet none can have received, from a survey of the Catacombs, such impressions as my mind was prepared to admit; and few can have retained so vivid and distinct a picture of their appearance, as has been branded on my soul in characters not to be effaced. Alas! I entered them with little of that fine exalting spirit so divinely eulogized by Virgil, in the motto that is inscribed upon their walls:

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
'Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum  
'Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acheronti evari.

The interminable rows of bare and blackening skulls—the masses interposed of gaunt and rotting bones, that once gave strength and symmetry to the young, the beautiful, the brave, now mildewed by the damp of the cavern, and heaped together in indiscriminate arrangement—the faint mouldering and death-like smell that pervaded these gloomy labyrinths, and the long recesses in the low-roofed rock, to which I dared not turn my eyes except by short and fitful glances, as if expecting something terrible and ghastly to start from the indistinctness of their distance,—all had associations for my thoughts very different from the solemn and edifying sentiments they must rouse in a well regulated breast, and, by degrees, I yielded up every faculty to the influence of an ill-defined and mysterious alarm. My eyesight waxed gradually dull to all but the fleshless skulls which were glaring in the yellow light of the tapers—the hum of human voices was stifled in my ears, and I thought myself alone, already with the dead. The guide thrust the light he carried into a huge skull that was lying separate in a niche ; but I marked not the action or the man, but only the fearful glimmering of the transparent bone, which I thought a smile of triumphant malice from the presiding spectre of the place, while imagined accents whispered, in my hearing, ‘ Welcome to our charnel-house, for **THIS** shall be your chamber ! ’ Dizzy with indescribable emotions, I felt nothing but a painful sense of oppression from the presence of others, as if I could not breathe for the black shapes that were crowding near me ; and turning, unperceived, down a long and gloomy passage of the catacombs, I rushed as far as I could penetrate, to feed in solitude the growing appetite for horror, that had quelled for the moment, in my bosom, the sense of fear, and even the feeling of identity. To the rapid whirl of various sensations that had bewildered me ever since I left the light of day, a season of intense abstraction now succeeded. I held my burning eyeballs full upon the skulls in front, till they almost seemed to answer my fixed regard, and claim a dreadful fellowship with the being that beheld them. How long I stood motionless in this condition I know not—my taper was calculated to last a considerable time, and I was awakened from my trance by the scorching heat of it’s expiring in my hand. Still insensible of what I was about, I threw it to the ground ; and, gleaming once more, as if to show the darkness and solitude to which I was consigned, it was speedily extinguished. But, by the strong impression on my brain, the whole scene remained distinct, and it was not for some time that my fit of abstraction passed away, and the horrific conviction came upon me, that I was left deserted, as I fancied in my first confusion, by faithless friends, and abandoned to the mercy of a thousand demons. All the ideal

terrors I had cherished from my childhood, exalted to temporary madness by the sense and certainty of the horrid objects that surrounded me, rushed at once upon my soul ; and in an agony of impatient consternation, I screamed and shouted, loud and long, for assistance. Not an answer was returned, but the dreary echoes of this dreadful tomb. I saw that my cries for succour were hopeless and in vain, and my voice failed me for very fear—my jaws were fixed and open, my palate dry—a cold sweat distilled from every pore, and my limbs were chill and powerless as death. Their vigour at length revived, and I rushed in a delirium through the passages, struggling through their various windings to retrace my path, and plunging at every step in more inexplicable error, till running with the speed of lightning along one of the longest corridors, I came with violence in full and loathsome contact with the skeleton relics at the end. The shock was like fire to my brain—I wept tears of rage and despair ; and thrusting my fingers in the sockets of the empty skulls, to wrench them from the wall, I clutched their bony edges, till the blood sprung from my lacerated hand. In short, I cannot paint to you the extravagancies I acted, or the wild alternation of my feelings that endured for many hours. Sometimes excited to frenzy, I imagined I know not what of horrid and appalling, and saw, with preternatural acuteness, through the darkness as clear as noon,—while grisly visages seemed glaring on me near, and a red and bloody haze enveloped the more fearful distance. Then, when reason was on the point of going, an interval of terrible collection would succeed. I felt in my very soul how I was left alone—perhaps not to be discovered, at any rate for what appeared to me an endless period, in which I should perhaps expire of terror, and I longed for deep, deep sleep, or to be as cold and insensate as the things around me. I tried to recollect the courage, that only on one point had ever failed me, but judgment had ever missed her stays, and the whispers of the subterraneous wind, or the stealthy noises I seemed to hear in concert with the audible beatings of my heart, overcame me irresistibly. Sometimes I thought I could feel silence palpable like a soft mantle on my ear—I figured dreadful hands within a hair-breath of my body, ready to tear me if I stirred, and in desperation flung myself upon the ground. Then would I creep close to the mouldering fragments at the bottom of the wall, and try to dig with my nails, from the hard rock, something to cover me. Oh ! how I longed for a cloak to wrap and hide me, though it had been my mother's winding-sheet, or grave-flannel animated with worms. I buried my head in the skirts of my coat, and prayed for slumber ; but a fearful train of images forced me again to rise and stumble on, shivering in frame with unearthly cold, and yet internally fevered



with a tumult of agonizing thoughts. Any one must have suffered somewhat in such a situation ; but no one's sufferings could resemble mine, unless he carried to the scene a mind so hideously prepared. Part of these awful excavations are said to have been once haunted by banditti ; but I had no fears of them, and should have swooned with transport to have come upon their fires at one of their turnings in the rock, though my appearance had been the instant signal for their daggers.

In my wanderings I recovered for a moment the path taken by the guides, and found myself in a sort of cell within the rock, where particular specimens of mortality were preserved. My arm rested on the table, where two or three loosened skulls, and a thigh-bone of extravagant dimensions, were lying, and a new fit of madness seized me. My heart beat with redoubled violence, while I brandished the enormous bone, and hoarsely called for its original possessor to come in all the terrors of the grave, and there would I wrestle with him for the relic of his own miserable carcase. I struck repeatedly, and hard, the hollow-sounding sides of the cell, shouting my defiance ; then throwing myself with violence towards the opening, I missed my balance, and, snatching at the wall round the corner to save myself, I jammed my hand in an aperture among the bones, and fancied that the grisly adversary I invoked had grasped my arm in answer to my challenge. My shrieks of agony rang through the caverns, and, staggering back into the cell, I fell upon my face, hardly daring to respire, and expecting unimagined horrors or speedy dissolution. How my feelings varied for a space of time, I know not ; but sleep insensibly fell upon me. In my dream, I did not seem to change the scene, but still reclining in the cell, I fancied the skulls upon the wall the same in number, but magnified to a terrific size, with black jetty eyes imbedded in their naked sockets, and rivetted with malicious earnestness on me. A dim recess seemed opened beyond one side of the cell, and each spectral eye turning with a sidelong glance towards it, drew mine the same direction by an unconquerable fascination. Still appearing to gaze determinedly upon them, I had power, as I dreamed, to obey their impulse simultaneously, and to perceive a dreadful figure, black, bony, and skull-headed, with similar terrific eyes, whom they seemed to hail as their minister of cruelty, while with slow and silent paces, it drew near to clasp me in its hideous arms. Closer and closer it advanced ; but, thanks and praises to the all-gracious Power that stills the tempest of the soul ! the limit of suffering was reached, and the force of terror was exhausted. My nerves so long weak, and prone to agitation, were recovered, by the over violence of their momentum ; and, instead of losing reason in the shock, or waking in the extremity of fear, the vision

was suddenly changed—the scenery of horror melted into light, and a calm and joyful serenity took possession of my bosom. My animal powers must have been nearly worn out, for long—long I slept in this delightful tranquillity; and when I awakened, it was, for the first time of my life, in a peaceful and healthy state of mind, unfettered, and released for ever from all that had enfeebled and debased my nature. I had passed in that celestial sleep from death to life, from the dreams of weakness and lapse of insanity, to the full use and animation of my faculties; and I felt as if a cemented load had broken and crumbled off my soul, and left me fearless and serene. I was never happy—I was never worthy the stile of Man, till then; and, as I lay, I faltered out my thanks in ecstasy to Heaven, for all that had befallen me.

My limbs were numbed by the cold and damp of the floor on which I had been lying; but, rising from it, a new being in all that is essential to existence, I entered the passage, and walked briskly up and down, to recover the play and vigour of my frame. I found the thigh-bone on the ground where I had dropped it—and no longer tortured by the fears that were gone for ever, replaced it quietly in its former situation. I kept near the entrance of the cell, that the first guide who descended might not miss me; and it could not be more than two hours, before Jerome, whose hair stood on end when he heard where I had passed the night, came down with an early party of visiters, and freed me from my dungeon.

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#### IL DUE GOBBI.

After the splendid ceremony of wedding the Adriatic sea, which the chief magistrate of Venice performs by going out in his state-barge and throwing a ring into the waves, a splendid banquet in his palace, and general revelry throughout the city, usually occupy the day. On one of these annual occasions, the Doge, having celebrated the allegorical ceremony expressive of his maritime authority, retired to a small supper-table, with a few select friends, to enjoy an entire release from official cares. And that it might be fully felt by his guests, he deputed his favourite Count Annibal Fiesco to perform the honours of the table, and sat himself among the entertained. The favourite, a nobleman of rich comic humour and grotesque person, compared himself to Sancho Panza in his court of Barataria, and the guests, seizing the licence of the moment, rallied him gaily on his likeness to that merry

squire's exterior. 'Say at once,' rejoined the Count, 'that you think me a tolerable *Panache*.' The Doge asked an explanation of this sally, and was answered, with great gravity, 'Monsignor, the personage I mention is at this time of high importance at the court of France. She is hump-backed, wry-footed, squints prodigiously, takes snuff, scolds every body, and sits at all tables. One gives her a sweetmeat, another a box on the ear—she mistakes the offender, tells all the truths she knows, and never fails to make mischief. Therefore she delights all the ladies of the court, and whatever ought not to be told is said to be told by Madame Panache. One of these fair ladies was well received by the royal family of Sweden, but unluckily compared the queen to Madame Panache; and the consequence may be guessed, as the queen was an ugly woman.'

'Had she been an ugly man,' said the Chamberlain, slyly glancing at the favourite's deformed person, 'the revenge would have been different. Instead of ruining the lady's husband, which, probably gave her no great concern, I would have sentenced her to wear the hump, and bear the name of Madame Panache. But perhaps she had not wit enough to play a fool's part well.'

'Every wise man has not quite wit enough for that,' interrupted the Doge, seeing some symptoms of Italian anger in his friends' faces; and casting a glance at the Count, he put on his scarlet cloak, and resumed his place at the head of the table with an air of mild authority which seemed to request forbearance. The favourite obeyed it with ready grace. 'Your highness,' said he, 'shall see how easily a fool's part may be played. No man in this city is said to resemble me, except the cobbler Antonio; and I will wager my best white horse, that in three days I will wear his clothes, handle his tools, and make his grimaces so well, that he shall not be certain whether he is himself, or I am he. Nay, if your highness chooses to have this carnival of folly complete, I will bring him to confess he is a dead man, and that I am his ghost!' The Doge staked a hundred ducats on the experiment, and the chamberlain joined in wishing the Count success in the farce of *Il Due Gobbi*.

An obscure shed, or what in England would be called a cobbler's stall, was the abode in Venice of a celebrated person called Antonio Raffaele—not the painter whose talents have excited so many imitators, but a little square-headed humpbacked shoemaker, whose neighbours gave him this eminent surname in derision of his ridiculous ugliness and excessive vanity. Almost all the noted artists in Venice had taken this *Æsop's* likeness as an exercise of their skill in caricature, but with infinite delight to Antonio, who imagined himself a second Antinous. One night,

after earning a few pieces of coin upon the quay, he returned to his cassino, and was surprised to see a squareheaded humpbacked dwarf seated by his wife's side, composedly eating macaroni and drinking lemonade. 'In the name of St. Mark,' said the high-spirited Italian cobbler, 'how comes such an ill-favoured cicisbeo here in my absence, and how dares he stay when I come home?'

'Signor Gobbo,' replied the dwarf, bowing with great civility and nonchalance, 'considering that you have thought fit to counterfeit my hump and my crooked leg, I make no answer to your comment on my ill looks; but I take leave to eat my own macaroni, and sit at my own shopboard, without offence to any gentleman.'

Antonio Raffaele answered this harangue with a very scientific blow, which the new cobbler returned with such speed, and such sufficient aid from the lady, that his opponent was forced to abandon his household hearth and fight outside. All the *lazzaroni* of the neighbourhood assembled to see the manual debate; and as poor Raffaele was completely vanquished, very wisely, and with the usual logic of a mob, concluded him in the wrong, and joined the impostor in driving him out of the street. Antonio was a practical philosopher, and instead of waiting for farther compliments from the victors, went to the nearest officer of police, and made his complaint. 'This is all very ingenious,' said the magistrate laughing; 'but, my good little Annibal, every body knows the old cobbler you pretend to be, and his ugliness is a hundred times more conical than your's. I have known the steeple on his shoulders, ever since I was a boy, and wrote my lessons twenty years ago, under the inspiration of his genius for lying—Go and add three pounds to that mound on your back, and make a better semi-circle of your leg before you come to me again.'

There was no enduring this taunt. Raffaele ran in a fury of aggrieved honour to Signor Corregiano, an artist who had just finished a sketch of him, and implored his aid to identify an injured man. 'Ha, ha!' answered the Signor, uncovering his easel—'that will be no difficult matter. His back serves me as the model of *Vespasian's arch*, and I shall send for him to-morrow to finish his profile—I want it for the *Princess of Parma's museum*—and here it is, except the nose, which I have not ochre enough to finish. My wife's parrot mistook it for a cockatoo's beak, and pecked at it.' If Raffaele was astonished at the insolent raillery of the painter, he was still more confounded when, in reply to his clamorous complaints, the Signor drily ordered his lacqueys to turn the impostor out of doors. 'These rogues think,' said the artist, taking a long whip and bestowing it liberally on his visiter,



‘that any dwarf may mimic our Raffaele, but I would have them to know that an ugly knave must be a clever one.’

Poor Antonio hardly knew how to believe his own ears, which had been so often feasted with the praises of his fine bust, and antique proportion. But one person might certainly be found to bear witness of his identity, and he ran like a tortoise in an agony to the confessional of Father Paulo, a rosy Dominican, whose sandals he had often repaired. ‘For the love of justice and St. Dominick,’ said our persecuted cobbler, ‘assist a wronged man to confront his enemies. A caitiff, who calls himself Antonio Raffaele, has entered my house, seized my stock in trade, eaten up my supper, and seduced my wife—and the neighbours say—’ ‘Ah, very true!’ answered the priest, resting his hands gravely on his sides—‘what the neighbours tell you is nothing more than the precise truth. I owed him two maravedis for mending my shoes last night, but he had such an enormous bale of sins to confess, that I shall deduct the two maravedis as a penance.’—‘What, holy father! will you not even pay me for my day’s work?’ ‘Your’s, lazzarone!—I employ for my cobbler a dull roguish drone, who has more ugliness than Æsop, and more tricks than all Æsop’s birds and beasts; but his face is so strangely like St. Januarius’s phial, that I verily believe it grows red by miracle, and therefore I patronize it.’

Not even Raffaele’s devout respect for the Catholic church, could repress his rage at this accumulation of outrages. He seized on the Dominican’s ample sleeve, which being filled with Naples biscuits and Parmesan cheese, caused an unexpected shower of good things among the ragged groupe whose curiosity brought them to this scene. While the lazzaroni scrambled and the cobbler talked, two or three soldiers of the Doge’s guard laid their hands on him, and carried him to the nearest prison, accused by divers witnesses of profaning an ecclesiastic’s person by assault. It was in vain to detail his wrongs, and plead the law of retaliation. The serjeant of the police preferred arguments of another kind, and after making as many indentures on his back as would have served for the plan of a tessellated pavement, the ministers of justice sent him forth to seek his home and property again. Of the latter part, as far as concerned his wife, he had some fears of finding more than was necessary, and could have dispensed very well with any restoration of his living stock. But when he entered the shop, woful sight!—he beheld new furniture, a new name, a lady gaily dressed, and the pretended cobbler sitting with a large assortment of shoes before him. The outrageous reproaches of Antonio were more like the chattering of a sick ape, than the articulation of human speech. He danced,

grinned, shrieked, and threw his professional tools in all directions, but especially at the head of his faithless wife, who affected the utmost dismay and astonishment. Officers of justice were sent for again, the neighbours gathered together, the street resounded with shouts, and the Doge, whose carriage was passing through it, stopped to inquire into the cause. He was a man of mirth and good nature; the ridiculous distress of the two cobblers caught his fancy, and he ordered the matter to be brought to speedy trial. Antonio Raffaele bustled through the crowd, and called on the Doge to hear him speak on the spot. The state attendants of the equipage would have driven him off, but the Doge, laughing heartily, invited him to proceed. 'Sire, your excellency knows that merit of all kinds must have enemies, and the highest tree, as our proverb says, has the crows' nest in it. It is well known to your highness, that no portrait or statue in your gallery has been finished without a comparison with my figure, and this graceless usurper thinks he may rob me of my fame and my patrons, because he has a high shoulder and a curved leg. I beseech your excellency only to command that he may meet me face to face in your council-room three days hence, and your ten counsellors shall see which of us is the true Raffaele.'

The Doge burst into a second fit of laughter. The Council of Ten, the most formal and formidable tribunal in Venice, engaged in the trial of two hunchback cobblers, struck him as such ludicrous burlesque, that he determined to regale himself with a full surfeit of the comedy. 'Well, Antonio!' said the merry chief magistrate, 'collect your witnesses, and digest sufficient evidence. If I can find ten idle counsellors keeping carnival, they shall sit as your judges, and I will be umpire between *Il Due Gobbi*.'

The crowd dispersed, the pretended cobbler shut himself into his shop in triumph, and the people of the street, with the usual indolence of Italians, forgot the quarrel between the two hunchback *Sosias* before night. Antonia was not so passive. He purchased a large wide cloak of an Armenian Jew, composed a beard of very respectable length, and covered one eye with a patch of green leather. High-heeled shoes and a large shawl folded into a turban altered his stature considerably, and a gaberdine disguised his distorted shape. Thus attired, and furnished with an assortment of suitable wares, he presented himself at the gate of Count Annibal Fiesco, the Rochester of the Venetian court, and enquired if he was at home. Our Antonia had received a hint from the Doge's chamberlain, of the wager laid by the Count, and determined to retaliate the sport on him and his confederates.

The servants had no leisure to answer such applicants. They were engaged in discussing the merits of an extraordinary mounte-

bank or itinerant merry-andrew, and disputing which of their own number could perform the cleverest feats. 'For my part,' said the major-domo, 'I have read of stealing the eggs from a bird's nest while she sat on them, and as yonder is a magpie sitting in that tree, I will shew how easily that trick may be played by boring a hole under the nest.'—'Ay,' rejoined the page, 'but who will play the second part of the same trick, and put the eggs back again without disturbing her?'—'Gentlemen,' interposed the false Armenian, 'that is nothing to a feat I have seen among the Saxon Gypsies. Let monsignor, who has, as I see, a suit of his lord's clothes under his arm, tuck them under mine, and carry my box of small wares to the top of that fine tree. I will engage before you all, and without his perceiving it, to draw off his apparel, and put his master's on his back.' The whole conclave of domestics were enchanted; and the page made haste to fold up his lord's scarlet cloak, embroidered doublet, and white silk hose, into a bundle of convenient size; and that the metamorphosis might completely exhibit the artist's skill, another ran to seek Count Annibal's plumed velvet hat and splendid shoes, which were placed as our Gobbo desired, one on his head, the other in the bundle under his arm. The page with the show-box of trinkets began to mount slowly first, and the mock conjuror, having slung his bundle very carefully, climbed after him, and contrived with great adroitness to perform one half of his task, while the court-yard rang with shouts of laughter. But while the poor page was most inconveniently perched on the top of the tree, his hands encumbered with the show-box, and his face full of rueful grimaces at his dishabille, Antonio suddenly leaped from one of the branches over the wall, and ran off with his bundle, leaving the servants uncertain whether to pursue him or laugh at their comrade's ridiculous position. Antonio had no leisure to enjoy that part of the jest. He retreated with his prize to a secret spot, put on the cloak, rich vestment, and other contents of the bundle, and placing his gemmed and feathered hat with a gallant air on his head, he presented himself at the Doge's palace, and entered his council-chamber. 'What, Annibal!—so soon tired of the chest?' said the merry Doge, laughing as he saw him enter—'But you have not yet fulfilled all the conditions of our wager—you promised not only to dislodge the cobbler from his stall, cheat his neighbours, and usurp his business, but also to convince him he was dead.'—'That I shall soon do for your highness's amusement,' replied the counterfeit nobleman, 'provided we have the pomp of a formal council, and bring him before us with due judicial ceremony. The rogue has taken possession of his stall again, and it will not be amiss to send for him with a formidable posse of your officers, and cite his wife also. We shall need the

evidence of two or three other persons, but they must be summoned at a proper time.'—The Doge renewed his laughter, and bade his favourite follow into his private cabinet. 'This will be a more imposing room of inquisition,' said he, taking his chair of state—'You, my chamberlain, and myself, will form a council of three, more terrible in Venice than the ten fools of my larger council.'—'That is true,' replied the mock Count, drily, 'and three, including your highness, are quite sufficient; but that my task may be properly fulfilled of frightening this cobbler to death, your messengers must hint that he is charged with a secret conspiracy, revealed as usual through the lion's mouth.'—The thought was instantly approved and executed, the Council of Three took their places near their table in official order, and in half an hour the pretended cobbler was brought in, handcuffed, and placed before them, attended by Antonio's wife.

Our original Antonio folded his scarlet cloak, and adjusted his brows with a scowl of scorn very well befitting a Venetian judge, and his imitator, not so well understanding this unexpected part of the farce, waited in silence for the result.

'You, who call yourself Antonio Raffaele, cobbler and seller of monkies on the Rialto,' said the Doge, in a stern voice, 'you who are accused of secret movements against the state, what reason have you for representing yourself as what you are not?'

'Your highness knows very well who I am,' answered the prisoner, with an arch glance which he meant the Doge to interpret—'And you know, moreover, that I am Antonio Raffaele, the reformer of your servants' soles, and the model of your sculptor's bodies.'

'Fellow,' interposed the new judge, availing himself of the Doge's permission to conclude the comedy as he pleased—'this is too audacious contumely. Every body knows Antonio Raffaele, commonly called Gobbo the cobbler, has been dead and buried three days. Let the woman behind you deny if she dares.'

'The hunchback's wife, not being prepared for this challenge, knew not what to reply. The three inquisitors urged her to confess if this man was her husband, or an impostor, and her prevarications and confusion produced the most ridiculous answers. 'I have thought, monsignor,' said Antonio addressing the Doge with the bow of a man of rank and a well-imitated air of supercilious negligence towards the prisoners—'I have remembered a necessary means of reaching the truth and confronting these accomplices. Let us send for Signor Torregiano and the Dominican Father Paul.'

Both were already in waiting, and made their appearance before the council, more perplexed than alarmed. They had been



instructed by the Doge's merry favourite how to play their parts in tormenting the poor cobbler, but had received no intimations how to behave towards him to-night.

Therefore when the Doge, with an austere air, enquired if the painter had not been sent for to take a sketch of his features after his death, Torregiano very gravely assented, adding, that he meant to compose a bust of *Æsop* from the outline. The priest was asked, if he had not administered extreme unction and heard his last confession; in which the Dominican, thinking the jest required it, made no hesitation in acquiescing. 'And moreover,' said Antonio in a loud voice, 'as this Council absolves all priests from the secrecy of the confessional, you will acknowledge that he reminded you of the hundred sequins he received from my lord chamberlain for slipping a billet into a dancer's shoe, for which you gave him absolution, and promised to pay him the fifty-five you borrowed?'—Paulo, still supposing all this a part of the concerted jest, assented to the charge, and signed his name to the notation made by the Council's secretary.—'And you, Signor Torregiano,' resumed the hunchbacked judge, 'do you not admit in this august presence, that you promised the dying cobbler thirty silver ducats for the use of his skull after his decease, to enrich your art?'—And are you not prepared to pay them to this poor woman, whose grief for her husband has disordered her memory?'—The painter could do nothing but assent, and lay down the money as required; after which the pretended Count required the presence of the magistrate who presided over the cobbler's district. This civilian, whose conduct to our cobbler had been dictated by the Doge's favourite, came without fear to answer whatever might be proposed; and the Doge, in the grotesque airs of over-acted authority assumed by his friend, saw only a fresh proof of his inventive drollery and mimic talent. The Count himself, in his cobbler's garb, could no way conceive how his patron intended this excess of merriment to end. But when the magistrate was required to give his wife a certificate of her widowhood, and to sign himself an affidavit of the cobbler's death, he began to apprehend some part of the jest would fall heavily on his own shoulders. He was not mistaken. Having asked again and again if he was not ashamed to appear in the cobbler's shape after his death and funeral, and making no reply, the mischievous judge proposed to ascertain whether he was really a corporeal mimic, or apparition of the deceased, by a sound flagellation. The servants of the Doge applied the test with such force, that the Count, not knowing a better way to end the trial, exclaimed—'I am dead!—I am dead!—I confess whatever his highness pleases.'

The Doge clapped his hands with a cry of applause; and the

favourite, pulling off his ragged disguise, begged the honest dwarf who personated him to take back his own apparel and give him his. But Antonio, made bold by his success, first claimed the money which the priest and painter had promised to pay; and giving his wife her certificate of widowhood, bade her go in peace, and consider him happily released from her. The Doge, highly amused and astonished to find the real cobbler had been sitting by his side, confirmed both the divorce and the payments; and awarded to him the amount of the wager he had laid; declaring his favourite the loser, but himself a winner of one merry day by  
 Il Due Gobbi. V.

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### THE BLACK GONDOLA.

The mock trial of the crooked shoemakers by the Doge of Venice,\* only exhibited the ready talent for stratagem and deliberate spirit of revenge often found in the lowest order of Italians. The sequel displayed those national characteristics in a higher and more fatal degree.

Count Annibal Fiesco, by whom that mock trial had been instigated, was secretly suspicious of the high-chamberlain's share in the catastrophe, and severely piqued at the ridicule it had called upon him. He baffled the jest in the most graceful way he could, by being foremost in laughter at his personal resemblance to the grotesque cobbler and by representing him at masked balls as his favourite character. On one of these occasions, as he returned from a midnight entertainment in the attire of Crispin's disciple, a man started from an obscure corner of St. Mark's square, and whispered, 'You have been dangerously late—we have waited for you more than an hour.'

Though the speaker wore a lazzarone's loose and squalid apparel, the Count knew the voice and features of his enemy, the Doge's chamberlain. Believing this the beginning of some intrigue, he was not unwilling to seize what might retort the jest; and imitating the cobbler's voice with his usual perfection of mimicry, he replied, 'Give me my business, and let me finish it before day-light.'—'Take this ring, Raffaello, returned the chamberlain, 'and make haste to the Villa Salvati—if the man you meet under the gateway says 'Yes,' give him the ring, and he

\* See Il Due Gobbi.

will trust you with a letter—if ‘*No*,’ return here to me, and I shall have other employment for you.’

It was safest to make no answer. Annibal took the ring, now well convinced that his adversary held intimate correspondence with the knavish shoemaker, and satisfied by the right of retaliation which this certainty seemed to give him. He went courageously to the gateway of the villa, and said to the man who stood under its shadow—‘Yes or no?’—‘No!’ was his answer, without lifting his head; and Fiesco, disappointed by not seeing the face of the intriguer’s other agent, returned to St. Mark’s Place, determining to pursue the adventure, and trusting to his talents as a mimic to prevent his own detection.

Martini, the Doge’s chamberlain, stood where he had been left, and showed a joyful gesture when he saw his messenger return. Not a word was exchanged, except the monosyllable *no*, and Martini beckoned the supposed cobbler to follow him. They went through various obscure byeways to the back-door of a house from whence Martini brought a large package, which he gave to his companion; and taking another himself, made him a second sign to follow. Count Fiesco began to dislike his enterprise, and to fear it was not connected with ordinary gallantry, or that it was another stratagem to render him ridiculous. But when his conductor stopped at the garden-door of a palace occupied by the French ambassador, his ideas changed. He knew how jealously the Venetian republic viewed any intercourse between its subjects and the agents of a foreign power, and he therefore knew that an officer of state in Venice would not hazard a private visit to an ambassador without some motive more powerful than a jest. His adversary was a young and gallant man; and the probability so strongly favoured his first suspicion of an intrigue, that Fiesco once more determined to understand the matter, and convert it, if he could, into a means of retrieving his own lost credit. The door was opened, not, as he expected, by a muffled duenna, but by the ambassador himself, wrapped in a plain coat with a lantern in his hand. He looked at his visitors as if he expected a third; and shutting them within his garden-door, asked if all was concluded. ‘Your excellency’s word is sufficient,’ said the chamberlain; ‘and here is a farther pledge of my employer’s good faith.’ He took from Fiesco’s shoulders the package they bore, and laid his own on it. ‘But where is the other deposit?’ inquired the Frenchman—‘Can we not finish the affair to-night?—Notwithstanding the convenient indisposition of your Doge, I can defer my audience of leave no longer.’ ‘Not to-night, Monseigneur, unless——but in a matter of such high importance, we shall be able to amuse the senate with excuses

for delaying your last audience till this secret treaty is settled.'—  
'And,' answered the Ambassador, 'it will be, I hope, a preamble and preparation for public treaties still more expressive of your master's trust. I give him, on my own behalf, a guarantee of the friendship which my sovereign wishes to exist between our nations.' 'I am only authorized,' said Martini, in an agitated voice, 'to seal this compact—you are a French nobleman, and will not forget its secrecy or its sacredness.' 'Neither,' rejoined the Envoy; 'nor shall I forget that I received it from a noble Venetian, an officer of state, and a prime counsellor of the Doge.'

Martini opened the red box he had brought, without replying. It contained jewels and some papers which the envoy eyed with a glance of triumph; and closing the lid, put his seal upon it. Fiesco saw the secret glance, and the feelings of a politician rose within him, mingled with those of his private enmity. Martini was concluding a negotiation with the crafty minister of a rival nation, and had probably compromised the welfare of Venice for some purpose connected with his own ambition. Here, indeed, was an unexpected opening to the revenge which Fiesco's soul had claimed as a right till it thirsted for it at a banquet. The conversation he had heard implied some acquiescence on the Doge's part, and he felt a sullen pleasure in finding that the patron who had sacrificed him for a jest was not incapable of sacrificing his country. While he hesitated between that vindictive pleasure, and the more generous impulse which tempted him to throw off his disguise and arrest Martini, the envoy cast on him a significant glance, and the chamberlain directed him to depart, and await his return in the square of St. Mark.

This was the crisis of Fiesco's fate. He stopped an instant on the threshold after the garden gate had been closed upon him; and strove to overhear their farther conversation. But he only heard the envoy repeat the words he had before addressed to Martini, and they renewed the worst passions in the Count's inmost heart. 'An officer of state!—prime counsellor of the Doge!' these titles might have belonged to him if the ingenious mischief of his rival had not supplanted him. He had never been any thing more than the favourite jester of the court, and he loathed the Doge even for loving what he knew to be only his lowest talent, and for not discovering the many nobler ones which he felt in his possession. Thus stung by private pique and political jealousy, and justified, as he believed, by both, he returned to St. Mark's square; not to await Montini's return, but to lodge an accusation against him of traitorous intercourse with the minister of France. Then throwing his cobbler's coat and other apparel into the canal, he made haste, muffled in an ordinary cloak, to his own mansion. On the door, in large letters, written with



red chalk, he saw this alarming sentence—*'Let those who visit foreigners, beware.'*

Had he been watched and detected by some spies of the State inquisition, or was the whole a farce concerted by his enemy to annoy him? Whatever might be the truth, he had acted indiscreetly. He might be proved to have visited the envoy himself, and the Doge, whether he was his dupe or Martini's accomplice, was sufficiently powerful to sacrifice him. But Fiesco's spirit was too proud and his appetite for vengeance too keen to be checked by vague apprehension. Both were roused, rather than repelled, by the mysterious danger which threatened him; and boldly effacing the inscription, he entered his palace, prepared to await the result.

In less than an hour Martini returned from the French minister's rendezvous, and found the crooked cobbler waiting for him in the square of St. Mark. They went together, with long strides, to the chamberlain's palace, and had no sooner entered his private cabinet by a back door, than the cobbler spoke. 'You are betrayed. Fiesco has made a worse use of his likeness to me now, than when he cheated me of my wife. He has dropped a letter into the lion's mouth, and the officials will be here in an hour. I saw him, and by the blessing of St. Mark, they will see something on his door too, unless he rubs out my red chalk.'

Martini stood stupefied, without listening to Raffaello Gobbi's long explanation of the accident which prevented his own attendance at the appointed time. 'There is no leisure for groans, monsignor,' he added, with a grin which showed how well mischief agreed with his nature, though he hated the inventor:—'let us take the chance we have. Give me the deposit you talked of, and I will carry it through fire and water to the Frenchman's—If there be any thing else in the house not safe for the knaves of office to find, a torch will do the business better than a stiletto.

Martini clenched his hands in agony. He put his ear to another door in the cabinet, listened eagerly, and grew pale as ashes—'Not yet!' he muttered—'not gone yet!'—then there is no hope—but I can—' and he cast a glance of desperate meaning at his own sword, which lay on the table. Gobbi's prompt eye caught the intelligence of his; and putting both his hands firmly on Martini's, he exclaimed, 'No, you are right; it is not yet time for you to use it. I have a shorter and a quicker blade, and it shall never flinch from the service of a man who hates my enemy.' Martini answered by a ghastly look of hesitation and dismay—'There is no use now for torch or stiletto,' he said, instinctively recoiling from the deformed dwarf's grasp—'a gondola would save us all!'—Gobbi grinned with the glee of a goblin, and sprang out of the window at the same instant that the door

was burst open by the officers of the State-inquisitors. They arrested Martini by virtue of their secret warrant ; and seizing his sword, demanded admittance into the interior cabinet. His countenance had recovered its firmness from the moment of their entrance. Turning resolutely towards the balcony, he pointed to it, and said, with an unfaltering voice, ' Gentlemen, if I had meditated escape, the way was open, and the leap easy ; but there can be no need of flight where there is no consciousness of crime. I have committed none, and know of no right you have to violate my private chambers. There is the door—here is my poniard, and the first man who enters shall know its temper.' He sprang suddenly from their hold as he spoke, and placed his back against the door with a gesture which proved his determination ; but one of the officials, more daring and crafty than his companions, instantly threw himself out of the window, and, calling for a ladder, prepared to climb into the balcony of the next room. The crisis was desperate. Martini, believing that his own flight would force these men's attention from their other purpose, made an audacious leap after him, and ran towards the canal. All the officials followed, forgetting the mysterious cabinet in their zeal to prevent his escape ; and his plunges into the labyrinths of his wooded garden again drew them from the banks of the canal. His own escape, he knew, was utterly impossible, but he prolonged the struggle in the darkness of his groves, till the dashing of an oar informed him that his point was gained. Slowly and with difficulty he suffered himself to be overcome, and was carried, covered with wounds, to the state-prison of the republic. His violent resistance had given force to the charge exhibited against him ; and though neither papers nor any suspicious articles could be found in his cabinet when rigorously searched, the correspondence he had held with a foreign minister, contrary to the letter of Venetian law, was too clearly manifest. The physician of the French envoy had been often seen in his company, and the most severe and artful examination could extort no confession from him. Neither affirmative nor denial escaped his lips, and the cruel question warranted by national custom was applied without success. An appeal was made to the ambassador, requesting him to permit the physician of his household to appear before the secret council ; but his reply was a positive refusal grounded on his privileges, and followed by his departure with all his suite from the Venetian territory. The promptness of this removal, and the ceremonious caution of his answer indicated, or seemed to indicate, the political importance of the fact. No one knew, though a few of his friends suspected, the cause of Martini's disappearance from court, and none except Count Fiesco, rejoiced to observe it. Even his gloomy rejoicing was not unmingled with fears for his

own safety, excited by the writing on the wall, and he remained at his villa in cautious inactivity. A summons to attend the Doge brought the cowardice of conscious guilt to his heart; and not daring to disobey, lest his hesitation should convict him of a share in Martin's downfall, he entered his patron's presence. The quiet sadness in the aspect of the good old Doge relieved him from fear, and even revived the sullen pleasure of vengeance; but that dark and brief feeling sunk into remorse when the Doge squeezed his hand and wept. 'I sent for you, Fiesco, because I know your affection for me is strong enough to vanquish your dislike to a man I cannot forsake. Here is a testimonial in his favour, written and signed with my own hand, which I require you to read for him in the presence of the Council. From no one but yourself have I a right to expect such an effort of courage, and from no other man would it have such force. You are his avowed opponent. Therefore you can be suspected of no prejudice in his favour;—you have been always high, perhaps highest in my esteem, therefore you have nothing to gain by his release, except the honour of serving justice and befriending an enemy.'

Fiesco's spirit melted at this appeal, and he knelt to kiss the hand which offered him the paper. 'Promise nothing till you have read it, Count!—Go, and return to me with your determination.'—He would have been unable to form a reply, and retired eagerly to read the contents in the next chamber. They were short, and in this frame of words:—

'The Doge of Venice cannot appear as a witness before the supreme council of his government, nor assent to their decision as a judge without acknowledging himself a party in the cause.

'Perhaps his selection of Martini to fill the high office of his chamberlain and public secretary, has offended some competitor of more eminent birth and enterprising spirit. Such a competitor has probably been the writer of the anonymous accusation, and the discoverer of Martini's supposed conspiracy with a foreigner. Had this discoverer known all the secrets of the court he has been so ready to disgrace, he would have remembered the disappearance of the Doge's daughter. Ippolita's innocent levity of heart led her to the verge of a marriage she secretly repented. On the eve before its completion, her father detected her correspondence with his secretary and their plan of flight together. The gondola was in waiting at the steps of his terrace, when the Doge seized his daughter, and confessed himself the father of her lover. She plunged in despair into the canal, and was saved by the desperate efforts of her brother. What was their miserable father's resource?—His only daughter's life was preserved, but her reason seemed to have forsaken her. There were no witnesses of this dismal scene, and he resolved to circulate a ru-

mour of her death, and consign her to the care of her unfortunate brother. The gondola was ready, her ravings were stifled, and Martini conveyed her to the retirement of his villa. No one doubted her accidental death, or no one ventured to contradict the tale, she and her confidante had contrived to deceive her father. The scarf and veil were found among the sedges of the canal, and the scheme she had devised to cover her elopement by pretended death served as a refuge for her misery. The physician of the French embassy had well-known skill and integrity, and the Doge of Venice submitted to the grievous necessity of trusting to them. The ambassador agreed to charge himself with the sick princess, and to seclude her safely in a noble convent if her afflicted spirit revived. Had that cruel spy who debased himself to watch Martini, understood the purport of his conversation, he would have pitied the anguish of a brother obliged to surrender his sister to a stranger; his sister, made insane by the criminal reserve of an erring father, and the too vivid sense of her own virtue. Had the messengers of the Council entered his cabinet, which he defended at the risk of his life, they would have seen that miserable father weeping over his only daughter, striving to recal her recollection, and entreating her to accompany him to the asylum he had prepared for her. They would have seen him forced at last to hide her in the gondola brought by a poor faithful wretch, and to leave her while she clung to him in the helplessness of idiotism. Could he publish her misfortune to a cruel and misjudging world?—Can he blame the noble courage of a son and brother willing to sacrifice both his life and honour to preserve his family's?—Shall he see it recompensed by a shameful death, or by tortures and imprisonment, without convincing the Council how deeply the remorse of a father is felt, though too late, by the Doge of Venice?

Fiesco read no farther. He returned into the presence of the Doge, and threw himself at his feet, crying—'No, my lord, it is my task to clear Martini, since my accusation has been the cause of this misery. I have visited the ambassador—I can take on myself the whole odium of the offence, without exposing the secret of your family. Let me prove my love for Ippolita's fair fame equal to Martini's—Ah! my lord! in this, at least, I deserved to be your son also.'

The Doge rested his grey hairs on Fiesco's shoulder, and clasped his hands over his head. The strong ague of mental agony shook his whole body as he answered—'Ye had the same father—Ippolita has two brothers.' Fiesco was silent and stiff as in death; and, after a long pause, his distressed parent added—'but I have not injured *thee*, my son; go and atone for me and thyself.'



‘For myself!’ said the Count, rousing himself with the fire of sudden frenzy in his eyes—‘am I, who have been your other victim, to be your advocate? Shall a father, whose blind pride or untimely caution educated me in ignorance of my birth, call on me now to atone for the mischief caused by his false shame? Was it the deformity of my figure or the beauty of my brother’s that raised him to your Council, and debased me to the station of your court buffoon? Why was I tempted to love and hate without measure, by living as a stranger among my kindred? Should I have been seduced by opportunity to disgrace my rival, had I known he was my brother? or to endanger my prince, had I been permitted to reverence him as a father? But I will not sacrifice my sister’s honour, and my brother’s blood shall not rest on my head.’

Fiesco disappeared, leaving the paper among the burning ashes on the hearth, and his father frozen with dismay and horror. That night the Council of Three passed sentence of death on Martini, for whom no advocate appeared, and ordered his immediate execution. But the black gondola employed to convey the State’s secret victims to the fatal lagoon, was seen hastening towards the Adriatic coast, rowed by two goblin dwarfs, and returned no more. A stone in the cemetery of a Bolognese convent bears the name of Ippolita, and was permitted also to cover the remains of an unknown soldier who fought and died in the army of the Doge of Venice.

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#### HASLAN GHERAY.

In the delightful regions of Circassia, on which nature has so prodigally bestowed her gifts, Mouradin Bey inhabited a deep valley, situated to the north of Caucasus, bounded and fertilized by the waters of the Kuban. Chief of a warlike race, this prince, who was perfectly absolute, and who dispensed no laws but such as were dictated by his will, had acquired immense treasures, by means of unjust extortions, which had made him the terror of his vassals, and the scourge of his neighbours.

Notwithstanding so many reasons for his being detested, almost all the surrounding chiefs and princes were attracted to him by an irresistible feeling. Mouradin was a father, and the numberless perfections of his daughter Alkazia, gave sufficient proof that virtues and vices are not hereditary. Possessing an affectionate disposition, and good sense, Alkazia united to a slender elegant figure, delicate and expressive features, enhanced by all

the attractions which modesty gives to beauty. The qualities of her mind surpassed the loveliness of those features, as much as she excelled in charms all the females of her father's court. Such was the child of Mouradin ; in whose bosom numberless adorers had not been able to excite one responsive sigh.

The Bey, proud of his daughter's charms, and anxious to display his magnificence, often assembled at public festivals the princes and warriors who aspired to the hand of the beauteous Alkazia. The women of Circassia are less enslaved than elsewhere in the East, and unpermitted may appear unveiled in the temples, and at public fetes. The daughter of Mouradin always presided at those games, where the address, strength, and courage of the persons engaged in them were displayed in throwing the dart, handling the lance, drawing the bow, wrestling, racing, and still more in the dangerous task of breaking in a wild horse. Among all the rivals for glory, the young Haslan Gheray distinguished himself, as much by the dignity of his deportment as by his address, in all gymnastic exercises. He was descended from the old sovereigns of the Crimea ; and his whole appearance revealed his illustrious birth. He had just attained his twenty-fifth year ; but his reputation for impetuosity in battle, and his modesty after his victories, caused his friendship to be sought by all the chieftains. Such was the interesting hero whom Alkazia had often crowned, and to whom she soon surrendered her heart.

The scion of an illustrious race, who lived only for glory, might have viewed the charms of Alkazia without emotion ; but that when, as conqueror at the wrestling match, he received, kneeling, from Alkazia a sash, embroidered by her own hands, in rising his eyes met her's—a tear hung upon the long jetty eyelashes ; that first tear of affection acted as a spell upon Haslan—and that one glance decided the hero's destiny. From this moment he never quitted her. After some time spent in assiduous attention, he ventured to solicit her to return his passion. ‘ Say that you love me, or I die !’ said Haslan, falling on his knees before the timid virgin. ‘ Oh ! my father !’ exclaimed Alkazia, while unbidden tears rushed into her eyes, and she sunk into the arms of him with whom she felt her destiny was for ever united.

But many obstacles yet existed to oppose their felicity ! Haslan Gheray was poor, Mouradin haughty, and so avaricious that he would sacrifice to his love of riches the happiness of his child ! However, Haslan solicited and obtained an interview with the father of his beloved, and towards evening he repaired to the palace of the King of the Valley. Timid for the first time, this hero, a thunderbolt in battle, entered with trembling steps the hall of council, the walls of which were hung round with glitter-

ing arms. Mouradin, stretched on a divan, surrounded by his bravest companions, was conversing on an expedition which promised an immense booty. 'What is your wish, Haslan?' said the prince, with a kindly smile; 'do you come to proffer me your aid in the war that I purpose undertaking?' 'I come,' answered Haslan, with a submissive air, 'to ask of her father the hand of her I love; our affection is mutual: to make her happy will be the desire of my life. I am descended from warlike princes, and my fate as well as my inclination compel me to walk in their footsteps. By unjust treaties we have been despoiled of our possessions; conquest may give them to me again, and this hope, and my legitimate rights, encourage me to address myself to the powerful prince, father of the lovely Alkazia.'

'My astonishment equals my anger!' said the old chief of the valley, throwing on Haslan a look of the greatest rage. 'Do you not know how many princes of Circassia would give half their treasures for such an alliance? and you dare make me such a request! you, whose only wealth consists of your horse and weapons—you, who, without country or connection, can only give my daughter a tent for shelter, and your pay for portion! Renounce such pretensions, which are at once audacious and vain: for this time I forgive your temerity; but remember well, if I learn that Alkazia, rebellious to my commands, ever sees you again, I will sell her instantly to whoever shall bring me intelligence of her disobedience. This is my answer; depart, Haslan, and by your services endeavour to efface the remembrance of your offence.'

The father of his beloved was sacred in the eyes of Haslan; he brooked the affront, and, preferring to die rather than to take vengeance, he left the palace, overcome with grief.

At the house of Alkazia's nurse, the confident of their mutual affection, the lovers once more met. Resolved to leave a country where every thing reminded him of his misery, Haslan had saddled his horse, and, fully equipped, repaired thither to take a last adieu. As soon as Mouradin's daughter perceived him, drying the tears that bathed her face, she asked, 'Is it true, Haslan, dear Haslan, that you leave me?'

'Alas!' he replied, 'can I continue here, since you can never be mine? and can I ever again look on your father, who is the author of my shame and misery?'

'You abandon me then, Haslan!'

'I will die in a desert, since I cannot live with her I love.'

'But what will become of me without you?'

'Tell me Alkazia,' he said, solemnly, 'dare you follow me? We will be united, Alkazia, my best beloved; let our's be one love—one tomb.'

'But my father, Haslan!'

‘He has threatened to sell you! can he be your father? Let us fly, my Alkazia; we may cross the Kuban by the path across the mountains; let us either implore the clemency of the barbarian, or throw ourselves on the generosity of our enemies, the Russians: they cannot be less merciful than your father!’

‘This conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud noise—the palace gates flew open—lights were seen scattered in every direction over the garden—and Mouradin’s voice was heard, furiously calling down a malediction from heaven on his daughter’s head.

‘Alkazia, your liberty is at stake!’ cried Haslan.

‘Yes,’ replied the maiden; ‘and, dearest Haslan, thy life also. I am thine, let us fly to the desert.

With a vigorous arm, the young prince placed her on his horse, leaped lightly behind her, pressed her to his heart; and the noble beast, as if conscious of the treasure he sustained, bore swiftly from the palace the hope and happiness of his master. But, rapid as was their course, the darkness of the night bewildered them, and they wandered from the road. It was not till break of day that they reached the banks of the Kuban; and, at the same moment, they heard the tramp of horses, and the cry of their pursuers. In this extremity Haslan hesitated not a moment; he hastily concealed Alkazia amongst the tall reeds which bordered the stream, and flew to face the satellites of Mouradin. His courage and temerity astounded them: he fought for his life and love; at every stroke an enemy fell, and the few who escaped his fury fled, terrified, to rejoin the detachment they had preceded. Haslan then hastened to his Alkazia. ‘Unbuckle my coat of mail, my best beloved,’ said he; ‘place it before you on the saddle, and may love be propitious to us!’

Instantly he plunged into the river, holding his courser by the bridle, and, contending with the rapid current, endeavoured to reach the opposite bank. The sun which was now risen, had enabled the Cossacks of the Black Sea, who guarded the Kuban, to see the fight, and the event of this bold enterprise. Some of them sprang eagerly into their boats, and hastened to the relief of the lovers just at the moment when the whole guard of Mouradin arrived at the river side. ‘Soldiers,’ said Haslan, when they had taken him on board, ‘you, who, even with us, have gained the reputation of bravery, receive the thanks of two beings who are indebted to you for more than life, and finish this benefit by presenting us to your chief.’ They instantly conducted them to the Duc de Richelieu, who then commanded this division of the Russian army. Hardly had Haslan entered his presence, when addressing him with all the energy and nobility of his character—‘In the name of honour,’ said he, ‘do not deliver us into the



hands of the assassins, our pursuers : grant your protection to the two fortunate beings who are before you. I will adopt Russia for my country, and my blood shall be shed for her ; but if you refuse my request, and think that your duty compels you to give me up, let it not be in chains—at least let me have vengeance ere I die !’

The duke immediately assured the noble fugitive that he was perfectly free ; and, as his valour was well known, gave him the commission of an officer in the Russian army.

‘ Devote yourself to the emperor,’ he said, ‘ who knows how to appreciate services, ability, and worth, such as yours, and delights in rewarding them.’

‘ May the God whom I adore protect the country I adopt, and which I swear to defend !’ cried Haslan Gheray.

The duke instantly gave orders that every attention should be paid to the lovers, which their situation required, and felt the interest for them that they so well deserved.

An occasion soon offered itself to the young prince, to prove the sincerity of his protestations. The Russians received orders to attack Amassa ; he presented himself to the Duc de Richelieu, completely armed, and solicited permission to guide the troops among the mountains, of which he was acquainted with the most intricate passes. After the conquest of Amassa, the Russian army pursued the Circassians over the Caucasian mountains. Here they met with such obstinate resistance, that they were often obliged to march in square battalions fourteen hours together.

Haslan was always at the head of these columns, and distinguished himself so as to merit the praises of the general, and the esteem of the whole army. His services were so highly appreciated by the emperor in this campaign, that he conferred on him the order of St. George, and presented him with an honorary medal.

In the month of December, 1810, another expedition was sent against the fortress of Sudjuk Rale, in the country of the Abazes. Haslan again distinguished himself by such impetuous bravery, that the sight of him alone was sufficient to throw the enemy’s ranks into confusion ; the Circassians fled before him crying ‘ Haslan Gheray ! Haslan Gheray.’ After the reduction of this place, he received from his Imperial Majesty a sabre, the hilt of which, enriched with diamonds, bore this inscription :—‘ *the reward of valour.*’

His first steps in Russia had been attended by glory—a hero’s death was reserved for him. He had only enjoyed a few months of happiness with his Alkazia, when he was again called upon to give fresh proofs of his devotion to his adopted country. In November, 1811, the Chassiques, one of the most warlike nations

of Circassia, had made incursions on the frontier of Russia. Troops were sent to repulse them; Haslan commanded a detachment in the Valley d'Aphipps, near a small river of the same name, which rises in the Caucasian mountains. Hurried away by his usual intrepidity, he advanced before his soldiers, and received a shot which pierced his cuirass, and forced some links of his coat of mail into his body. The Sultan, Selim Gheray, his relation, flew to the assistance of his friend. 'Selim, Selim!' cried the dying Haslan, 'support me in your arms; do not allow the Circassians to see Haslan Gheray fall!' He was conveyed with the greatest difficulty to the tent of general Roudziewitz, who was the second in command under the Duc de Richelieu. Haslan, convinced that his wound was mortal, commended his wife with the greatest fervour to this general: 'Be a protector to my Alkazia,' said he, 'and I die content.' They were his last words; a few moments after the young hero expired, at the age of twenty-five years. All that was tried to alleviate the affliction of Alkazia was useless; her grief, as calm as it was deeply rooted, did not allow of tears; they never left her heart, but froze there. Immediately after the funeral, retiring to Sevastopol, in the Crimea, by her direction, a mausoleum, sufficiently large for her to live in, was erected; and there, near the body of her lover, she waits till the angel of death summons her to rejoin him whom she will regret while she exists.

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### THE PRIEST AND THE BRIGAND.

At a small barber's shop in the *Strato dei Fiori*, at Velletri, lived as light-hearted and honest a young fellow as any in the world. He was not rich, nor ever likely to be so; for although shaving, and trimming beards and mustachios, was an occupation which ensured him plenty of practice, the gains were small, and he laboured under the disadvantage, in this respect, which is common to all ingenious persons, whose means of subsistence depend upon the exertion of their own hands. But there is no word which has a more peculiarly relative meaning than 'rich.' If the man who has enough for his wants and a trifle of superflux may be called rich, then Masetto was not poor. There was only one thing he wanted—a wife—and that he was not likely to be long without; for Lissa, the daughter of a vinedresser, who lived half a league out of the town, had promised to marry him at the festival of Santa Veronica, which was now within three weeks.

Masetto had set his house in order, and made all becoming preparations for receiving his bride ; and waited, with the impatience natural to a man who is going to be married, for the happy day.

Lissa was about sixteen, the marriageable age for girls in this part of Italy. She was a good-tempered, innocent country girl. Elsewhere she would have been thought a prodigy of beauty ; and even in a place where the beauty of the peasantry is its most striking feature, she was considered above the ordinary run of pretty *contadine*. She loved the barber, and was looking forward to the fete of Santo Veronica with no less impatience than her Masetto.

It was a holiday ; and, thanks to the comfortable religion of Rome, there are many of them in the year ; Masetto had dressed himself in his best clothes ; and was just setting off to pay a visit to Lissa, when he was stopped by the Father Brignoli, a canon of the church of San Giovanni, who came in all haste to be shaved. The canon was unluckily in the habit of putting off every thing he had to do until it was just too late to do it ; and he had now been loitering in his garden so long that he was obliged to take the barber's shop in his way, in order to reach the church in time for the offices. He was a stout, tall man, of between fifty and sixty, who, having passed the early part of his life in the army, had sought refuge in the bosom of the church from the cares of the world which he thought had treated him ungratefully. Perhaps he was right ; but the story is too long to tell in this place. It will be enough for the intelligent reader to know that there was a woman at the bottom of it ; and that the Cavalier Brignoli became the Canon Brignoli, because he was jilted—an example which, if universally followed, would fill the world with religious men. Masetto liked him, because he condescended to talk to him, and to let him talk in return. He was, besides, of great use to the barber, because he would tell him the tales of his exploits, and the wonders he had seen, which Masetto retranslated to his gaping customers, with such additions and explanations as he thought suited their several tastes and understandings, and by this means made himself the favourite barber of the town. Perhaps the innamorato would not have stayed to shave any one else, but he could not refuse to wait upon the canon ; so taking off his best coat, and adjusting his apron, he began to operate upon the canon's round chin.

‘The course of true love never did run smooth.’ Masetto had just finished one half of the superficies of the lower part of the priest's broad face, when the mother of Lissa rushed into the shop, crying and sobbing, invoking all the saints whose names she could recollect, to save her child. The razor dropped from Masetto's hand, and he left the canon holding the basin under his

chin, half shaved, and half lathered, and withal so infolded in the shaving cloth, that he could not readily rise from his seat. Masetto besought his intended mother-in-law to tell him what dreadful calamity had befallen his mistress, and had thrown her into the ecstasy of grief and passion in which he saw her. At first it was impossible to make her give any intelligible relation of the affair; but at length Masetto learned that Lissa had gone, before daybreak that morning, with some other girls of the neighbourhood, to draw water from a spring, half a mile from the road, which was reputed to have great efficacy in preserving maidens' complexions. It was a sort of frolic which they had undertaken without the knowledge of their friends, and had intended to be back before the sun was up. They had reached the spring, had filled their pitchers, and were about to return, when a man, of gigantic stature and most forbidding aspect, appeared among them. The girls shrieked with terror at the sight of him, and some of them made off; when, upon a whistle which the stranger blew, eight or ten fellows as ill-looking, and armed with carbines and sabres, appeared from behind the rocks. The frightened girls knew at once that these were the Brigand Garbone and his comrades, whose atrocious deeds filled the neighbourhood with terror. Garbone, without speaking, seized Lissa, who clung to some of her companions; but her feeble resistance was of course in vain. The chief took her in his arms, and, motioning to some of his followers to assist him, bore her off. She shrieked, and implored the help of the other girls, who followed her, but the remainder of the brigands presented their pieces at them, and threatened to shoot them on the spot. The poor girls fell on their knees, and with tears and supplications implored the monsters not to take away the wretched Lissa, but they might as well have implored the rocks. Garbone and the others, who carried the devoted maiden, bore her swiftly towards the forest, and were soon lost sight of; while the others, staying till their comrades had got clearly off, slowly followed them, still looking back, and threatening the horror-stricken girls who remained at the fountain.

This was the substance of the account which they had given when they came home; and although their terror had exaggerated the horror of the appearance, and perhaps the numbers of the brigands, there could remain no doubt that they consisted of Garbone and his troop. The mother of Lissa now recollected that a tall singular looking man had been seen at various times, and always in different garbs, hovering about their house, and was apparently struck with admiration of Lissa; a circumstance which had flattered her mother, but had never alarmed her.

Poor Masetto was beside himself at this intelligence; he tore his hair, wept, threw himself upon the ground, and played all



the extravagant tricks which violent passion urges a man to. The canon in the mean time having extricated himself, wiped his face, and made himself decent, with the calm gravity of a man who had lived long enough in the world to see the nullity of every thing like violent emotion. Not that he was indifferent to Masetto's grief, and the cause of it. He had seen and admired the beautiful Lissa; and, while he was rubbing his face, he resolved to save her, or at least to make an attempt. He had, besides, as great a hatred as a churchman could have against this Garbone; and he felt some of his old military feeling rise, accompanied with an inclination to try if his arm yet possessed strength and skill. These were of course improper notions for a priest, but they came unbidden across him. He consoled Masetto as well as he could; then, when he had made him listen, he represented that he had better be attempting something for his mistress's deliverance than weep over her loss. The poor barber thought this would be sheer madness; 'for how,' he said, 'could he hope that his Lissa was not already murdered, or worse!'

'You show neither so much fortitude nor reason as I expected from you, my son,' said the canon; 'and you know nothing of the character of this Garbone. Murder is not his object; and I have a strong belief that he will not attempt any outrage against Lissa. But we waste time; tell me only this—dare you risk your life to save your mistress?'

'Ay, willingly!' replied Masetto, in whose heart the priest's words had revived something like hope, though he was afraid to trust it; 'for what is existence to me without Lissa?'

'Why, then, let this be the last tear you shed; but give me a pen and ink, and, while I write, do you run and fetch Felippo, the lay-brother, who attends my mule; and, as for the offices, unless the Padre Geronimo has performed them, they must go undone for the hour is now past.'

Masetto hastily obeyed the canon. The letter was written, and dispatched by Felippo to the cavalier Novi, who commanded a detachment of the pope's troops, a few leagues distant. First, however, Felippo was ordered to prepare his master's mule and his own, and to lend the better of his two frocks to Masetto, who, having put it on, followed the canon to his own house. A short preparation sufficed to make them ready for the journey which the canon meditated; and giving it out that he was going to the monastery of Santa Maria della Salute upon business with the abbot, he mounted his mule, and, followed by Masetto, in the dress of the lay-brother, rode gently towards the mountains.

As they journeyed on, the father explained to Masetto his plan, which was to throw themselves in the way of the brigands, and

thus discover in the first place where Lissa was kept. They would think the Padre a rich prize ; and he knew them too well to apprehend any violence from them, because they would expect to get a large sum from him in the way of a ransom, and would willingly release his follower, that he might fetch them the money. This being done, the rest of the enterprise must depend greatly on Masetto's intelligence and skill in bringing up the troops of the Cavalier Novi, whom the Padre's letter had apprised of his design, to the robber's retreat.

It was noon, and the travellers dismounted under a spreading tree to repose themselves and their mules. The canon, who never travelled without a due portion of creature comforts, which he had a strong liking for, directed Masetto to display a cold capon, and to put a flask of very drinkable wine into a cold mountain-brook which ran bubbling by the forest path. The meal was not ended, when it fell out, according to the good father's expectations, that some of Garbone's gang discovered them. The first intimation they received of the presence of their visitors, was the muzzle of a gun being poked through the boughs of a thicket on the rock opposite them, and a hoarse voice crying out with a thousand imprecations for their money. Masetto thought it was all over with them ; but the priest called out without the least emotion, 'We are poor travellers, a priest and his servant ; what we have is at your service ; but spare our lives, for the sake of the blessed Mother of Heaven and all the Saints.'

The muzzle of the gun was withdrawn ; and the gentleman to whom it belonged, accompanied by four others of his fraternity, made their appearance. They were fine-looking, able-bodied ragamuffins ; but their long hair and mustachios, and the expression of their countenances, gave them a disagreeable and fierce look. They were dressed in a coarse but fantastic manner, every man having in his garb some attempt at finery, which ill accorded with the dirtiness and poverty of the rest of his clothing. They wore long daggers, and pistols stuck in their belts ; some of them had, besides, swords ; all were armed with carbines, and not a man but a rosary, or a relic, or some other outward and visible token of his religion stuck about him. They surrounded the canon and his man, and, having searched for their weapons, and found none but the knives with which they were eating, they bound their arms behind them, and bade them prepare to go before their chief, who they said was within a short distance. While this ceremony was being performed by some of the rogues, the others finished the flask and the capon which the canon and Masetto had been employed upon when they were interrupted.

The canon offered nothing like resistance ; but gave the

thieves now and then a ghostly exhortation, or a slight recommendation to pursue the paths of virtue and piety, and not to bind his arms too tightly ; managing to apply his texts as to make a favourable impression on the banditti, whose superstition he was perfectly well acquainted with.

All being ready the prisoners were marched off, followed by three of the brigands, the others staying behind to pursue their lawful vocation of robbing passengers. After half an hour's walk through circuitous paths, they arrived at a rock, which they began to ascend. From the top of this rock the robber's retreat was discernible. A small dell, shut in by high rocks, and which, from its position, was inaccessible to all but those who knew the country, had been pitched upon by Garbone for head-quarters. A range of low buildings at the further end appeared to be the dwellings of the troop, and a great portion of the green was planted with olive-trees and vines. A shrill whistle from one of the robbers was answered by some one from the dell, and the party began to descend with the caution which the steep path rendered necessary. The captives were conducted to the building, and entered a long room, which appeared to be a sort of common hall. At the fire-place, some men, of a similar appearance to those by whom the travellers had been taken, were employed in cooking ; others were playing with cards and dice in different parts of the chamber ; and at the upper end, with a moody look, and apart from the rest, sat one, who, from his stature and appearance, the canon no doubt was the chief—the redoubted Garbone. To him they were soon led ; when the canon, in answer to his inquiries, told him that he and his follower were upon a journey to the abbot of the monastery of Santa Maria della Salate, to receive some money due to his own church, when he had been stopped by the good gentlemen who had now done him the honour of introducing him. Garbone, although he looked extremely ill-tempered, happened to be in one of his most gracious moods. He welcomed the canon with great politeness for a robber, and said he was glad to see him for several especial reasons ; the first, because his troop was mainly in want of a priest, for, although they were thieves, yet they had consciences, and it was so long since they confessed (having killed their last confessor in a brawl,) that half of them were ready to desert, that they might unburden their bosoms, and obtain absolution ; secondly, because he himself was going to be married (Masetto was ready to fly at the brigand's throat, but the canon trod upon his toe, and restrained him ; ) and thirdly, because he should have a good round ransom for his captive.

The canon had seen a good deal of the world, and was more than a match for a more cunning man than Garbone, even in his

own way. He took his bantering quietly, offered his ghostly services with a good grace, said he was ready to send for the ransom if his servant might be permitted to fetch it ; and, in short, so won upon the robber, that after a quarter of an hour's talk he had learnt from him the fact of his having carried off Lissa, who was then unharmed in one of the inner chambers, and that he meant to be married to her on the morrow in the forest chapel.

'A pious intention, for marriage is a holy ordinance,' said the priest, 'and right gladly shall I perform the ceremony ; but I beseech ye, good captain, to let me depart as soon as it is done, for I have much to do ; and as it is only reasonable that you should be paid for my night's entertainment, name the ransom, and let Nicolo, my attendant here, away and fetch it for thee. By sparing not his beast,' he said, looking significantly at Masetto, 'he may reach the monastery by midnight ; and the abbot, as he loves me, will send what I require ; and to-morrow, by the time the lark has chaunted his matin song, my good follower may be back with the means of rescuing his master from this place.'

Masetto understood what this meant, and expressed his readiness to travel all night on such an errand. Garbone mused for a few minutes, and then said, 'All that you say, father, seems fair enough : but I have so often been taken in by men of your profession, that I trust none of them willingly. However, for this once I will run some risk. The man shall go ; but look varlet, as thou valuest thy master's head, look that thou bring back the coin by day-break to the forest chapel.'

Garbone then fixed as a ransom for the canon four thousand scudi ; and, ordering Masetto's beast to be made ready, directed one of his gang to mount the canon's horse, and accompany the messenger to the last outpost, and there await his return. Masetto bade the canon farewell, who pressed his hand significantly as they parted.

The barber and the brigand rode onwards, and in the course of his progress found his companion was a great simpleton. He left him at a stone cross in the road to await his return.

The canon had requested his friend, the cavalier, to have his troop at a little village called the Three Bridges ; and hither it was that Masetto hastened, instead of to the monastery. He found the cavalier, whom a desire to serve his old friend, and a wish to come to blows with Garbone, had brought immediately on receipt of the letter. He had five-and-thirty horsemen with him, whom, on learning from Masetto how things stood, he dismounted ; and, having waited until the night had fallen, they set out on foot, conducted by the barber on his mule. Having arrived within a short distance of the place at which he had left the brigand, Masetto went on alone, and found that the rogue, tired of waiting



for him, had gone to sleep. Having removed his carbine and his poniard, Masetto passed his own belt so firmly about the fellow's legs, that he could not move ; and then, giving the signal, the cavalier's troop came up. With threats of instant death they compelled the terrified robber, who was now awake, to shew them the road to the forest chapel, which they reached long before day-light.

The chapel had been part of a religious establishment, which, being deserted by the fraternity to whom it belonged, had fallen into decay, and all but the chapel was in ruins. In one of the lower vaults they deposited the captive robber, securely bound ; and left a soldier with directions to stab him to the heart, if he attempted to escape, or to cry out. The cavalier then looked about for a convenient spot in which to post his men. At the end of the chapel, and about two yards behind the altar, was a gothic screen, formed of clusters of small pillars, with openings at every yard. Behind these the soldiers might stand, not only effectually concealed, but well disposed for an attack upon any persons who might be entering the chapel. By the time all these arrangements were made, the day began to appear. The cavalier, who knew his old friend the canon, and who was aware of his intelligence, fixed a piece of the red feather from his military hat between the broken stones of the arch by which he must enter the chapel, and through this he was sure the canon would know they had arrived. He then bade Masetto stand behind him ; and fearing that the poor fellow's impatience might lead him into some imprudence, insisted, with threats as well as persuasions, that he should not stir a finger until the canon gave some indication that the time for attack had arrived. Masetto promised to obey, for, however difficult it might be, he saw the wisdom of the cavalier's injunctions.

The minutes passed heavily, until at length the feet of horses and mules were heard through the forest, and the voices of the brigands, at intervals, shouting to each other as they hurried along to visit their captain's nuptials. The sounds became more distinct, and at length it was clear that the company had arrived. The cavalier had provided for himself a loop-hole, by which he could see the canon enter ; and, to his great delight, he saw him pluck the feather carelessly from the wall, and toss it to the wind, at the same time that his eye shot an inquiring glance round the chapel. In many an hour of peril, and on many a dangerous enterprise, the cavalier had seen that eye flash with many a similar expression from under a steel morion, and it had lost none of its old accustomed fire.

The gaunt Garbone, dressed with awkward splendour, came first : the weeping Lissa, leaning upon the arm of the Padre, fol-

lowed ; and, notwithstanding the exhortations and promises of the good canon that all would be well, could not overcome her fears. The canon had by no means explained to her the errand on which Masetto was gone ; for he had made it a rule for many years past never to trust a woman, good or bad, with a secret. Behind came the whole of Garbone's gang, in number about forty, with their carbines over their shoulders, and ranged in as fair order as they could accomplish. As the canon came on towards the altar, he was reconnoitring the place, and had already determined that his old comrade would post himself and his forces behind the screen. When, however, he mounted the three steps of the altar, which raised him a full yard above every one else in the chapel, his doubts were removed, for he saw the soldiers. One look was exchanged between him and the cavalier. He proceeded with the ceremony, as his hearers thought ; but he was too faithful a member of the church to profane its ordinances ; and, instead of reading the service of marriage, he addressed an exhortation to Garbone on his enormities, which might have touched his heart if it had not been in Latin—a language with which he happened to have no acquaintance.

When he had ended this mock service, and as he held his hands extended over Garbone and Lissa, the whole gang shouted *Viva!* and discharged their carbines to testify their rejoicing. The vaulted arches of the roof rang with the report, and the smoke which filled the building enabled the canon to draw Lissa from the altar to a place of security behind the screen. Before the vapoury cloud had rolled away, a sharp and well directed fire from Novi's troops had brought down one half of the bandits, and the others were seized and bound before they had recovered from their surprise at the suddenness of the attack. At the first shot, Garbone had drawn his pistol, and levelled it at the canon, whom he must have killed, but that Masetto, who had his eye particularly upon the ruffian, threw up his arm, and at the same moment plunged his stiletto into the chief's throat. It is not necessary to describe his joy at clasping his Lissa in his arms, or the pleasure which the canon had in meeting his old friend and comrade, the cavalier. A very short time sufficed to tie the robbers who remained alive on the mules and horses ; and the whole party proceeded to Velletri, where the canon married Masetto to Lissa without waiting for the feast of Santa Veronica.

The robbers were soon afterwards executed ; and Garbone's head had the honour of decorating a post in the cross roads.

## THE CAVALIER IN FRANCE.

After the total defeat of the cause of Charles I. in England, those of his adherents who were fortunate enough to effect an escape, sought a refuge on the continent from the vengeance of the victorious rebels. Among these was Sir Hugh Rashleigh, a cavalier, who was no less distinguished for the courage which he had displayed on many occasions to the service of the royal cause, than for a vivacity of disposition, and an uncontrollable love of fun, which induced him to run any risks and to undertake any adventure that promised to favour his darling passion. He had taken up his residence in the town of Harville, where in spite of the narrowness of his income, consisting only of the niggard bounty of the French Court and the uncertain supplies which he received from his friends in England, he contrived to keep up his spirits, and hunted amusement wherever it might be found. In Harville there lived a rich and beautiful widow, Madame D'Argencourt ; it is true she was as arrant a coquette as ever managed the artillery of a pair of fine black eyes ; but Sir Hugh was smitten, and paid most assiduous court to her. She was by far too desirable not to have more than one lover. To give a correct list of them would be impossible. The most prominent whom she counted in her train, besides Abbesses out of number, were a rich farmer General, a Gascon Officer who had been a Lieutenant, but who deserved as he said to be a Captain, and who therefore did himself the justice to affix this title to his name, and announced himself as M. le Capitaine Millebombes. This *pseudo* Captain for length of pedigree, of whiskers, and of sword, might match any Bobadil in the universe. Another of the lady's lovers was a Procureur, a sly, insinuating knave, in the curls of whose wig lurked more guile than in a college of Jesuits, and, though last not least in his own dear love, le Comte Sansterre, whose ancestors were once the lords of an extensive territory, but who had left their illustrious descendant little to subsist on, save their title, and that only because it would not sell.

The widow was of a joyous temperament, perfectly aware of the force of her charms, and the attraction of her fortune, and though extremely good tempered, she took much more delight in teasing her lovers than in any other feminine gratification. She would forego the pleasure of tearing to pieces a spick and span new reputation, for that of raising their ire. She would doubt the riches of the Farmer General, impeach the often-sworn-to courage of the Gascon, hesitate upon the soundness of the Procureur's legal knowledge, enquire into the situation of the Count's domains, whom she once provokingly asked whether a

Chateau on the beauties of which he was most eloquently expatiating was not *en Espagne*, and affect to disbelieve the firm manly affection of Sir Hugh. She was not, however, quite so selfish as coquettes are in general, and although she laughed at all her lovers in their turn, she could not resist the attentions of Sir Hugh, which were so void of affectation and so different from the means pursued by her other admirers. Frank, mirthful and true, brave as his own sword, he told his love without pretence, or exaggeration, and offered to the sprightly widow the affections of as honest a heart as any in the French King's dominions ; he explained the loss of his estates, his present poverty, and was at least so fortunate as to excite the jealousy of the four worthy gentlemen who have been mentioned, and who resolved to unite for the purpose of defeating his attempts. He, however, unconscious of their plots, pursued his suit with ardour, and had succeeded in making the lady look serious for the space of ten minutes, (a thing never before achieved by mortal man) when at the moment he thought he had fixed her forever, she suddenly broke up the conversation by telling him she had resolved never to marry any man below the degree of a prince. It was in vain that he endeavoured to bring her back to the favourable temper in which she had been a moment before : it was gone and at length he took his leave, much mortified, and swearing that the moon, and the wind, and April showers, and all other uncertain things, were less fickle than a French widow. As he traversed the streets towards his own home, not a little ruffled by his disappointment, he saw by the light of the moon four men standing in his path.

It was nearly midnight, and the streets were silent and empty. Just as he reached them they all four drew on him and desired him to stop. Four to one are odds it must be confessed, but so much the more occasion for resolution in the encounter, and Sir Hugh, quite at a loss to account for the attack, drew his sword, and placing his back against a door post, asked what they meant. The tallest man stepped forward, and lowering the point of his sword addressed him, when he immediately recognised the voice of his Gascon rival.

'Stranger,' said he, 'before the swift lightning of my faithful steel, and those of my friends here, shall separate your heretic soul from your already more than half dead body, my compassion induces me to offer you terms upon which your existence may be preserved. You address the Lady D'Argencourt ; renounce her, and breathe our air in safety ; refuse, and in one moment destruction falls upon your luckless head. Answer ; the fates attend your response.'

Sir Hugh, whom the danger could not prevent from laughing



replied, 'I have nothing to say to you on this subject, but if you value your health, let me advise you to stand back. For further answer, it is at the point of my sword, whence you must take it.'

'Fall on, then,' cried the Gascon to his friends as he began the attack. Sir Hugh parried his blow, and making a fierce lunge in return, the unfortunate Captain fell at his feet. The other three assailants stood a moment aghast, but Sir Hugh pressing upon them, two very fairly ran away, and the third falling on his knees, implored for mercy. This he found was the Farmer General, from whom he learned that the other two were the Count, and the Procureur.

He desired him to rise and assist him in examining the Captain, they turned him over but he was lifeless.

'Sir,' said the cavalier, 'you must thank yourself for this mischance, which, though it has happened in my own defence, I must ever deplore.'

'O! Sir,' said the Farmer, 'It was not my intention to injure you. The poor gentleman at your feet said you would not fight us all, and that you would be easily frightened out of your pretensions to Madame D'Argencourt.'

'His calculations have deceived him,' said Sir Hugh, 'but I must hasten away for the present, until the affair is arranged.'

'Spare my life,' said the Farmer, 'and I will furnish you with the means of escape.'

'Agreed,' said Sir Hugh, who began to feel the danger of his situation, and thought it wise to take advantage of the terror of his discomfited rival. Bearing the body of the Gascon between them, they proceeded to the house of the Farmer General, who opening the garden gate with a private key, entered, and having deposited the body, which was still warm, on a seat, hurried to the stable. The Farmer saddled his best horse for Sir Hugh, and pointing out a high hedge at the bottom of his grounds, told him the gates of the town being shut, his only means of escape would be to leap that fence and swim a river a little beyond it. Sir Hugh, who was a Leicestershire man, made nothing of the leap, and the Farmer walked back to his dead brother in arms.

Sir Hugh being well acquainted with the country, soon got into the high road. He was at a loss where to go, but recollecting that he had received an invitation from the Count de Banson to accompany him in a boar hunt, he turned his horse's head in the direction of the Chateau. The excellence of the Norman horse with which his frightened rival had furnished him, brought him in two hours to the place of his destination. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and he found the male part of the company still up wearing away the night. Having sent for the Count, he imparted to him his unlucky rencontre, and requested

he would afford him the asylum of his house for a short time until he should hear the fate of the wounded man. The Count, with the warmest expressions of regret for the accident, promised his assistance, and to furnish the necessary means of retreat in case of the worst; and, this being arranged, he insisted upon Sir Hugh's joining the party. The conversation here turned upon the remarkable gullibility of the inhabitants of Ussel, which was situated just two leagues from the Count's chateau. Among the company was a Mons. Chabanes, who was the Bailli of Ussel. He was foremost in ridiculing his co-citizens, and relating his numerous instances of their folly, said he believed no imposture would be too gross for them to credit, that any of the present company, for instance, might pass themselves off for the Prester John, or the Kam of Tartary, or any other fictitious potentate, without any danger of detection.

'What say you,' said the Count, 'to having some sport with these sapient citizens. We have two leisure days before our boar hunt—can we not contrive to pass them agreeably in this manner?'

The company all applauded this idea, but the difficulty was how they should put it in practice. Chabanes at length suggested that some one should personate a Grecian Prince, this character being least liable to suspicion, from a prince of that nation having lately paid a visit to the King at Versailles on his passing through France. This was unanimously agreed to, and the choice fell upon Sir Hugh, both from his known spirit in keeping up any sort of amusing enterprise, and from his speaking French with a foreign accent. He immediately undertook the character—the company determined to put their scheme in practice on the morrow, and Sir Hugh having arrived so suddenly, it was resolved to let no more than the present company into the secret. The party then retired.

On their assembling the next morning, one of them had prepared letters, as from the Court, directed to the Bailli of Ussel, requiring him to treat the Prince, who was travelling through the province, and might pass his town, with all the respect due to his high rank, and the dignity of the ancient town of Ussel. The plot of the masquerade was now laid down, the parts were allotted, and Chabanes was to set off immediately to prepare for the reception of the Grecian Prince. It was thought expedient to admit the ladies to their council, and to receive the benefit of their good taste and assistance as to the habit and decorations of the Prince and his suite. They approved of the project, and set about the necessary preparations with much alacrity.

Chabanes, delighted above measure at this opportunity of bantering some of the most self-important of his fellow-citizens, no

sooner arrived at Ussel than he convened the Mayor and Council of the town. With the utmost gravity he detailed to them in a pompous speech all the lies he could invent about this Prince, whom he said was then incog. at the Chateau of the Count : he laid before them the letters from the Court, and painted most glowingly the advantages which the inhabitants were to derive from the good offices the Prince might perform for them with the King.

The three greatest men in the town of Ussel were the Lieutenant General, the Cure, and a little Physician. They readily swallowed the deception, and having each made a speech in which they displayed their eloquence and their utter contempt for a servile obedience to the rules of grammar, they arranged the reception of the mighty Grecian. The Lieutenant's house was to be his quarters during the stay, an embargo was laid upon all the good things in the market for his table, and as Chabanes had particularly impressed upon them that the Prince travelled incog. they determined therefore to give him a public *entree*. They then hurried away to powder their wigs and put on their holiday coats for the occasion. The Lieutenant drew out his militia, a motley company, whose manner of firing was so peculiarly perverse, that when they intended to give a volley it had the effect of a *feu de joie*. The Cure marched his choir, sexton, sacristan, and bell-ringer, out at the head of the trained bands. The physician assumed a double portion of importance, and accompanied the Cure, decorated with a walking cane as big as himself. An avaut-courier announced the approach of the Prince. First came twelve mules loaded with the Prince's baggage. Then twelve of the Count's hunters, with long housings, and cloths nearly covering them, these were said to be Arabians. A body of twenty gentlemen, in hunting-dresses, who had arrived at the Count's to join the hunt, accompanied them as an escort. Sir Hugh rode at a short distance with the Count de Bansson beside him. He was dressed in the Eastern costume, mounted on a very fine horse, and looked so much like a Prince, that he might have deceived more acute persons than the worthy inhabitants of Ussel. The Count's valet de chambre followed, dressed also *a la Grecque*, representing the Prince's favourite, and several other servants and retainers brought up the rear.

As soon as they arrived at the outer gate of the town of Ussel, an old cannon, which had not smelt powder for an age, was discharged, and the military and ecclesiastical troops of the Cure and the Lieutenant occupied the sides of the road, where one party began to sing *Te Deum*, and the other to fire their *feu de joie*.

In this state the Prince was conducted to the house prepared

for his reception. Dinner was served to him in great style, in the grand hall, on a table which had been hastily prepared, elevated only one foot from the ground in the Eastern style. Sir Hugh seated himself gracefully, and with a remarkable gravity. The Count de Bansson was on his left, and the remainder of his escort round the table. The galleries were filled with the beauties of Ussel; the young ladies darted long tender glances from their downcast lids, and prayed devoutly that the lords of their hearts might be as beautiful and as elegant as the young Greek. Widows, and ladies of mature age, looked out more boldly, and only withdrew their eyes when they happened to meet his, and then rather with a well-dissembled confusion than any real bashfulness. The lower part of the hall was crowded with people, who had neither rank nor interest enough to procure a nearer view of the Prince.

The dinner was dispatched with considerable gravity, the Prince speaking French well, but with a foreign accent. Seeing the Cure, the Lieutenant General, and the Physician standing near him, he leaned back to the valet, who represented his favourite, and chattered to him in an unmeaning jargon, and was adroitly answered in the same manner. Neither of them could suppress a smile at the appearance of intense curiosity which these gentlemen manifested, and this led the citizens to suppose it was some very good joke which the Prince and his favourite were enjoying. The Lieutenant grinned, the Cure affected to look wise and bashful at the same moment, while the Physician, half shutting his lack-lustre eyes, seemed trying to support his gravity in spite of himself. He had read Hippocrates in the original, once, but it was many years since, and with an air of great importance told his colleagues they talked Greek, but that it was a little corrupted from the ancient purity of the language. The Curate, who had not quite forgotten the sound of some Greek which had been flogged into him at college, thinking that the Prince's language sounded something like his old acquaintance, corroborated the Physician, while the Lieutenant, who, bolder than his friends, determined to make a dash, declared that it was not only pure Greek, but the purest and most elegant he had ever heard, (and he told the truth;) that he perfectly comprehended all that his highness had said, and that if others had not done so likewise, it was because they had learned only from books, by which the natural accent could not be conveyed.

The conversation became more general, and was carried on in French; the Prince made a most eloquent eulogium on the virtues, talents, and courage of the King. He said he should return to his own country with a most lively sense of his Majesty's goodness which had been particularly manifested towards him,



for that he had never preferred any request to his Majesty which had not been graciously complied with. The Lieutenant General hereupon whispered his colleagues, and after a short consultation, they advanced to the Prince, and with the most profound reverences besought his Highness that he would use his powerful influence with his Majesty to obtain for them a remission of the duties payable by the town.

The Prince, after a few inquiries, promised with the utmost affability to grant their request. 'Remind me,' said he turning to his favourite, 'to write to my good friend and brother the King immediately.' The petitioners withdrew, and giving a signal to the folks at the lower end of the hall, called out with all their lungs, 'God save the King! God save the Grecian Prince, he has promised to speak for us. Huzza!' The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the Prince's popularity was established. Immediately after this scene, an incident took place which might have produced disagreeable consequences to his Highness, but for the obstinacy of his friends at the lower end of the hall. The Procureur who had ran away from him in the streets of Harville was mixed among the populace. He recognized the Prince to be his rival, Sir Hugh, and immediately communicated his suspicions to those who were near him. They happened, however, to produce an effect directly contrary to that which he intended; for the mob, instead of giving credit to his tale, began to pommel him for daring to insinuate any thing against his Highness. They performed this operation so noisily that it attracted the attention of the persons at the upper end of the hall. The Lieutenant and Chabanes came down upon hearing the disturbance, and learning the cause of it, they thought the offender was in very good hands, and recommended them to turn him out. 'What shall we do with him?' said a little red-nosed cobbler to Chabanes, as they were handing the unfortunate Procureur down the steps of the hall. Chabanes' eye fell upon a large stone basin in the fore court, used for watering horses, and immediately replied with a tone of affected pity, 'Oh, don't duck him.' The most trifling hint, if it is a good one, is enough for a mob;—they hurried the Procureur to the basin, and before he could say two words, soused him neck and heels into it:—They were about to repeat the operation, but at Chabanes' entreaty they desisted, and the moistened lawyer sneaked off, dripping like a water-spaniel. Upon their return to the hall, they found the Prince about to retire, to take according to the Eastern custom his *siesta*. As soon as he was alone with Chabanes, he inquired about the means of his retreat. The Bailli informed him he had disposed the horses of his troop a short distance out of the town, and that the whole of the suite was acquainted with it. That it was pro-

posed to set off on their return as soon as the town should be quiet. He then related the affair of the Procureur to his great satisfaction, and informed him that a ball was to be given in honour of him. After a short rest, the Prince prepared to resume his character. Upon his return to the hall, he was addressed in a long set speech by the Prior of a convent in the neighbourhood, who after ascribing to his Highness the possession of every virtue under Heaven, concluded by beseeching his charitable donation for the support of his monks. The Prince paying the reverend beggar some compliments upon his eloquence, desired his favourite to set down ten louis d'ors for the convent, and the Prior was dismissed as well content as if he had had the money in his purse.

The Lieutenant and his colleagues had prepared the freedom of their city, which they now presented to the Prince with much ceremony, and he was enrolled a burgess of the ancient town of Ussel, with the privilege of carrying on certain trades mentioned there within the precincts. The Prince assured them of the high sense he entertained of this honour: and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Chabanes having intimated that the Prince was fatigued with his journey the party broke up, and the worthy chiefs of Ussel retired highly delighted with the affability of the Prince, and dreamt of the signal honours which would be bestowed upon them in the morning by the generous foreigner.

As soon as the town was silent, and the melodious snoring of its inhabitants gave notice of the soundness of their slumbers, every thing having been previously arranged, the Prince, accompanied by his suite, set off on his return. In a short time they reached the Chateau, where they found the ladies, of course very desirous to hear all the particulars. As soon as their curiosity had been satisfied, the Countess, putting on a very grave look, told the mock Prince that she had very bad news. 'The Farmer General,' said she, 'has succeeded in tracing you to this place, and he has arrived here, accompanied by a person who possesses such an authority as you *must* obey, and who has vowed not to leave this house without you; they are even now here.' Sir Hugh was a little discomposed, as may be supposed, but putting the best face upon it he could, he said, 'If there was no means of avoiding it, he must submit.' He was turning round to speak to the Count, when the Farmer General, who had been standing behind some of the company, advanced towards him with a serene air and a smirking countenance, and begged to assure him of the correctness of every part of the Countess's statement. 'Sir,' said the knight, angrily, 'when I recollect the terms upon

which we parted, it is not enough to say I am surprised to see you engaged on such an errand. I desire to have no conversation with you, but recollect, that, this affair once adjusted, I shall hold you to strict account for this dishonourable conduct. Allow me, Madam,' turning to the Countess, 'to retire, that I may take off this habit, and accompany the person who I understand is waiting to take me.'

'No,' said a voice, which thrilled to the heart of Sir Hugh, 'I do not consent.' The curtain of an inner room was withdrawn, and Madame D'Argencourt stood before him. 'I vowed,' continued she, 'I would marry none but a Prince, and nothing else will I be contented with.'

Sir Hugh more than ever astonished, begged that some good christian would explain these mysteries to him. Madame D'Argencourt then told him, 'that upon the return of the Farmer to M. Millebombes, he was surprised to find him upon his legs. Upon a minute examination they discovered that it was only his cloak that had been wounded, and he was perfectly whole. The valiant Captain said that as he was convinced he was not wounded, he must have been seized with a fit, which he had been subject to on similar occasions. The Farmer, however, not being satisfied with this explanation, nor with the conduct of the Captain, coolly shewed him to the door, and the next morning waited upon the widow to relate the adventure. She frankly confessed that Sir Hugh's conduct had increased the good opinion she had before entertained.

'By way of making you every amends for his attack,' said the widow, 'he offered to accompany me in seach of you, and if your Highness's sudden elevation has not altered the sentiments you entertained when I last saw you, perhaps the consequences of this adventure may not be disagreeable to you.'

Sir Hugh threw himself at her feet, and kissing her hand, vowed an unchangeable devotion. He shook the Farmer heartily by the hand, and vowed that, next to M. Millebombes, who invented the enterprise, he was his best friend. The Count who had purposely withdrawn while this trick was played upon his friend, now returned, and declared that the betrothed parties should not quit his house till they were man and wife. The widow had gone too far to retract, so———she consented, and the next day was fixed for the wedding.

Before the inmates of the Chateau had risen, the inhabitants of Ussel found they had been most egregiously duped, and after expressing much astonishment, and feeling much mortification, they resolved to be wiser another time.

Chabanes appeared most hurt of the whole of the citizens, and not able, as he said, to shew himself after being the object of such

an imposition, he quitted Ussel to be present at the wedding—by way of overcoming his chagrin.

The nuptials were concluded with great pomp: and a few months afterwards the restoration of Charles II. to his throne, reinstated Sir Hugh in the possession of his paternal domains in Leicestershire, where he immediately retired with his charming widow: and the recollection of being a Greek Prince, and a Burgher of Ussel, with the circumstances attending them, furnished amusement for many a winter evening by his own fire-side in England.

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#### HANS HEILING'S ROCKS.

There lived, many ages ago, in a little village on the Eger, a rich farmer. The name of the village, tradition has not handed down to us, but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the village of Alch, which is well known to all the invalids of Carlsbad. Veit, such was the name of the farmer, had a pretty and amiable daughter, the joy and pride of the surrounding country.

Elsbeth was really very handsome; and, besides that, so good and well educated, that it would not have been then easy to find her equal.

Near Veit's house stood a little cottage which belonged to the young Arnold, whose father had lately died. He had learnt the trade of a mason, and was just returning home for the first time after a long absence, at the period of his father's death. Like an affectionate son, he dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon the old man's grave, for he had received as his patrimony nothing but a miserable cottage. Arnold, however, enjoyed, in the stillness of his own bosom, a most valuable inheritance—truth and probity, and a lively sense of every thing good and beautiful. The elder Arnold was already in a declining state of health, when his son arrived at the village, and his physical strength was not sufficient for the joy of again beholding him. The young man sedulously attended him, and in fact never stirred from his side, so that, previously to his father's decease, he saw none of his early friends and companions, except those who visited him as he sat by the bed of sickness.

Of all the other villagers there was none that took so lively an interest in Veit's daughter Elsbeth, as Arnold; for they had grown up together, and he still entertained a pleasurable remem-



brance of the kind-hearted little maid, who had been so fond of him, and wept so bitterly when he was obliged to set out for the dwelling of his master, who resided at Prague. He was now a fine slender youth, and he had often said within himself, that Elsbeth must also be now full grown, and exceedingly handsome.

The third evening after his father's death, Arnold was musing in sorrow, upon the new-made grave, when he heard a light step entering the church-yard behind him. He looked up, and saw a lovely girl gliding among the grave-hillocks, with a basket of flowers upon her arm. An elder-bush concealed him from the eyes of Elsbeth, for it was she who was coming to adorn with garlands the resting-place of her venerable neighbour.

She bent in tears over the turf, and spoke in a low tone as she folded her hands together: 'Rest in peace, virtuous man! may the earth be less burthensome to thee than thy life!—though no flowers were strewed along thy path, yet shall thy grave at least be bedecked with them!' Here Arnold sprang forward through the bushes—'Elsbeth!' cried he, as he pressed the terrified maiden in his arms, 'Elsbeth, do you know me?'—'Ah! Arnold! is it you?' stammered she, blushing; 'it is very, very long, since we have seen one another.' 'And you are so handsome, so mild, so amiable—and you loved my father, and still cherish such an affectionate remembrance of him. Dear, delightful girl!'—'Yes, worthy Arnold, I loved him with all my heart,' said she, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; 'we have often conversed together about you—the only joy he knew was the possession of such a son.' 'Was I really a source of joy to him?' interrupted Arnold, hastily; 'then do I thank thee, God, for having preserved me in probity and virtue! But, Elsbeth, only think how every thing is altered. Formerly we were little, and, as my father sat before the door, we played about his knees—you were so fond of me—and we could not live asunder—and now the good old man slumbers beneath us—we are grown up; and, though I have not had it in my power to be with you, yet have I often thought of you.'—'And I also of you,' whispered Elsbeth, softly, as she tenderly gazed upon him with her large friendly eyes.

Then Arnold exclaimed with animation:—'Elsbeth, we already loved in childhood!—I was obliged to quit you—but here, on the grave of my father, where I once more behold you, where we both came to meditate in silence upon him,—I feel as if we had never been separated. The sentiment of a child awakens within me, fostered into the passion of a man—Elsbeth, I love you—here, on this sacred spot, I declare it to you for the first time, I love you! and you?'—But Elsbeth hid her glowing face in his breast, and wept heavily.—'And you?' repeated Arnold, in

a mournful and imploring tone. She gently raised her head, and looked full upon him through her tears, but with an expression of satisfaction. 'Arnold, from the bottom of my heart, I am yours—I have ever, ever loved you.' He again pressed her to his bosom, and he sealed with kisses the confessions of their hearts.

When the first transport of reciprocal affection was over, they sat in an ecstasy of bliss upon the grave. Arnold related his adventures, and longings for his home, while Elsbeth again dwelt upon his father, and their early childhood, those days of unclouded enjoyment. The sun was already a considerable time below the horizon, but they had not observed it. At last a bustle in the adjoining street awoke them from their reverie, and Elsbeth, after a hasty parting kiss, flew from the arms of Arnold towards her father's house. At the dead of the night, Arnold was still sitting upon the old man's grave, sunk in blissful recollections; and the morning was already dawning, when, with an overflowing and thankful heart, he entered his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, as Elsbeth was preparing her father's morning repast, the old Veit began to speak of Arnold. 'I pity the poor youth,' said he, 'from my heart—you must certainly remember him, Elsbeth, for ye have often played together.' 'How should I not?' stammered she, reddening. 'I should be sorry if it were not the case—it would appear as if you were too proud to think of the poor lad. It is true I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always continued poor creatures—but they have always been honest, at least the father, and I also hear very favourable accounts of the son.' 'Really, father,' interrupted Elsbeth, hastily, 'he is an excellent young man.' 'Ho, Elsbeth,' retorted the father, 'how have you learned that with such certainty?'—'They say so in the village,' was the faltering answer. 'I am glad of it; if I can assist him in any way, my exertions shall not be wanting.'

Elsbeth, in order to terminate the conversation, during which her cheeks exhibited one continued blush, set about some of her household affairs, and thus escaped the scrutinising glances of the suspicious old man. Before mid-day, Arnold met his beloved by appointment in the garden behind Veit's house. She related to him the entire conversation, which inspired him with the most favourable expectations. 'Yes,' said he in conclusion, 'I have been considering all night what is best to be done. I shall go this very day to your father, openly declare to him our love, and desire to be united. I shall acquaint him with my pursuits, produce the testimonials which I have obtained from my master, and implore his blessing. He will be pleased with my candour, and consent; I shall then cheerfully depart on my travels, amass

a little competence, return a faithful and joyous lover, and we shall then be happy. Is it not true, sweet good Elsbeth?'—'Yes,' cried the transported maid, as she hung upon his neck, 'yes, my father will certainly give his consent—he is so fond of me!' They separated, full of the most sanguine hopes.

In the evening Arnold put on his best attire, once more visited his father's grave, fervently invoking his blessing, and then, with a beating heart, took the way to Veit's house. Elsbeth, trembling with joy, welcomed him, and forthwith introduced him to her father. 'Neighbour Arnold,' cried the old man, anticipating him, 'what have you to offer me?'—'Myself,' answered he. 'That means?'—inquired Veit. 'Sir,' began Arnold, with a voice tremulous at first, but afterwards more resolute and animated, 'Sir, let me recover myself a little, and you will then understand me better. I am poor, but have been regularly brought up to business, as these testimonials will certify. The whole world lies open before me; for it is not my intention to confine myself to the mechanical part of my profession, but to pursue the theory of it: I shall one day become a skilful architect—this promise I have given my deceased father. But, sir, all human efforts must centre in some object, and labour must be directed towards some fixed end. The houses which I have built are not projected for the purpose of *erection* merely, but of *utility*; so is it with my profession. I do not devote myself to it for the mere sake of *study*, but with a view of deriving some *profit* from it, and that reward which I have proposed to myself it rests with you to bestow. Promise me that it shall be mine, as soon as I shall have earned a competence, and I will devote myself to my profession with the utmost avidity.'—'And what then do I possess,' answered Veit, 'which can be of such importance to you?'—'Your daughter—we love one another—I have, like an honest man, applied in the first instance to her father, and also refrained from saying much about the girl herself, as is the habit of many. No, I come to you after the good old fashion, and solicit a promise, that if, at the end of three years, I return home from my travels, and with some little profit realized, you will not deny me your paternal blessing; and that you will, in the mean time, suffer your daughter to continue for three years my betrothed bride.'

'Young man,' replied the father, 'I have let you speak on—do you permit me to do the same, and I shall plainly and fairly declare to you my resolution. That you love my daughter gives me unfeigned pleasure, for you are an honest youth; and I am still more pleased that you have openly applied to her father, which conduct indeed merits my decided approbation. Your principals term you a clever young man, and inspire you with

hopes of advancement: I wish you joy of this; but hope is an uncertain good, and shall I rest the future prospects of my Elsbeth on so frail a foundation? It is possible, that, during these three years, proposals may be offered, which shall be more agreeable to my daughter, or at least to me. Shall I refuse such, because there is a possibility of your return? No, young man—I shall do no such thing. If, however, you return while Elsbeth is still disengaged, and with your fortune already made, I shall not oppose your wishes. For the present, not a word more on the subject.’—‘But, neighbour Veit,’ faltered Arnold imploringly, and seizing the old man’s hand, ‘only reflect——’—‘There is no need of further reflection,’ interrupted Veit, ‘and therefore God bless you; or, if you wish to remain longer, you are welcome; but not a word more of Elsbeth.’—‘And this is your final resolve?’ stammered Arnold. ‘My final one,’ returned the old man coldly. ‘Then God help me,’ cried the youth, and was rushing out of the room; Veit caught him quickly by the hand, and detained him. ‘Young man, do not commit an indiscretion. If you are a man, and possessed of strength and fortitude, be collected, and suppress your feelings. The world is wide—seek to engage yourself in busy life, and your breast will recover its tranquillity. Now, farewell, and may good fortune accompany you in your wanderings.’ With these words, he let go his hold, and Arnold tottered to his cottage. Weeping bitterly, he packed up his bundle, bid adieu to his little patrimony, and then directed his steps towards the churchyard, in order to pay a parting visit to his father’s grave.

Elsbeth, who had through the door partially overheard the conversation, sat drowned in tears. She had indulged in dreams of future bliss, and now, even hope itself seemed to be annihilated. Wishing to get a last sight of Arnold, she had stationed herself at the window of her apartment, and waited until he stepped out of the cottage, and bent towards the churchyard. She flew quickly after him, and found him praying on the grave. ‘Arnold, Arnold, you will then depart,’ cried she, embracing him, ‘ah! I cannot let you go!’ Arnold started up, as if awakened out of a dream—‘I must, Elsbeth, I must. Forbear to break my heart with your tears, for I must go.’—‘Will you ever return, and when?’—‘Elsbeth, I will labour as much as man can do—I will not squander a moment of my time—in three years I return again. Will you continue true to me?’—‘Until death, dear Arnold,’ cried she, sobbing. ‘Even though your father should endeavour to compel you.’—‘Let them drag me to the church—even at the foot of the altar I will cry—No. Yes, Arnold, we will remain true to one another, here and above yon sky. Somewhere we shall meet again!’—‘Then let us part,’ cried Arnold, while a ray of hope



beamed through the tears which filled his eyes, 'let us part. No longer do I shrink from any obstacles—no enterprise shall be too great, or too audacious for me. With this kiss I pledge my troth to you, and now—farewell! In three years we shall be happy.' He tore himself from her arms. 'Arnold,' cried she, 'Arnold, do not forsake your Elsbeth!' But he was already gone. His white handkerchief waved from afar a last adieu, and he at length disappeared in the obscurity of the wood.

Elsbeth flung herself down upon the grave, and prayed fervently to God. Being confident that Arnold would be true to her, she became more calm, and appeared more collected in the presence of her father, who fixed his eyes sharply upon her, and inquired into the most minute particulars.

Early every morning she performed a little pilgrimage to the spot where she had last embraced her Arnold; the old Veit was well aware of this circumstance, but made no comment upon it, and was rather glad that Elsbeth could be so tranquil, and even at times cheerful.

A year passed away in this manner, and, to Elsbeth's great satisfaction, no suitor who had yet announced himself had met with the approval of her father. About the end of the second year, a person returned to the village after a long absence, who had left it early on account of some acts of gross libertinism, and had seen a great deal of the world. Hans Heiling had departed in extreme indigence, but returned in very opulent circumstances. It seemed as if he had come back to the village for the mere purpose of displaying his wealth to those who had formerly been inimical to him. It was at first believed that he would spend only a short time in it, as he was continually speaking of important affairs which required his presence; he appeared, however, shortly after, to be making preparations for a longer stay. Marvellous reports were spread throughout the village concerning him. Many an honest man shrugged his shoulders; and there were some who gave broad hints that they knew how he had amassed all his riches.

Be that as it might, Hans Heiling visited the old Veit daily, and amused him by relating his travels; how he had been in Egypt, and sailed into regions still more remote; so that the old man enjoyed a great deal of pleasure from his acquaintance; and that evening seemed to him very tedious, of which Heiling did not pass some part in his chamber. He heard, to be sure, many whispers among his neighbours, but shook his head incredulously at them; still there was one circumstance which excited some surprise in him,—that Hans Heiling shut himself up every Friday, and remained at home alone during the entire day. He put the question, therefore, to him straightway, how

he employed himself on such occasions: 'I am bound by a vow to spend every Friday in private prayer,' was the answer. Veit was satisfied: Hans went in and out as before, and his views with regard to Elsbeth became every day more apparent. But she entertained an unaccountable aversion for this man, insomuch that the blood seemed to curdle in her veins at the mere sight of him. Nevertheless, he made formal proposals to the old man, and received as an answer, that he should first endeavour to discover the sentiments of the girl herself. He therefore took advantage of an evening, on which he knew that Veit was not at home, to sound her feelings.

Elsbeth was sitting at her spinning wheel, as he stepped in at the door, and shuddered as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within. 'O then, let us chat a little together, my charming girl,' was his reply; and with these words he sat down by her side. Elsbeth quickly moved away from him. Hans, who considered this to be merely the effect of maiden timidity, and held the principle, that he who wishes to succeed with women must act with boldness, caught her suddenly round the waist, and said, in a flattering tone, 'Will the fair Elsbeth not sit beside me?' But she tore herself out of his arms with an expression of aversion; and, with the words—'It is not becoming that I should remain alone with you,' made an effort to quit the room. But he followed, and embraced her more boldly: 'Your father has assented to my proposals, fair Elsbeth; will you not then be mine? I shall not release you, until you make me that promise.' She vainly struggled to avoid his kisses, which burned upon her cheek, and increased her terror; in vain did she cry out for assistance,—his passion was in the highest state of excitement, and he was proceeding to take further liberties, when his eyes rested upon a little cross, which Elsbeth from a child had worn about her neck, as a token of remembrance received from her mother, who died early. Seized by some strange emotion, he let her go, appeared convulsed, and rushed out of the apartment. Elsbeth returned thanks to God for her deliverance; and when her father came home, related to him the outrageous behaviour of Heiling. Veit shook his head, and seemed much irritated. At his next meeting with Hans, he animadverted strongly upon his conduct; and the latter offered, as an apology, the impetuosity of his love. The occurrence, however, was so far fortunate for Elsbeth, that it released her for a long time from his assiduities. She wore openly upon her breast the cross which had, she knew not how, been her protection on that occasion; and observed that Heiling never addressed a single word to her whenever he found her so provided.

The third year was hastening to a close. Elsbeth, who had

always employed some artifice to divert or interrupt the conversation, whenever her father spoke on the subject of a union with Heiling, became more and more cheerful. She daily visited old Arnold's grave, and then, crossing the Eger, ascended a height which lay on the road to Prague, silently indulging the hope of one time desecrating her truelove on his way back to the village.

About this time, she one morning missed the little cross which was so dear and precious to her. She thought it must have been taken from her neck as she slept, for she never left it off, and her suspicions rested upon one of the maids, whom she had on the preceding evening overheard whispering with Heiling behind the house. In tears, she told it to her father, who laughed at her mistrust, asserting, that Heiling could set no such value upon the cross ; that he was not a man for such amorous toying, and that she had certainly lost it in some other manner. Notwithstanding this, she remained unshaken in her opinion, and observed very plainly, that Heiling renewed his addresses with great seriousness and circumspection. Her father, too, became every day more urgent, and at last declared openly, that it was his firm and unalterable will, that she should give her hand to Heiling—that Arnold had certainly forgotten her, and the three years were besides already past. Heiling, on his part, swore eternal love to her, in the presence of her father, adding, that he was not, like perhaps many others, actuated by any mercenary motives—no, she herself was the object of his affection, for he had money in abundance, and would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of becoming. But Elsbeth despised him and his wealth ; being, however, strongly importuned by both parties, and tortured by reflections on the supposed infidelity or death of her Arnold, she saw no other course before her, but that which lies open to all those in despair, she accordingly begged for a respite of three days ; for, alas ! she still cherished the idea, that her beloved would return. The three days were granted ; and her two persecutors, full of the hope that they would soon behold the accomplishment of their wishes, quitted the cottage, as Veit was going to accompany his intended son-in-law on a walk. Just at this moment, the priest of the village, preceded by the sacristan, was coming down the street, on his way to administer the final consolation to a person who was at the point of death. Every one bowed before the image of the crucified Redeemer, and Veit, in particular, fell prostrate ; but his companion sprang into the nearest house with an expression of horror. Veit looked after him astonished, and not without shuddering, and then shaking his head, returned to his home. Presently a messenger from Heiling entered, who informed him, that his master had just been seized with a sudden giddiness, and hoped that he would come to

him, without forming any unfavourable surmises. But Veit replied, crossing himself—'Go, tell him I shall be happy to hear that nothing worse than a mere giddiness has befallen him.'

Elsbeth, meanwhile, sat weeping and praying on a hill at the entrance of the village, which commanded a view to a great extent along the road to Prague. A cloud of dust became visible in the distance; her heart throbbed violently; but as soon as she could distinguish objects, and descried a party of persons on horseback, in rich attire, her fond hopes were again blasted. In front of the train, there rode on the left of a venerable old man, a handsome youth, for whose eagerness the rapid pace of the horses seemed much too slow, and it was with difficulty that the old man could prevent him gallopping forward. Elsbeth was abashed at the number of men, and cast down her eyes, without looking any longer on the procession. On a sudden, the youth sprang from his steed and knelt before her: 'Elsbeth, is it possible? my dear beloved Elsbeth!' The terrified maid started up, but sunk in an ecstasy into the arms of the youth, exclaiming—'Arnold, my Arnold!' They continued for a long time in a paroxysm of delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. The companions of Arnold stood round the entranced pair, full of joyful emotion: the old man folded his hands in thankfulness to God; and never had the departing sun shone upon a happier groupe.

When the tumult of joy in some measure subsided, it was a question between the lovers, which should first commence a recital of their adventures. Elsbeth began at last, and explained, in a few words, her unhappy situation, and the terms on which she stood with Heiling. Arnold was shocked at the idea of the bare possibility of losing his Elsbeth; while the old man made accurate inquiries concerning Heiling; and finally exclaimed—'Yes, my friends! it is the same wretch, who, in my native town was guilty of these abominable acts, and escaped the hand of justice, only by the rapidity of his flight. Let us thank God that we are here, to frustrate his villainous intentions.' Amid such discourses respecting Heiling and Elsbeth, they at length reached the village, but at rather a late hour.

Arnold triumphantly led Elsbeth to her father, who could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes, when he saw a number of rich clad persons entering his cottage. 'Father of my Elsbeth,' began Arnold, 'I am here to solicit the hand of your daughter. I have become an opulent man—am in favour with individuals of exalted rank, and able to do even more than I promised.'—'How!' cried the astonished Veit, 'can you be the once poor Arnold, son of my deceased neighbour?'—'Yes, it is he,' replied the old man, joining in the conversation, 'the same who three years ago left this place in poverty and despair. He applied to



me ; I immediately perceived that he would become a master of his profession, and consequently received him into my employment. In the discharge of his duty, he invariably gave the utmost satisfaction ; and I was, in a short time, able to entrust the most important matters to his superintendence. He has permanently established a character for himself in many great towns ; and is at present engaged in executing a work which promises to be a master-piece. He has become rich—been admitted to the society of dukes and counts, and shared their munificence. Bestow your daughter upon him, in performance of your promise. The wretch to whom you was about to sacrifice your Elsbeth, has a thousand times merited the gallows—I know the villain well.—‘Is this all true that you relate to me?’ enquired Veit. ‘It is ! it is !’ repeated all present. ‘Then I should be sorry to oppose your wishes,’ said Veit, turning to Arnold ; ‘distinguished artist, the girl is yours ; and may the blessing of God be upon you.’ Unable to express their gratitude, the happy pair threw themselves at his feet : he folded them to his bosom—and constancy at last met its reward.

‘Frend Veit,’ began the old man, after a long silence, interrupted only by the exclamations of joy which proceeded from the lovers, ‘Friend Veit, I should wish to make one request more of you. Unite your children to-morrow morning, without delay, that I may have the pleasure of seeing my Arnold completely happy, whom I love as a son ; for heaven has bestowed on me none of my own. The day after to-morrow I must return to Prague.’—‘Well, well,’ answered Veit, quite exhilarated, ‘if it is so agreeable to you, we shall so arrange it. Children,’ said he, addressing himself to the young couple, ‘to-morrow is the day. Yonder, at my farm on the Egerberg, I shall make preparations for the wedding. I will immediately apprise the priest ; do you, Elsbeth, attend to your household concerns, and prepare to entertain your guests suitably to their dignity.’ Elsbeth obeyed ; and that Arnold slipped out a moment after, and both remained in the garden, engaged in confidential dalliance, we find very natural.

The first thought which occurred to the good son, when he had recovered from his ecstasy, rested upon the grave of his father ; and he and Elsbeth went, therefore, arm in arm to the spot, which they had, at their last visit, quitted in despair.

At the grave they again plighted their troth, both inspired with a feeling of religious awe. ‘Does not,’ whispered Arnold, embracing his betrothed with ardour, ‘does not this moment of blessedness overbalance three whole years of pain ? We have attained the summit of our wishes—life has no higher enjoyment to bestow ; it is only above that any purer bliss awaits us !’—‘Ah, that we could once die thus, arm on arm, heart on heart,’

sighed Elsbeth. 'Die!' repeated Arnold; 'yes, on your breast! Gracious Providence! lay it not to our charge, that, even in the overflowing of our present joy, we entertain a feeling of something still higher. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the abundance of thy bounty! Yes, Elsbeth, let us pray here on our father's grave, and offer thanksgiving for the beneficence of Heaven!' It was a silent prayer, but fervent and sincere; and the lovers returned home in indefinable emotion.

The morrow was a fine clear day; it was Friday, and the Festival of St. Lawrence. There was a bustle through the whole village; at the door of every cottage stood youths and maidens in their holiday attire; for Veit was rich, and every suitable preparation had been made for the nuptials. Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday; and it will be recollected that he never let himself be seen on that day.

The procession to the church was presently set in motion, for the purpose of conducting the joyful pair to the loveliest of all solemnities. Veit and Arnold's principal walked together, and shed tears of unfeigned joy, on witnessing the happiness of their children. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden in the middle of the village, for the celebration of the marriage feast. Thither the train proceeded when the rites were at an end. The light, as it were, of heaven, shone from the eyes of the loving pair. The festive meal continued for several hours, and goblets crowned with flowers often rung to the toast, 'Long live Arnold and his lovely bride!'

At last, the new-married couple, with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some of Elsbeth's companions, forsook the linden for the farm on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among the foliage which crowns the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley; and, surrounded by a circle smaller in number, but consisting of more confidential friends, the hours flew by like minutes, for the enraptured Arnold and his Elsbeth. The adorned bridal-chamber had also been prepared in the farm-house, and a cheerful evening meal stood ready, under bowers of fruit-trees, with which the garden was enriched. The most costly wines sparkled in the cups of the guests.

Twilight had already darkened the valley, but unnoticed by the joyful circle. At length the last faint glimmer of day disappeared, and a serene starry night saluted Arnold and his bride. The old Veit began even to speak of his youthful years, and entered so warmly into the subject, that midnight now approached, and Arnold and Elsbeth eagerly awaited the end of his speech. At last Veit concluded; and, with these words, 'Good night, dear children,' was preparing to escort them to the door of their chamber. At this moment the clock of the village below them struck

twelve—a fearful hurricane arose from the depth of the valley—and Hans Heiling stood in the midst of the terrified assembly, with his countenance hideously distorted. ‘Satan,’ cried he, ‘I release you from your thralldom; but first annihilate these!’—‘On that condition thou art mine!’ answered a voice which issued from the howling blast. Thine I am, though all the torments of hell await me! but annihilate these!’ A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold, Elsbeth, Veit, and the guests, stood transformed into rocks; the lovers tenderly embracing each other, and the rest with their hands folded, in the attitude of prayer. ‘Hans Heiling,’ thundered a fiendish voice through the howling blast, ‘they are blest in death, and their souls are flown to heaven; but the term of thy contract is expired, and thou art mine!’ Hans Heiling flew from the top of the rock down into the foaming Eger, which hissed as it received him, and no eye ever beheld him more.

Early on the following morning came the female friends of Elsbeth, with nosegays and garlands, to deck the new married pair; and the whole village flocked after them. But the hand of destruction was visible every where; they recognized the features of their friends in the group of rocks; and the maidens, sobbing aloud, wreathed their flowers around the stony forms of their once beloved friends. After this, all present sank upon their knees, and prayed for the souls of the departed. ‘Peace be with them,’ a venerable old man at length broke the deep silence with these words, ‘Peace be with them; they passed away in love and joy together; arm on arm, and heart on heart, they died. Be their graves perpetually adorned with fresh flowers, and let these rocks remain, as a memorial to us, that no evil spirit has power over pure hearts; that true love is approved even in death itself.’

After that day, many an enamoured pair performed a pilgrimage to Hans Heiling’s rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. This pious usage has died away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the people; and, even at this day, the guide who conducts strangers up the fearful valley of the Eger, to Hans Heiling’s Rocks, pronounces the names of Arnold and Elsbeth, and points out the forms of stone into which they were metamorphosed, together with the father of the bride, and the remainder of the guests.

It was reported, that there was heard, some years since, a frightful and unaccountable roaring of the Eger, at the part where Hans Heiling had precipitated himself into it; and no one passed by at that time, without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the Lord.

## THE CASTLE GOBLIN.

Two lovers, a youth and a maiden, once lived on the banks of the Rhine, where it winds between the lofty rocks, and is overhung with gloomy forests. The passage-barks go furiously with the stream of the river in this part; and the helmsman used to return thanks to the Virgin when he saw behind him the old Single Tower of Neufschaberg. From this ruin, standing upright and alone, like a pine tree, the owl still sent a long and loud cry, when the shadow of night fell heavily from the lofty bank over the boiling current of the profound water.

Once, only once, dear life of my soul, do I desire to have thee to myself, without fear of spies; that fancy may be left free to the delight which thy presence would ever bring, did not the eye of jealous suspicion watch me, as for the secret robber of the fold.

She listened to his pleading breath, and tears filled her blue eyes. But the maiden spake not in reply, for her heart beat, and caused the words to die on her powerless tongue.

Look up, my love, look up! Behold the old Single Tower of Neufschaberg: to it the helmsman looks as he guides the passage-bark. Harken! the owl sends forth his long and loud cry, for the shadow of night falls heavily on the deep water. Am I dear to thee, thou beloved one? If so, meet me there, above, even where the owl cries, at the safe midnight hour: then the world shall be only to us.

The maiden shuddered: but, as she trembled, she came more close to the bosom of the youth. Thou art dear to me; and well thou knowest how dear! but, alas, how shall I meet thee at midnight at the old Single Tower of Neufschaberg! Doth not the cry of the foul bird already chill my blood? And shall I dare to meet the dull eyes of the Castle-Goblin, as they gleam with a grey light from the narrow window-holes of the silent ruin!

As she spake, the owl again shrieked loud and long: it seemed the hollo of the Castle-Goblin: the lovers started; and the helmsman, as the sound leaped through the water-caves, made the sign of the cross, and prayed earnestly to the Virgin. In a moment all was again still: nothing was heard but the motion of the boiling current.

Slowly rose the moon, with creeping edge, above the dim boundary of the night-sky. And, as she rose, a trembling light fell on the Old Single Tower. Then its narrow window-holes appeared, and the clearing air shone beyond them. No Goblin-eyes gleamed as in horrid sockets; the bramble and the ivy hung over the rifted fragments, and the parted leaves of each were distinctly seen.



The maiden stood close to the youth, who soothingly inclined her cheek to his. The night-wind mingled with their breathings, and the rushing of the impetuous Rhine seemed less fierce in its noise. The cry of the owl had ceased.

And doth the beloved-one fear the Castle-Goblin, said the enamoured youth? Love hath no idle fears: it only dreadeth the jealous suspicion that causeth separation, and sad disappointment, and wan anxiety.

The maiden wept, but still her cheek rested on the youth's. Ah, more than the Castle-Goblin, I dread the demons that dwell in the heart. Let me not name them: Thou wilt spare me the shame. Guard then thy fidelity, whilst thou preservest thy patience; and save thyself from remorse, and me, thy love, from guilt and dark disgrace!

And now the moon shone clear and full in the height of the heavenly arch. All the air was a silvery blue: even the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg was arrayed in a mild brightness. Its narrow window-holes seemed stripes of light, enlivening the gloom of its ruined walls. As the passage-bark glided swiftly below the rock, the sound of the anthem, sung by the helmsman to the divine Mother and Virgin, with hair of gold, rose above the rushing of the water. The lovers stood, silent and close together, in the beauty of the fair night. Scarcely were seen to move the heads of the wild field-flowers, as the gentle wind fled on toward the smiling distance.

But soon the lover prayed more fervently than before: Meet me at the safe hour of midnight, in the mossgrown court of the ruined tower! There the world shall be only to us; and the evil eye of suspicion shall be away!

Faltering accents moved on the tongue of the maiden, and she found her lips joined, with soft and lingering pressure, to the youth's. Passion was in their hearts.

The moon descended redly to the opposite verge of the fading heaven. Moaning, deep, and broken, commenced again the hooting of the bird of night. The breeze came chill, and with a swelling noise, from the forest on the hills behind: the voice of the river rose; and a melancholy shade fell over the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg.

Where the lovers stood was now an empty space. They had disappeared. The wild field-flowers bent their heads to the ground, as the cutting wind glided swiftly by.

See! the moon now scarcely preserves her swarthy discoloured rim, above the far distant limit of the night-sky. A vapour is gone forth, and the shadows are dense.

Whose is that form that ascends the rocky pathway towards the grey ruin? It is the maiden that climbs among the waving

bushes, in the steep and narrow track. Her white dress flutters in the air ; her steps slide ; she pauses as if she would return. Midnight is near. She advances again ; and now she is lost in the shades of the old tower.

Hark ! in one loud, continuous, shrill cry, the owl is heard : the sound lengthens as it speeds ; the boatmen listen aghast. The figure of the maiden passes by a chasm in the grey wall. The moon drops into the abyss, all is dark.

But the youth hath met his beloved one, and tears of joy and gratitude run down his flushed cheeks. His arms entwine her waist : they are in the court-yard of the tower. Their eyes are full of love : their souls are as their eyes. Broken battlements rise over them ; riven arches, fragments of fallen strength are about. Drearly gleam the narrow window-holes in the darkness ; and the waving thistle rustles, as if to alarm.

They are seated on the soft moss that springs from the ancient stones. High beats the heart of the youth, for here suspicion does not watch : but the maiden trembles : her hands are cold : she is weak, and timid, and mutters as a sick child.

A clammy horror creeps over her senses as she regards the blackness of a low door-way full before her face. It once led to the pit of tears, the deep dungeon of the ancient tower. But the youth's quick kisses have not fallen in vain on her lips : his heart beats against her : time and place vanish from her perception : in her inward soul move the yawnings of delirious love.

In vain rushes through the ruin the power of the uprisen tempest through the desolate place. The owl shrieks against the wind in vain. The angel of female shame is about to fly—when, lo, a burst of rain and thunder ! The heavy bird gives a last cry, and strikes with flapping wing, affrighted from his dark roost ! A dead silence then prevails, and, from the church-steeple in the valley, is heard the blow of the midnight hammer.

What rises from the black mouth of the tearful dungeon ? The eyes of the lovers are fixed, as by a spiritual power. Is it fog ? Is it cloud ? Is it a human shape ? Is it a high contending with darkness ? A spectral woman comes forth ; she advances towards the maiden and the youth ; an infant lies at the breast, half covered by a stained shroud.

They are saved by the doleful vision ! Eternal Father, now is the doom accomplished : now is the long-past crime atoned for, uttered the pale lips of the spectral-woman. The decree is fulfilled ; for two souls are this night rescued from the guilt into which my earthly life had fallen !

The maiden sunk her head : the lover regarded her with a look of holy but troubled affection. Slowly the spectral woman raised in her arms the shroud-wrapped child. Mercy, mercy !

was chaunted in the air above: sweet sounds of harps were heard: the ghostly figures vanished in a flood of morning splendour. Soon all had disappeared; and in a calm, but dark night, the guiltless lovers descended to the Rhine from the old Single Tower of Neufchaberg.

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### VANDERDECKEN'S MESSAGE HOME.

Our ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two P. M. we had a squall, accompanied with thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously ahead. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretopsail till dusk; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out ahead, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, 'William, go call the watch.'

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, 'Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but ahead.'

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, 'Where is she? I do not see her.' To which another replied, 'The last flash of lightning showed there was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port.'

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture, the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, 'if he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?' To which the other replied, 'I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?'

The first speaker replied, 'They give different reasons for it; but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, 'May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!' And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that Bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her.

To which another replied, 'We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have any communication with him.'

Tom Willis said, 'There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits.'

To which the other answered: 'We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men.'

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the



passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning shewed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, 'There she goes, top-gallants and all.'

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquilize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the mean time, the flashes of lightning become less vivid, shewed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering around the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together; the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Sanderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a lookout ahead. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows ahead, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, 'Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat.'

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, 'Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?' The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, 'What do you want? or what the devil has blown you here in such weather?' A piercing voice from the boat replied in English, 'We want to speak with your captain.' The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close along side, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather-beaten seamen, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking steadfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, 'What is the purpose of this visit?'

The stranger replied, 'We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe.'

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, 'I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on any other vessel rather than mine.'

The stranger replied, 'We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters.'

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, 'It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper.'

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, 'Would you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again! We must see our friends again.' When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, 'Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again.'

The chaplain asked the stranger, 'How long have you been at sea?'

He replied, 'We have lost our count, for our almanack was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends.'

To which the chaplain replied, 'Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the churchyard.'

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, 'It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if they were to die elsewhere. But in the meantime, we only ask you to take these letters.'

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, 'This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance.'

The stranger continued, 'Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant, who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay.'

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, 'One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place'

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, 'It is impossible, we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head-dress.'

Tom Willis hearing this, said, 'It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?'

The stranger replied, 'On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company.'

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, 'I guess there will be now some discount upon it, for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing. But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal.'

The stranger called out passionately, 'It is impossible—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once.'

The man replied, 'There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her.'

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take letters he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat;



We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed. Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the meantime the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered his glass to him, saying, 'Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night.' The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, 'I have always heard it asserted, that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship.'

'Let no one touch them,' said the carpenter. The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him.'

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favourable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Jan. 2010

## **PreservationTechnologies**

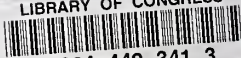
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